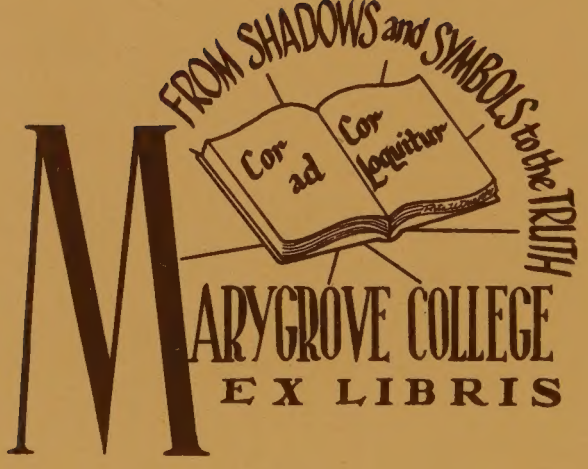
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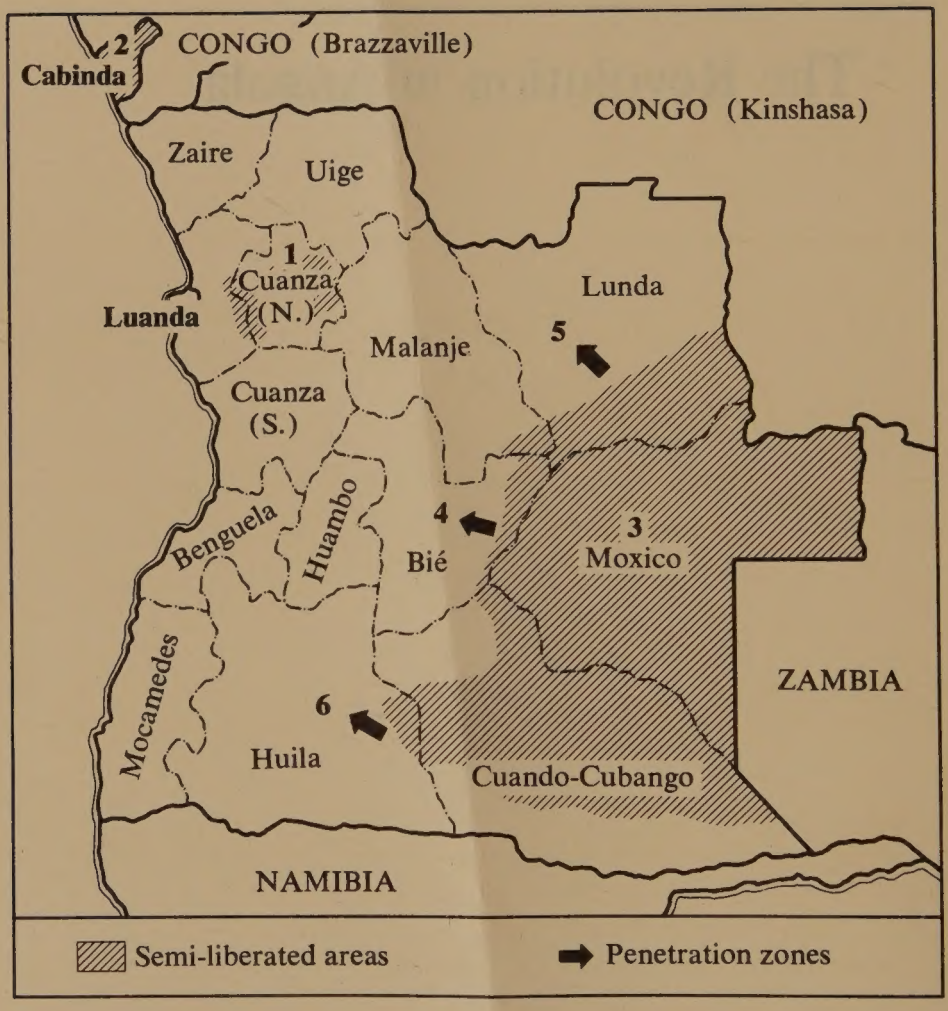
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ZAMBIA
Mocamedes
6
Huila
Cuando-Cubango
NAMIBIA
Semi-liberated areas
Penetration zones

The Revolution in Angola

MPLA, Life Histories and Documents

Donald L.
by Don Barnett and Roy Harvey

The Bobbs-Merrill Company Indianapolis New York

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.
A Subsidiary of Howard W. Sams & Co., Inc., Publishers
Indianapolis / Kansas City / New York
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Library of Congress catalog card number 76–161255
Printed in the United States of America

To Dr. Américo Boavida and all the other MPLA comrades who have fallen in the just struggle of the Angolan people against Portuguese colonialism and imperialism.

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Introduction

"VICTORY or Death—Victory Is Certain!" This cry of the Angolan people, led by the MPLA, we take as the theme for this book. It is our hope that the life histories and documents presented here will help to illustrate and reveal the significance of this most powerful statement, which over half of humanity has begun to cry in the face of colonialism and imperialism.

Though the Angolan revolution as a whole is dealt with in various of its aspects, the geographic focus of this work is the Eastern Front, where the authors have visited liberated zones of the MPLA, filmed certain dimensions of revolutionary life and recorded the life histories of several locally recruited guerrillas. Our questions are the most basic: Who are the people, the guerrillas, the cadres and the leadership of the MPLA? Why are they fighting? What are the difficulties which the revolution faces? What progress has been made in the liberation struggle?

The plight of the Angolan people after five centuries of Portuguese colonialism is part of the subject matter of all the documentation presented. It is most pointedly and vividly dealt with, however, in the life stories of four MPLA militants who tell, each in his own way, the typical story of life in Angola. Their statements are an eloquent indictment of the colonial system covering a span of roughly 50 years. They present a strange matrix of historic moments; a juxtaposition of early capitalist brutality, moribund nine-

teenth-century Portuguese ultracolonialism and bits of the shrapnel of twentieth-century technological barbarism.

To those of us in the advanced metropoles of the capitalist world, superexploitation is an abstract concept reflecting merely a quantitative difference from forms of exploitation found in our own countries. The cry "Victory or Death" hints that there are qualitative differences as well. Our own experience in Angola convinces us that superexploitation is not easily conveyed through mere statistics. The lives of the people, expressing as they do the pervasive and mundane reality of existence under the *chefe do posto,* communicate more about the condition of the Angolan people than libraries full of U.N. statistics.

A typical *chefe do posto* presents himself to village chiefs under his rule with the warning: "I've come here to cut your tails. Those who obey my rules will find me pleasant enough. Those who disobey will see another side." Malasa Luis, born in 1918, worked 20 years for the Portuguese *chefes* and saw many such men who had come to cut tails and extract the maximum profit from the Angolan people. Each of these men was different in small ways, says Malasa, ". . . but each had the same job to do for the Portuguese government and used the same means to accomplish their ends."

The life histories reveal that exploitation was, and is, so pervasive that it was suffered as a normal condition by the Angolan people. The cruelty of the colonial regime is understated, but not out of modesty or a desire to underplay its significance. The understatement only further throws into relief the normalcy of their oppression. It is only when the cruelty reaches a level of insane sadism or genocide that the Angolans consider it abnormal.

Henry Nevinson's comments on the Angolan peasant in 1906 (*A Modern Slavery*) are still relevant today: "In what sense, except according to law, does his position differ from a slave's? And the law does not count; it is only life that counts." If the reader knows nothing of Angola or of colonialism in general, his first question might be: "Why was this revolution in Angola necessary?" With the greater purchase on Angolan reality which we hope this book will provide, the above question will be transformed into: "How is it that the revolution did not occur sooner?"

Kufa Kua Angola, seventeen years old when the revolution began,

tells of an incident in 1961. Villagers were gathered to observe Portuguese justice in action. They were ordered to dig a mass grave. Portuguese soldiers then shot a number of suspects, their bodies falling into the large hole. An officer said: "We have killed these people because they are terrorists. They have come to make trouble in our country of Angola." Kufa then comments: "So they killed them in the presence of the people, but the people knew that those were their relatives and countrymen."

For centuries Angolan children and youth have listened around evening fires to the stories of their elders—stories which told of the coming of the white traders and slavers and of the defeat of the Angolan people. The autobiographical statements contained in this book reveal another aspect of the revolution: Individuals "crushed with their own inessentiality," as Fanon has written, are able to live out a drama which is profoundly changing the Angolan reality. In ever-increasing numbers they are entering a protracted politico-military struggle that is slowly but steadily ridding the country of tribalism, witchcraft, illiteracy, forced labor and the other legacies of colonial backwardness.

It is to the immense credit of the political education programs and practices of the MPLA that Angolan combatants do not seek vengeance for the millions of lives taken by the Portuguese. Instead, they see their fight as a just struggle for national liberation ". . . outside the narrow limits of racial prejudice." Agostinho Neto writes, "Our struggle is not an isolated struggle in the world. It is part of a global struggle by Humanity to bring an end to the exploitation of man by man."

The victory that is demanded by the MPLA, vanguard of the Angolan people, is complete political, economic and cultural independence. This independence will unquestionably affect the as yet neocolonized nations of Africa. Not through revolutionary posturing of the leadership isolated from their people, but through the very existence of a sober, practical, scientific socialist example which the Angolan revolutionaries will provide. President Neto has stated, "We already have before us the experience of Africa after the independence of the countries of our continent that were dominated by imperialism. If, on the one hand, this experience has shown many positive aspects, it is evident that, in other ways, it has revealed

weaknesses—one of the principal being the general economic dependence in relations with former metropolitan countries, the effect of which is to impede access to complete independence." This experience of neocolonialism must stimulate those of us, continues Dr. Neto, "who are fighting with arms in hand, to look for more advanced and much more effective forms of organization in order to achieve our purpose: complete independence. The blood that is being shed by the best sons of our country, and the efforts of each guerrilla and of every one of our people, must not be spent in vain. . . . It is necessary that the real control of the country, whether from the political, economic or social point of view, be in the hands of the people who are devoted to the struggle."

Revolution, in one important sense, is only as significant as the transformations in the people who make it are profound. A statement by Christine Chipema is illustrative of MPLA's progress in this area. "Marsha," Christine's guerrilla name, was fourteen years old when she joined the MPLA. After a year of work and study, she assessed the revolution this way: "The people of Angola have seen that our struggle is going ahead well. We must learn more. The leaders must bring more weapons to fight with. We must build more schools and hospitals so that our people can learn and be cared for. In the future we shall win our independence and begin to rule the whole country. We will build enough schools and hospitals for all Angolans to learn and live and work in peace."

The Revolution in Angola

CHAPTER ONE

Revolution in Angola[1]

4 FEBRUARY is a very significant date for the people and history of Angola. On that day in 1961 an armed struggle was initiated by the *Movimento Populár de Libertação de Angola* (MPLA) which marked the beginning of the end for the oldest and most rapacious colonial regime on the African continent. For Angolans, 500 years of Portuguese tyranny has meant the enslavement and export of over nine million souls, a brutal system of forced labor from which few escape, the theft of vast areas for a settler population now numbering some 350,000, acute infant mortality (60 percent), lack of medical care, an illiteracy rate of 98 percent, the breakup of traditional social patterns, and political servitude.

MPLA's first manifesto, issued in December 1956, summed up the impact of Portuguese rule as follows:

> The objective of Portuguese exploitation and imperialist oppression of the people of Angola has been, is and will remain to obtain the highest possible profit. . . . The entire colonial administrative apparatus in Angola is in the hands of the colonial state. Social life in Angola is in the hands of the colonial state, and it is disorganized. The cultural values of Angola are crushed and annihilated. Our history is distorted or slandered. . . . We are humiliated as individuals and as a people. . . . The way of life they

[1] This article appeared under the same title in a March 1968 issue of the *Guardian*.—D.B.

> have been forcing us to follow is therefore contrary to the supreme interests of the people of Angola, contrary to our subsistence, to our liberty, contrary to our rapid and full economic progress, to our happiness, our bread, land, peace and culture for all. . . . Portuguese colonialism will not be defeated without a revolutionary struggle! Thus, there is only one way for the people of Angola to free themselves—that of the revolutionary struggle.

On 4 February 1961, after several years of clandestine preparation, the initial blow was struck. A series of attacks was launched in Luanda, capital of Angola, aimed primarily at freeing political prisoners held in the town's police stations and prisons. Arms were seized by many of the several hundred MPLA patriots from night-patrol jeeps and police posts, and bitter street fighting raged for a full week.

After repulsing the attack, the Portuguese carried out bloody reprisals, slaughtering some 3,000 Angolans in their homes and in the streets of Luanda. The spark, however, had already lit the prairie fire. In the cotton-growing region of Malange district in northern Angola the plantation laborers refused to work. The Portuguese retaliated by massacring 5,000 people. On 15 March 1961 simultaneous attacks were launched by the rebels in Congo district, Cuanza Norte and Malange. It was the height of the rainy season and roads were impassable. Key bridges were blown up and European plantations overrun, taken over by their former "slaves." Portuguese military convoys were ambushed and large amounts of arms and ammunition captured. By June, and the end of the rains, local rebel units were in control of large sectors of northern Angola.

Then came the repression. The Portuguese mobilized an army of 80,000, organized local militias and armed the white settler population. Punitive expeditions were launched against the guerrillas and civilian population. Napalm, supplied by Portugal's NATO partners, was spewed on hundreds of defenseless villages. All survivors and captives were executed on the spot. Many were bound up and tortured, then beheaded with machetes or axes. Prairie fires were ignited to prevent the escape of refugees, tens of thousands of whom streamed toward the borders, seeking sanctuary in the Congo.

During the next few years, as the revolution sputtered to a near halt within the colony, contending groups in exile spent most of their energy in the struggle for leadership of the liberation movement and recognition and support from the OAU and independent African states. Though it was the only movement established and built up within the colony, the MPLA's exiled leadership suffered a number of initial setbacks. Holden Roberto's Governo Revolucionário de Angola no Exilio (GRAE), supported by U.S. imperialist interests, gained the backing of Adoula's government in the Congo and was recognized by the latter in June 1963. The OAU followed suit shortly thereafter and in November 1963 the MPLA was expelled from the Congo and denied access to Angola through Congolese territory.

In mid-1964, however, after establishing its headquarters in Brazzaville, the MPLA successfully opened a new guerrilla front in the Cabinda district, an enclave in northwestern Angola bordering Congo (Brazzaville). By so doing, it became the only movement waging significant armed struggle against the Portuguese within Angola. The GRAE, whose support came largely from tribally oriented Bacongo refugees in the Congo and the United States-backed Mobutu government, entered a period of decline which reached its lowest point early in 1968, when the OAU withdrew recognition and threw its support solidly behind the MPLA.

The military initiative held by the rebels in the early months of 1961, and lost to the Portuguese later that same year, was once again seized by MPLA forces in 1966. In addition to expanding the Cabinda semiliberated zone, the Northern Front was reopened with the arrival of several well-trained and -equipped guerrilla units in the regions of Dembos and Nambuangongo, and on May 18 a foothold was established in the new Eastern Front, bordering Zambia. The MPLA's objectives in extending the struggle to three fronts were to weaken the colonial army by forcing a dispersal of its troops, to destroy the morale of the Portuguese soldiers, and increasingly to mobilize the masses so as to expand the revolutionary struggle to the whole of Angola.

The following information, covering the period between 4 February and 3 November 1967, was abstracted from MPLA's war communiqués and borne out by official Portuguese government and

press reports. It provides some indication of the level of guerrilla activity within the three combat zones:

—More than 2,000 MPLA politico-military cadres trained
—1,160 enemy dead, including a number of PIDE (secret police) agents and traitors
—More than 1,500 enemy wounded
—More than 300 Angolans released from strategic villages
—More than 150 Angolan workers released from forced labor
—4 planes shot down (three DC4's and one B27)
—9 launches destroyed
—2 barges destroyed
—25 Unimog trucks destroyed
—30 Mercedes trucks destroyed
—15 Unimog jeeps destroyed
—10 bridges destroyed
—Large quantities of enemy arms and equipment from Belgium, Israel, West Germany and the United States captured
—10 Portuguese military posts attacked.

There is little question that the Third or Eastern Region has shown the greatest degree of advance during the past few years. At a meeting held in Moxico (eastern Angola) in June 1967 several new programs were put forward by the MPLA leadership, including its president, Dr. Agostinho Neto, to reorganize and expand the Popular Militia, increase food production, broaden the educational program and set up a cadre-training Center for Revolutionary Instruction (CIR), enlarge the activities of the Medical Assistance Services and establish People's Stores to handle the distribution of scarce commodities.

According to the February 1968 issue of *Angola in Arms,*

> The MPLA controls 80,000 square kilometers and is operating over an area four times larger than Portugal, with a population of more than 40,000. In the regions under its control, the MPLA has already set up rudimentary organs of people's power such as local militias, production and trade centers, people's shops, a civil registration center, a Center of Revolutionary In-

struction, primary schools, services responsible for preparing texts and programs of national culture, as well as a newspaper, medical services, people's councils, and a police force.

In the military sphere, guerrilla forces were "fighting in a penetration zone 500 kilometers deep, along a frontier 800 kilometers long. The military activities in the Moxico and Cuando-Cubango districts are spreading into Bié, in the direction of Huambo and Benguela, and also north toward Luanda. MPLA advance detachments are already operating about a hundred kilometers from the center of the country."

In the Northern or First Region military activities "are conducted in a corridor 400 km. long, and the active zones lie hardly a hundred kilometres from Luanda, Angola's capital." The problem of logistics, however, remains unsolved. Though the MPLA has succeeded in bringing in a few small guerrilla units and supplies, Congo (Kinshasa) still blocks the movement of MPLA men and arms through its territory. Nonetheless, MPLA forces have made steady progress in mobilizing the people of Cuanza Norte and extending the zone of guerrilla activity.

On the Cabinda front (Second Region), despite easy access of men and supplies from Congo (Brazzaville), little progress has been registered over the past year. "Owing to the special geographical conditions prevailing there (the smallness and roughness of the territory, its thick forests and sparse population) and to the fact that it had a colonial regime less violent than enforced in other districts, the population has taken little part in the liberation struggle." In addition, a number of former GRAE followers have defected and are assisting the Portuguese armed forces.

On balance, 1967 saw significant advances in Angola's liberation struggle. With bases consolidated and expanded in the Northern and Eastern Regions, 1968 promised even greater successes. As a signal of its optimism, the MPLA took the important decision on 3 January to transfer the headquarters of the movement from Congo (Brazzaville) to Angola. According to Central Committee member Daniel Chipenda, many problems in the areas of morale, discipline, mass mobilization, communication, respect for leadership and political education emerged or were exacerbated as a

result of the top leadership and headquarters being located outside Angola. "MPLA leaders will now be able to work more permanently among the people, closer to their problems, contributing more directly to raising the level of our people's struggle, giving it a more clearly defined political content, and bringing our struggle closer to the decisive stage."

CHAPTER TWO

Commander Spartacus Monimambu[1]

THE FOLLOWING interview was taped at the MPLA office in Dar es Salaam on 21 March 1968. Commander Spartacus Monimambu, age thirty, was born in the Zaire district of northern Angola. After completing Form 3, he left Angola for the Congo (Kinshasa) to further his education. Soon, however, he joined the MPLA and was sent for military training to Ghana, Morocco, the U.S.S.R. and Algeria. He was commander of the MPLA's guerrilla forces in the Eastern Region from the time that front was opened in May 1966 until August 1968, when he became head of the MPLA's Military Commission. At present Commander Monimambu is serving on the MPLA's Central Committee and is a member of the recently created four-man Presidential Commission.

QUESTION: As Military Commander of the MPLA's Third or Eastern Region, how do you happen to be here in Dar es Salaam at this time?

MONIMAMBU: I came here for medical treatment. I was wounded in the back of the head by a bullet. It started on 18 October of last year. The Portuguese came from Lumbala with 25 trucks filled with troops. They had two companies, about 300 men, and came to attack our principal base in Zone B, to destroy it if they could. But

1 Parts of this interview appeared in the *Guardian* issues of 27 April, 4 and 11 May 1968 under the title "In the Liberated Areas of Angola."—D.B.

we organized our own defensive and offensive operations. We sent many groups ahead to stop them and started to fight them when they reached the Lufige river. There were at least seven fights before they neared our base. They were already very tired when they reached the place on the 23rd. They had six planes dropping bombs all day, from morning till evening. They also used mortars, firing 42 rounds into the base, and bazookas—but these didn't cause much damage. They found us in trenches and couldn't penetrate the base. When they reached the perimeter, about 150 yards away, we fought back. They met such a strong resistance that they ran away, returning to their camps. None of our people were killed. I was hit by a bullet which lodged under my skull in the back of the head. Two others received light wounds. After that I stayed inside for two months organizing things, and we carried out two attacks against Lumbala and Chilemba. When we came back, I was called by our chief representative to be treated here. When I was wounded, I went two weeks without seeing; I couldn't read or write. I received some treatment inside, but here in Dar es Salaam, at the Aga Khan Hospital, the bullet was removed. The doctors confirmed that I was very lucky, and near to dying. But fortunately I'm still alive and ready to go back to Angola and fight again.

QUESTION: The MPLA opened its Third Front in the Eastern Region in May 1966. What was the purpose of opening this new front—in addition to the two already established in Cabinda and northern Angola—and what have you accomplished there over the past almost two years?

MONIMAMBU: This front was opened in order to extend the struggle to all of Angola. We advanced the motto in 1967 to generalize the struggle inside Angola in order to force a dispersal of Portuguese troops. You know, according to the laws of guerrilla war, we can't afford a concentration of enemy forces. We must make them disperse so that we can attack them in small groups. Regarding our general progress in the Eastern Region, we began with one section of only 18 miles, but six months later we reached the level of having five zones in the Eastern Region—Zones A, B, C, D and E. Now we can say that all of Moxico district and half of Cuando-Cubango district are under our control—not completely controlled by our freedom fighters, but the Portuguese can't go there and oppress the people or arrest them or kill them or do what they did before 1966.

We have cut their communications. They come with their planes and bomb, but they can't go easily into the bush. Always they find guerrillas ambushing them, killing them. We have already organized our militias, with women also, who are patrolling, doing reconnaissance and so on—they are helping us in very significant ways.

QUESTION: How do you cope with the logistics problem—bringing in supplies and materials?

MONIMAMBU: We have many bases inside. Each zone has its headquarters base; we call it the Post Command. And from there we supply those who are on the front with ammunition, food, some medicines, etc. Almost everything comes from the outside, but we have already captured some weapons, ammunition and medicine from the Portuguese. There used to be some Portuguese shops in the area, but not now. We are not against the Portuguese people, but these people, those settlers and shopkeepers, they are now armed and working together with the soldiers. Those Portuguese with guns in their hands are our enemies and we must destroy everything that is against our objectives.

QUESTION: Do you get support from the governments of Tanzania, Zambia and Congo (Brazzaville)?

MONIMAMBU: Of course. We get solid support from the OAU. All of the African states are now in a good position to help us, but some, such as Tanzania, Zambia, Congo (Brazzaville), Algeria and Guinea, are more helpful than others. If they don't, particularly those which are close to our borders, our struggle can't progress easily. Tanzania is the most helpful. Zambia also, but they themselves have many difficulties at present. We hope in the future that things will go very well. We can't say the same thing regarding outside help, for the Congo (Kinshasa). As you know, we were expelled from Congo (Kinshasa) in 1963. Since that time we haven't been able to operate there. We can't bring our freedom fighters or cadres through their territory to northern Angola. If they discover us trying to do so, we lose everything and our people are imprisoned and ill-treated. Just last June many of our comrades were captured and their equipment is still being held by the Congolese authorities. They support traitors like Holden Roberto and don't like to see MPLA freedom fighters going through Congo to Angola.

QUESTION: I imagine that makes it very difficult to supply the Northern Front.

MONIMAMBU: That is the greatest difficulty we face in our struggle. Otherwise, the First or Northern Front would be the most powerful one. But meeting such difficulties has helped us raise the level of our struggle. They are hard to solve, but not impossible. We are solving them little by little; step by step we are going forward. The Eastern Front is now very strong. And this year we are going to open up the Fourth and Fifth Fronts in Bié and Lunda. Preparations have already been made, but we are still waiting for more matériel. The fighting has already begun—it remains only to send more groups and weapons into these regions. That will be accomplished this year. The connection between the Eastern Region and the Northern Region will be through the Fourth Region, through Lunda.

We are continuing to organize guerrilla activity throughout the country. We have some clandestine groups in the urban areas, in the towns. But they are not yet strong enough to attack, to destroy power plants, machinery, etc., and carry out economic sabotage. But this is a stage which will be reached in the future. Our organization, the MPLA, was founded in Luanda, as you know. But our people had to leave that area and come outside to organize. The struggle had to be initiated again, after 1961, from the outside. In the meantime, the Portuguese have organized their defenses to try and keep us from reaching the towns. The PIDE [secret police] and Portuguese volunteers in the towns are trying to enlist Angolans to be spies and agents for them. The struggle will reach a much higher level when the town and plantation workers, the most conscious elements, are well organized and the struggle enters the urban areas. The Portuguese will then lose confidence and their troops will become demoralized. That is why we must extend our struggle to the whole of Angola, in order to reach the mines, plantations and big cities and sabotage the economy. When the proletariat, the urban and rural proletariat, is well organized, receiving instructions from the party and realizing them in practice, then things will go much better, much better than now.

QUESTION: What strategy are the Portuguese using to contain your expansion in the Eastern Region? Do they try to defend fixed positions and send out large armed patrols?

MONIMAMBU: At the beginning they tried to come in large numbers and destroy us in our base areas. They tried twice and failed.

Since then they have changed their tactics. They still defend themselves in their barracks, but it is hard for them to go into the bush. They come with many lorries, planes overhead and foot soldiers on either side of the road. This is how they take food and other supplies from their main posts to other posts. When they want to go into the bush, they have to mobilize a large force, one or two companies. Then they come to attack us or to pacify a certain area—trying to seize the initiative. But we are prepared for them. We mobilize many units—not concentrated at any one place but with one group here, another there, etc., and each one attacks at the appropriate time. In this way we divide the enemy column into small groups which we are able to handle easily. The Portuguese always find it difficult to kill or capture our guerrillas. The thing that gives us the biggest headache is the bombing—but it is not destroying many things. They bomb every day, in the bush, in the abandoned villages. But it does not jeopardize our struggle.

QUESTION: The Vietnamese have been able to withstand a great deal of bombing through tunneling and deep trenches. Have you been able to adapt the local population to some of these defensive tactics against bombing?

MONIMAMBU: Yes, of course, we have already taught them to use trenches, as we ourselves are doing—digging trenches around our bases and camps, camouflaging ourselves for protection against bombs and bullets. The people in our liberated villages dig many trenches around the village, some 50 yards away from their houses. When the bombers come, their chairman orders everyone to run to the trenches. If someone is unable to reach the trenches in time, we tell him to just lie down flat on the ground. People now have seen that the bombs are not as dangerous as they thought before—because the Portuguese were telling them, "If you join those terrorists," as they say, "we are going to bring in our planes and bomb you and the ground will be leveled and everything destroyed." But they have seen that after two years the people are still living, the freedom fighters are still going ahead, and the Portuguese still find it difficult to regain control of the semiliberated areas. So the people believe in us now. And they have become more conscious because we give them political education and organize them—and they themselves are better off than before, they are freer and are even producing more.

QUESTION: Recently, on 3 January of this year, the MPLA announced that it was going to shift its headquarters from Brazzaville to Angola. How do you think this will affect the course of the struggle?

MONIMAMBU: This is very important for us. As you know, every revolutionary struggle must be carried out inside the country. This cannot be done very well if the leaders are not among the people. We are a mass organization, a popular movement, so we must be among the people. They must see that the leaders are inside to direct and orient the struggle. That will give more courage to the people, and even to the guerrilla fighters. All of our political leaders, except for two or three, have now been trained militarily. So they can go inside and lead and help train the local leaders. What we need, what we want, is for local leaders to become conscious enough to lead their own people in the villages. The top leaders must bring these people to a high level of political consciousness and understanding. Again, sending the headquarters inside the country is going to increase our support from outside. They will see that we are very serious, that we are really leading the struggle inside Angola—a thing that Roberto's GRAE has not done since 1963, though they have had every chance to do so. This will also prove that the MPLA, which has declared itself to be the vanguard force, has a liberated area, has begun to build popular power and is carrying forward its economic and administrative programs. . . .

QUESTION: So you think it affects the morale of both the guerrillas and the civilian population to see that the leaders are there, running the same risks as they are?

MONIMAMBU: Yes. This will give their morale a great boost. And they will not want to run away to become refugees sitting in another country waiting for others to help them. No! They will see that they themselves must be inside with the leaders, risking everything for their country.

QUESTION: Another problem seems to be that exiled leaders tend to accustom themselves to a much higher standard of life than the people they are leading, so that you get a privileged group within the movement, which can have dangerous consequences.

MONIMAMBU: That is the point. We want our leaders inside the country, together with the people.

QUESTION: Maybe you could now comment generally on the relationship within Angola between the military and political leadership.

MONIMAMBU: Our principle is to combine the military and the political. Everyone must be both, political and military together. We know our basic problem is a political one, but it cannot be solved without violence. So, while the military aspect is secondary to the political, there is an interdependence between the two. The military and political actions must complement each other and develop parallel to one another. That is why we have both political and military leaders in the Central Committee, or as we call it, the Comité Director. Here, both military and political people come together and lead the struggle together. But the people inside the country understand the necessity of representation outside, because without this there would be little chance of getting supplies or carrying out diplomatic activities.

QUESTION: Is the head of each zone a military leader, a political leader, or a combination of both?

MONIMAMBU: In each of the five zones there is a Military Command, headed by a First Commander who is himself both a military and a political leader. Then in the whole of the Eastern Region, made up of these five zones, we have a Regional Command comprised of the five zone commanders. Four of these, including myself, are on the Eastern Region Steering Committee. So we are both political and military officers. There is no difference between political and military leaders inside now. Every person holding a leadership position participates in both the military and political aspects of the struggle.

QUESTION: How does the popular militia function in relation to the MPLA's guerrilla forces?

MONIMAMBU: Without the militias the semiregular forces of the MPLA couldn't control this area. Moxico itself, you know, is four times larger than Portugal. So, to control this area, we need the help of the militia. That is why we are working hard to organize and train them. Their leaders have been trained by us inside, politically and militarily. The problem is that they don't have sufficient arms. But with the three or four guns they have in each group they are able to patrol their area and help protect their people.

You know there are people going to fish, to their gardens to culti-

vate, to the bush to collect honey from trees—they are still going everywhere. But every person has an important mission: to be vigilant, looking after the place, seeing who is coming in and going out. We have passes which are given to the leaders of the people and to the military leaders. Everyone who goes from one place to another must have his pass. Without this they will not be allowed to travel. They will be arrested, taken back to the place they came from, and then judged. If someone is a spy or a collaborator with the Portuguese, he will be punished by the people themselves. They will just come to ask us what to do, telling us what they have decided and ask us what we think—because we have the power to look after everything. Even though they have their organization to look after the people's troubles, we are the most powerful force inside the country so we have the final decision if a traitor is to be punished. The militias do fight sometimes, when they see Portuguese troops coming and have no time to tell us so we can send help. They fight with those primitive guns, muzzle-loaders—that is why we need so much of that black powder, for those primitive guns. We can't give them modern guns because we don't have them in sufficient numbers.

QUESTION: Have you been able to train people to make gunpowder within the country?

MONIMAMBU: The problem is that the chemical products which they need to make this powder are difficult to obtain. We have tried in Lusaka and Dar es Salaam, but it has been very difficult up to now.

QUESTION: When a Portuguese patrol approaches a village, do you have arrangements for village defense or do the people retreat into the bush until the Portuguese have passed through?

MONIMAMBU: When the freedom fighters are far from the place, it is up to the militia to organize their own defense—until we can bring in some of our fighters to help them, if it is possible. If not, they must defend themselves with their guns, their primitive weapons and their bodies. They are doing it . . . many of them. Some will collect the women and children, take them to a safe place and guard them; others, the men who are courageous or who know how to defend themselves, will begin to fight with whatever weapons they have—spears, bows and arrows, primitive guns, etc. Two or

three of them will leave and try to find the guerrillas and bring them back to help the people.

QUESTION: What is the normal settlement pattern in this area? Do the people live in dispersed villages or are there distinguishable villages, units where you have several hundred people living together in a village?

MONIMAMBU: We don't like to concentrate large numbers of people in one place. We divide them. Each traditional chief has his people in a particular place; the others are sent to different places. This allows us to control a larger area.

QUESTION: How many people would you say are living in an average village in the semiliberated area?

MONIMAMBU: It depends on the number of people who belong to the particular chief. Sometimes there are 50, sometimes 80; and we have decided that no more than 100 can remain together in one place—with their houses close together but still a little separated. It depends on the bush. If it is not heavy, then not too many people will stay together; if it is heavy, then they will be safe. All the houses will be well-camouflaged and can't be seen from the planes.

QUESTION: In Vietnam they've used tunnel warfare to defend villages. Connecting villages by tunnels, they can resist an incoming force and leave if they have to. With a few guns and a great deal of mobility—moving quickly from one firing position to another—they can be very effective and appear a much larger force than they in fact are. Have the Angolan peasants been taught or seen the value of tunnels, or does the terrain not allow for it?

MONIMAMBU: You know, our struggle is not an isolated one. We are profiting from the experience of others. We must learn from the Chinese experience, the Vietnamese experience, the Cuban experience, etc. But now the most advanced form of guerrilla struggle is in Vietnam; they have developed many successful tactics. We are not yet employing some of these Vietnamese tactics. But we know this will be done in time—step by step. Our people have not yet tried to build tunnels. But we ourselves, the guerrillas, we have already tried to make houses and shelters underground. The people are now beginning to see how a man can live underground. But they are not used to it. They say: "We cannot live without our houses,

we will die underground," etc. They are still doubting—but they will follow our example when they see that we have developed this tactic, that it is useful to them. . . . Then they will do it. We are still giving them political and military education; in the future they will understand and follow our example. But you must know that we have troubles with those tunnels. Our ground here in the Eastern Region is very sandy; it is not strong soil, just sand. And during the rainy season it gets flooded. That is the problem . . . the biggest problem we face in doing what the Vietnamese are doing with tunnels.

QUESTION: Perhaps you could discuss the scale of the MPLA's operation in the Eastern Region. How much territory and how many people are involved?

MONIMAMBU: The Eastern Front is about 800 kilometers long and some 500 kilometers deep. But these figures were calculated last year. Our people are still moving ahead; they are now in Bié and to the north we have already sent organizers and a guerrilla group into the Lunda district. So I can't tell you at this time exactly how far our zone of operation extends inside the country. As for the territories controlled by us, or semicontrolled by us, they are Moxico and most of Cuando-Cubango districts—with many enemy posts in between. You can't find a single place in this area where people have remained in their traditional villages. They have already abandoned them. Or the Portuguese have caught them and brought them near their posts to live in concentration-camp villages. Most have run away. But it is up to them to choose. They can either go to the Portuguese for help or to the freedom fighters. Most people come to the bush and live with us, some go with the Portuguese. But those who go with the Portuguese don't stay more than two or three months. After that they will die of hunger because they can't go into the bush to look after their crops. They are allowed to go there just one day a week, followed by Portuguese guards. But it is not enough for them; they are in a prison, they are not free there. So many of them run away and join us. Or when the freedom fighters go there, they ask us to take them away from the place. There is not a very large population in these areas. Now we can say that there are more than 30,000 living with us in the semiliberated areas. But not all of these have been politicized. We have sent organizers to many places

to politicize the people, mobilize them, organize them. We have found that those who quickly take our motto to their hearts are the young chaps. The older ones, they just want to be safe, to avoid being killed, and they just continue doing their ordinary activities, that's all. It is very difficult to deal with the old people. . . . I find it very difficult. But we know that you find people like that everywhere. They still need much help—with medicine, clothes, salt and soap. These are the most important needs of the people inside, because now many live without these things. They understand what our difficulties are in getting these things. We have already tried to do something about this. The problem is not completely solved but a part has been solved and we have given some satisfaction to the people.

QUESTION: About how many people would you say are living in the concentration-camp villages?

MONIMAMBU: Maybe a few thousand. In every post you'll find 50, 150 or 200—the numbers vary. But many of them are now hiding in the bush.

QUESTION: Your own operations so far have been restricted largely to ambush tactics, attacking the Portuguese forces when they leave their posts. You're still operating with relatively small units and not hitting the Portuguese much in their own bases. Does that mean that you have difficulties with training or supplies when it comes to the use of mortars, bazookas or rockets? Do you ever use these weapons to attack Portuguese bases?

MONIMAMBU: We have some bazookas and mortars, and we have already attacked ten posts in the Eastern Region—but the results were not too successful. They were attacked and many of them were damaged, but after that we couldn't occupy the positions; we couldn't enter the posts because we lacked rockets and mortar shells. We have mortar shells, but lack detonator caps and batteries for the rockets. We are trying to get them, but haven't succeeded yet. That is our problem. So when we plan to attack a post, we go with grenades and rifles. We must do something to demoralize the Portuguese troops, to prevent them from living peacefully in their barracks. We must attack them and call them into the bush where our freedom fighters are arranged to ambush them. That is our tactic.

QUESTION: Do you ever use road mines against Portuguese motorized columns?

MONIMAMBU: We don't have antivehicle mines—not yet. Unfortunately, though we have the explosives to make those mines, we don't have the detonator caps. But we do use antipersonnel mines against Portuguese foot soldiers.

QUESTION: Last June, at a meeting held in the Eastern Region, a number of new programs were put forward. Perhaps you could comment generally on the progress that has been made. Let's take them one at a time, beginning with your efforts in the sphere of agricultural production.

MONIMAMBU: Agricultural production in the semiliberated areas is increasing. In every zone the people are organized in sectors; a zone may have five or six sectors. In each sector there is a Revolutionary Committee of Action, a people's organization which concerns itself with the people's problems. They have a chairman, a secretary, a treasurer, etc. Committee members are elected by the people. . . . There are about 500 villagers in an average sector. These people collectively cultivate what we call "people's plantations." All the people in a village work together in one field. The products which come from their collective work are then used for the benefit of the villagers themselves. These people's plantations don't develop quickly in all zones. Where we have made the greatest progress in agriculture is in Zones C and D. We already have 35 collectives in these zones. The important crops grown are rice, cassava, potatoes, millet and maize. Apart from each collective, each family has its own traditional garden. But on certain days everyone must work on the people's plantation, because on those days we use the militia to surround and protect the place. If they hear a plane coming from very far away, they will go into their trenches and camouflage themselves. They are safe there.

QUESTION: How many days a week do they work on the people's plantation?

MONIMAMBU: They work two days on the collective, then two days in their own gardens. The other days are for meetings, literacy classes, political education, etc. So they have two days of agricultural work on the collective, two days of personal work, and two days of education; and then on Sundays they sing, dance, etc., be-

cause national culture is important also. We want to develop it, too.

QUESTION: Does the MPLA tax these collectives? Do the guerrilla forces get food from these collective units?

MONIMAMBU: Yes, of course. We don't depend on help from outside when it comes to food. We are sufficiently helped by the people inside the country. We get help from those collective plantations. The women do everything. They collect the food—they have their militias which go to different places collecting food for the guerrillas—then they will come and give it to their women's chairman. She will present it to the chief of the sector who is in charge of looking after the guerrillas there. This is how we get food from the people.

QUESTION: Do the guerrilla units grow any of their own food?

MONIMAMBU: Yes. In the central base we cultivate tomatoes, onions, cabbages, etc. We do this because we need the vitamins very much; and we do it better than the people themselves. They grow only the basic foods. So the things we need for ourselves we cultivate in the central base of each zone. But groups which go deep inside the country, ambushing Portuguese patrols or controlling strategic points, they must not do such jobs.

QUESTION: In the area of education and cadre training you have set up Centers for Revolutionary Instruction. How have these progressed?

MONIMAMBU: These Centers for Revolutionary Instruction are very important. Before the end of 1967 we had already trained more than 2,000 cadres outside, in many countries. But we find that it is more important to train them inside the country. We lack materials and have to do without many things—but these CIR's are very helpful. Between August and February the first course was held and was very successful. Many people's cadres, people trained educationally, militarily and politically, are now able to organize and be active among the people. They also learned how to maintain themselves—to keep chickens, cultivate, sew, and so on. They were taught many things there. On 14 March we started the second course, the second part of the program. Angola, you know, is a country with many illiterate people, uninformed people who don't know how to read or write—probably worse than any other African country. The Portuguese have done it deliberately. Now it is up to

us. We can't wait until we are free, but must begin now to educate our people, to teach them how to read and learn.

QUESTION: What language do you teach them in?

MONIMAMBU: We have people who have been trained outside but who come from this region of Angola. They know every language there. The most important language is Luvale. But when one speaks Luvale, the Mbunda tribe can't understand it, the Chokwe tribe can't understand it. Now we have two languages: Luvale and Portuguese. But we also have people who translate from Portuguese to the other, local languages.

QUESTION: Do the illiterate people who come to the CIR acquire literacy in their native language before they learn Portuguese? Do they first become literate in their traditional language?

MONIMAMBU: They do both together. Learning a word, how to write it and read it, they are taught in both Luvale and Portuguese. Until we have our own language, a national language, we will have to use Portuguese as the common language in Angola. None of our traditional languages can be understood throughout the whole country—and that is why we have to use the colonial language, Portuguese.

There are also the Young Pioneers; these young chaps have their primary school in the CIR apart from the old men, women. Our students are of all ages. We have a primary school in every sector. The teachers have books. We have prepared many books, revolutionary books, to help those who are teaching in the primary schools. These young people are very important to us; they are the generation which will be the cadre of tomorrow. That is why we can't leave them without schooling and without assistance from the party.

QUESTION: What is the basic content of the political-education program? Is it essentially nationalist in character or is it socialist and internationalist?

MONIMAMBU: Political education is, first of all, nationalist. The people must understand that we are all Angolans, that we are one people, that we are fighting for our right to be free, and that Angola must be governed by Angolans. But we know that tomorrow there will be many problems in Angola; solving them requires that we educate people in the ideological sphere. Our ideology is scientific

socialism. We are going to be a socialist country tomorrow. There is no other way. When we become an independent country, there is only one way to follow—the socialist way. For us ideology is most important within the party because today we are just a mass movement, a popular movement, and not yet a real party, with the structure of a party. But tomorrow there will be a party with its philosophy, its determined ideology and its structure. And to reach that level we must today begin to prepare the way. That is why the MPLA is very interested in giving ideological education to our militants. For the people in general, at least for now, they need mainly a nationalist education.

QUESTION: Maybe you could comment now on the people's shops and trade centers—on that part of your program which deals with the distribution of goods and services.

MONIMAMBU: This was the major problem . . . which made people fear living in the bush. They didn't want to live like animals—without clothes, salt, soap, medicine and so on. They found it difficult in the beginning. We saw this as an urgent problem which had to be solved. We tried to organize, first of all, the distribution of goods sent by friendly countries to help us in our struggle. These were sent for the guerrillas, for the freedom fighters, but we are not fighting alone. Without the people, without their support, we couldn't move ahead, couldn't recruit more fighters, etc. We had to give satisfaction to the people's demands, which were just clothes, salt, soap and medicines. But just distributing the goods from outside sent to the guerrillas was not sufficient. So we have organized our budget, and the party itself now allocates part of its funds to help solve this problem. We have also set up people's stores. We buy goods outside and our trucks take them to the border. Then the people come and collect them and take them to their sectors. The goods are given to the action committees, which turn them over to the people who run the people's stores for general distribution. In each sector we have one of these stores. Since these goods are paid for out of the party's budget, in order to keep getting more goods, we have to fix prices. We can't just give them to the people free. They pay in Portuguese currency or with products. People bring in fish, meat, rice, potatoes, honey—anything they happen to have—and exchange it for clothes, salt, soap, etc. Medicines are free. The food

and other products they pay with are then used as part of the rations for the guerrillas. The money is sent through the action committees to the party headquarters. It is then exchanged for Zambian money to buy more goods or sent for various purposes to Cabinda, the Northern Region, or our offices here in Dar es Salaam, Lusaka, etc.

QUESTION: Have you attempted to produce any of these basic goods within the semiliberated areas? Have you set up any field factories or centers of production—apart from agriculture—inside the country?

MONIMAMBU: This is one of our objectives. But it was only last June when we began these programs and we had to start at the beginning. We have built a rice-husking factory, but we are still waiting for the machines. In Zones C and D we have plenty of rice now; we are just waiting for those machines to process it. This is our first project. Secondly, we are organizing people in cooperatives, as I mentioned earlier, so that they can exchange their products for the things they need. This problem is already settled between the MPLA and the Zambian government—they are ready to buy our Angolan produce. It is up to us now to arrange things inside.

QUESTION: Do you as yet train any people technically inside Angola?

MONIMAMBU: No. We are not able yet to train technicians inside the country.

QUESTION: Are you able to use and repair your own vehicles inside the country?

MONIMAMBU: There is only one zone where we can use vehicles inside . . . because from there we can travel between Angola and Zambia. We have already brought in some materials by truck from Zambia. In other zones, for many reasons, we have not yet started to bring in our supplies by car. We keep one mechanic inside and one outside to do repairs on our vehicles.

QUESTION: Are you able to generate any of your own power supplies inside the country?

MONIMAMBU: No. We are still using batteries. We know there are many rivers which can help us with electrical power and irrigation, but there are many difficulties which make it impossible at this time—lack of technicians, lack of equipment, etc.

QUESTION: You mentioned national culture. What are you doing to make people aware of their Angolan national culture?

MONIMAMBU: Apart from Angolan traditional songs and dances, in our Centers for Revolutionary Instruction we are trying to give people a consciousness of themselves as Angolans. We put on theatrical performances showing the people what it was like before the Portuguese came to Angola, how the people were living, what their societies were like. Then what it was like after the Portuguese came and how our people resisted them. Then, after that, how the struggle for our liberation began, and how it is progressing. This is what we're trying to organize, so that tomorrow we will have cultural unity throughout Angola. This is for the people to enjoy, but it is also very important educationally. If the people see what it was like before the Portuguese, after they came, during the early resistance and the present liberation struggle, it will be easier for them to see themselves as Angolans. We have many intellectuals in Angola but most of them are not in the revolution; they are reactionaries collaborating with the Portuguese. Some try to be neutral, but at this time there can be no neutrals; they must be either revolutionary or reactionary. They must choose. But aside from those who are working only for themselves, living their bourgeois lives, we have our own intellectuals within the revolution. And they are helping us with national culture. Some of these young chaps just coming from school are poets, like Dr. Neto, and we are trying to use their poems to build our theater, trying to execute them in theatrical form. That is another part of the effort we are making. In addition, there are now many revolutionary songs which we are teaching the people.

QUESTION: The MPLA mentions in one of its publications that it is building rudimentary organs of people's power in the semi-liberated areas. You've already mentioned the revolutionary action committees, but perhaps you can go into this question in a little greater detail. How do the people participate in decision-making at different levels? How do you engage them in the process of making new kinds of decisions?

MONIMAMBU: The action committees, you know, are related to MPLA's Central Committee, the Comité Director. The instructions come from the Central Committee and are passed through the mili-

tary command to the action committees. But it is not possible for the Central Committee to control everything directly. That is why we have created three regional steering committees—whose members also serve on the Central Committee. They represent the Central Committee in the regions. So the instructions come from the Central Committee. They meet in various places, make their decisions, and if these decisions pertain to the people inside the country, they are sent through the military command (for security reasons) to the action committees at the zone level. These action committees will then meet and transmit the information to the people through the committees at the sector and group or village levels. We have four levels then: group, sector, zone and region. Within a sector there are many groups, which are the village units. There is only one chief in a sector, but he has responsibility for a large area within which there are several small villages. These groups have their own organization. They, the people in each group, elect members to serve on their action committee.

QUESTION: Do you find that people in the groups and sectors tend to elect traditional leaders to the action committees? Or do they elect people with more progressive ideas?

MONIMAMBU: Today the traditional leaders are still respected. But if a traditional leader is not very interested in the struggle he will not have power, he will not be chosen by the people. Someone else will be elected. The chief will remain chief but he will be without power. But if he is a good chief, a revolutionary one, it is better for him to lead his people.

QUESTION: So at the group level people elect their own action committee, which sends representatives to the sector action committee.

MONIMAMBU: Yes. And then from the sector level they send their representatives to the zone action committee. In each zone there are some who are very intelligent and they represent their people on the Regional Committee. The Central Committee selects one or two from each zone who are militants, who are already politically educated, and they represent their zones on the Regional Committee. With the help of the military command these action committees keep registers of all marriages, births, deaths, and so on. They also administer justice. Traditional chiefs are well versed in local laws

and customs, but we must take care with the traditional laws and habits which are not good, which are not adapted to the revolutionary conditions of today. So we must help them settle some cases. In addition, they have their own police, recruited from the militia. The militia is paramilitary, but within a militia group they choose some to be police. They keep order in the villages, or groups, and in the sector.

QUESTION: Do you find that in the revolutionary situation of today people are considering different kinds of problems and making different kinds of decisions than they would have before their areas were semiliberated?

MONIMAMBU: Of course. There are many changes now. It is part of the progress we have made. People now see their problems differently. Most of them are happy now because they haven't paid their taxes or tribute to the Portuguese for almost two years, and their products are not taken by the Portuguese in return for a very low price. They are very happy about this. And they think differently; their mind is now revolutionary and nationalist. They understand that Angola is *our* country and that only by struggle are we going to win it back.

QUESTION: There have been many reports of South Africa assisting the Portuguese with helicopters, mercenaries, etc. How do you think South African intervention will affect your liberation struggle in the long run?

MONIMAMBU: This is no secret to anyone. It has now been proved that South Africa is involved in the Angola struggle. First of all, they see our liberation movement as a security problem for the whole of southern Africa. These racists and white settlers want to keep South Africa, Southwest Africa, Rhodesia, Mozambique and Angola safely in their hands. They want these countries to remain under their control for economic and political reasons. You know that Mozambique and Angola occupy two strategic points. The South African racists know that if Mozambique and Angola become free, the liberation forces will use them as base areas from which to attack the apartheid regime. We have already found young South African soldiers among the Portuguese troops. At Karipande, which is open to people coming from Zambia to shop, we have found soldiers who spoke Afrikaans but no Portuguese. Then in Bié they use Afrikaaner

soldiers to guard the rich foreign-owned Cassinga iron mines. South African helicopters also come to supply their soldiers with ammunition, food, etc., and to do reconnaissance for the Portuguese. As you know, there is an agreement between South Africa, Rhodesia and Portugal. They meet monthly to study how to stop the "terrorism" in southern Africa, how to carry on counterguerrilla actions against the liberation movements in the various colonies and neocolonies. There are many proofs that South Africa is already deeply involved in the Angolan struggle. And the number of South African troops used in Angola will probably increase in the near future.

QUESTION: In what ways does the United States assist the Portuguese in Angola?

MONIMAMBU: Portugal, you know, is an underdeveloped country. They can't do everything themselves. They couldn't go ahead with these ultracolonial regimes in Guinea (Bissau), Mozambique and Angola without the help of the NATO powers—particularly the United States, West Germany, Belgium and Italy. The United States itself has many economic interests in Angola. They want to protect and increase these interests. You know it is those big monopolies which are leading everything. That is why you find Portuguese troops using many things—guns, planes, bombs, equipment, cars, etc.—from the United States. And they give them medical assistance, technicians—those who repair their planes and so on—and military experts in antiguerrilla warfare . . . because they have much experience from their aggressions in North Korea and Vietnam. They also help train the Portuguese forces—both the Americans and the West Germans are doing this. But they are not only helping the Portuguese. They are also helping our adversaries such as the GRAE of Roberto, giving them money, medicine, food and clothes through Mobutu. They are all puppets of the Americans or CIA agents. These CIA-supported organizations are always after the revolutionaries and progressives here in Africa. They are the ones who trained some people to make trouble for the MPLA in the Congo (Kinshasa). You know, those American monopoly capitalists know very well that the Portuguese will lose one day, and they are preparing their men for tomorrow to rule the neocolonial regimes. That is why men such as Holden Roberto and Jonas

Savimbi and the other Angolan reactionaries are wanted by the Americans and are helped by them.

QUESTION: Do you teach people in your political-education program about American imperialism? About international capitalism?

MONIMAMBU: You know, our first enemy is Portuguese colonialism. And the people must know this. But the most powerful enemy is the United States, and that is why we make great efforts to educate our people against imperialism—and particularly the leader of the imperialists, the Americans. They are the greatest enemy of the people in the world.

QUESTION: Do you also explain that even within the United States there are progressive and socialist forces which are also fighting against U.S. imperialism?

MONIMAMBU: As I told you, we are not racists in the MPLA. That is why you will see many mulattoes in our party. We know that tomorrow there will be Portuguese, Americans, and others who will have the right to live in our country. But we must choose who is good and who is bad, who is a friend and who is an enemy, with regard to our objectives. We know that in America there are some progressive people who are against what their government and military leaders are doing. We know that there are some communist parties and some philanthropic organizations which are not in favor of war, which want peace, and such progressive people will be welcomed in Angola. It is very important for our people to know this, they must know it, because there are some Angolan organizations, such as UPA and UNITA [National Union for the Total Independence of Angola], which are trying to turn the people against all white men and mulattoes. They say that every mulatto is the son of a Portuguese and must be killed, and that everyone who is white must be killed. No! We must not follow this path. We are ready to welcome those who are good, those who are our genuine friends; and the enemy is an enemy, whatever his color, and he must be treated as such.

QUESTION: How do you see the relationship between your struggle in Angola and the struggle of the Vietnamese against U.S. imperialism?

MONIMAMBU: Morally, speaking in moral terms, the Vietnamese struggle is the leading struggle for freedom now in the world. So we

are in great solidarity with those struggling in Vietnam. We believe that the victory of the Vietnamese is our victory, too. Vietnam is facing the most powerful country in the capitalist world and will win—and they are near to their victory now; it shows us that we must be determined to fight and confident also of our victory in Angola. The enemy can be very powerful, as the Americans are, or as the NATO powers are, but we shall still defeat them. The proof is that in Vietnam they have almost achieved their victory fighting against the most powerful enemy. And then our relationship with the Vietnamese is very close. We too are oppressed people together with the Vietnamese. They are fighting for their freedom and we too are fighting for the same rights. And we are both fighting against the same common enemy—first of all, the imperialist one. That is why some of our bases and zones are given names such as Viet-Angola, Nguyen Van Troy Base, Ho Chi Minh Base, etc., in solidarity with the struggle being carried on by the heroic people of Vietnam. One day we hope to have some of our people trained by the Vietnamese, in order to benefit in full from their rich experience in guerrilla war.

CHAPTER THREE

President Neto: A Message to Comrades[1]

UNITED in the same combat, the people of the Portuguese colonies of Guinea (Bissau), Mozambique and Angola have inflicted innumerable defeats upon the enemy, especially in recent times. The areas controlled by the guerrillas are continuously growing. The new life in these areas is advancing and, in the process, opening up roads toward the restoration of our peoples' independence, which was lost in past centuries, and also their dignity and just place in the world.

Thus, in order to achieve our common objectives, the movements directing the struggles in their countries still dominated by Portugal are united and cooperate closely, while respecting the differences which exist in the specific conditions of each country. In general, however, what is certain is that our struggle will not cease developing and progressing.

The cooperation of the peoples of the Portuguese colonies in this phase, and also in the future, is and will be absolutely essential not only for the conquest of independence but also during the phase of national reconstruction.

Fortunately, we already have the experience of Africa after the independence of many countries on our continent which were dominated by imperialism. This experience has shown many posi-

[1] The major portion of a speech delivered on 6 June 1968 by the President of the MPLA, Agostinho Neto, over Radio Tanzania on the program *The Voice of Angola in Combat.*

tive aspects; it has also revealed weaknesses—one of the principal being the general economic dependence in relations with the former metropolitan countries, the effect of which is to impede access to complete independence.

This experience must stimulate us who are fighting with arms in hand to look for more advanced and much more effective forms of organization in order to achieve our purpose: complete independence. The blood that is being shed by the best of the sons of our countries, and the efforts of each guerrilla and of every one of our people, must not be spent in vain, in methods that are inappropriate for organization in the present and inadequate for administration in the future. It is necessary that the real control of the country, whether from the political, economic or social point of view, be in the hands of people who are devoted to the struggle, and not in the fists of bureaucrats who—it could be said in passing—are dishonest and not to be found in the battlefield. Much less could we allow foreigners to continue to exploit our peoples; for imperialism to extend its clutches over our countries and subjugate them in neocolonialism. We have to fight for complete independence!

In the present phase, it is necessary that the struggle be completely under the orientation of an independent party with well-defined ideas; that its militants be disciplined and absorb fully the doctrine of their party. It is necessary that the leaders themselves be honest, modest and active, and that they do not spare their efforts for the good orientation and organization of their people. It is necessary that they be always at the side of their people, with them in their suffering and in their daily sacrifices.

One of the more debated problems of recent times is the presence in our territories of Portuguese, or descendants of Portuguese, whose ideas coincide with ours, whose lives have been dedicated to the struggle against fascism in Portugal, and who understand and accept the right of the peoples of the Portuguese colonies to regain independence and self-government, like any other sovereign people.

On this point we have sometimes observed negative reactions on the part of some of our combatants and of our friends. It is those negative attitudes which can prejudice the success of our struggle for freedom. I speak of the problem of racialism.

In our countries we are not making a racial war. Our objective

is not to fight against the white man because he is white—we fight those who support the colonial regime. All those in our territories who show raised, unarmed hands, or who show themselves willing to give their collaboration to the guerrillas, providing them with foodstuffs and products that are unavailable in the forests; all those who in any manner show their desire not to cooperate with the colonial regime must not be despised or treated as enemies. They constitute a force that operates in our favor, in the same way as on the international plane. There, we do not seek support only in the countries of Africa south of the Sahara, called Black Africa, where the skins of the inhabitants are more dark; but we also go to look for the aid of countries of North Africa, where the people have a light skin. We go to Europe to look for political, diplomatic and material help from countries where the majority of the population have a white color, and in other continents where racial differences are also evident. If, because of racial differences, we despise that formidable force which is represented by progressives of the whole world, and by the peoples of most underdeveloped countries, we will only be digging our own grave.

Our struggle is not an isolated struggle in the world. It is part of a global struggle by Humanity to bring an end to the exploitation of man by man, and it is within this framework that we must view our struggle—outside the narrow limits of racial prejudice.

Therefore, we invite the Portuguese, the sons of Portuguese people, who are in uniform and armed in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea (Bissau), to desert the ranks of the colonialist army and not to soil their hands with the blood of innocent men, women and children whose only objective is to be free—acting in the same manner as did the heroic Portuguese themselves during the Arab occupation of Spain. Instead of exterminating defenseless people, they must raise their arms in surrender when confronted by the guerrillas of the MPLA, FRELIMO or PAIGC. They will be received as men and will be given a choice of destination in those countries which accept political refugees. Or better still, we make an appeal to the Portuguese to desert with their arms and cross to the side of the nationalists, avoiding the shame of participating in an unjust war that is as dirty as the war in Vietnam.

During the course of the war in Angola the MPLA has had occa-

sion to admit to neighboring countries some Portuguese who had deserted. And there, in various countries, some of them are actively engaged in struggle against the Salazar regime [in Portugal], while others go about their work so that they and their families may live in peace.

Therefore, if there still exists in some of our combatants the idea of a war against the white man, it is necessary that it be immediately substituted by the idea of a war against colonialism and against imperialism; a war against oppression, for the liberty and for the dignity of all men in the world. This idea will fortify our struggle. It will offer more guarantees and new perspectives that open up a brilliant future for all men. In a time of hatred we will have fraternity and understanding.

I do *not* wish to say, comrades and dear companions in the struggle, that we must be weak, that we do not have to rain hard and the bravest possible blows upon the racists who desire to dominate the African people; that we have to be complacent with the agents of PIDE or with the settlers organized into militias. Absolutely not! To those only one language is applicable. Only one justice is possible. Only one law of war can be adopted. They have to be liquidated, for they are the bulwarks of colonialist exploitation.

But we must not confuse friends and enemies. We have to be careful in differentiating—so as to distinguish correctly who are our friends and who are our enemies.

At times it is precisely our enemies who keep us from friends, taking advantage of our political naïveté or our weaknesses—one of which could be racial prejudice. Where there does not exist a clear idea on this subject, the imperialist enemy can easily separate us from our friends and we could even liquidate, with our own hands, valuable forces within our ranks.

There was a time, between 1961 and 1963, when reactionary forces commanded by imperialism showed themselves active in the north of our country, and thousands of coloreds and *assimilados* were killed only because they were mestizos or *assimilados*. In this way we lost thousands of men, women and children, almost all of whom were sincere patriots and combatants, ardent for our cause of liberation.

This happened only because the imperialists were able to in-

culcate in the mentality of politically unclear combatants the idea that all those who had a slightly lighter skin or who knew how to speak Portuguese or still had to serve in the colonial administration were necessarily traitors who were not able and had not the right to fight for independence. It was the Angolan nationalist forces who suffered from this—losing precious lives, important cadres for the revolution and for the future life of the country. They were victims who were added to the victims of the colonialists themselves.

But the germs that produced such deviations from our line of political action are not only spawned by imperialism. They derive also from ourselves, and therefore we have also to combat our own weaknesses and deficiencies; combat all that is negative in ourselves, in our militants, in our combatants. At times, what generates that hatred based upon skin color is ambition—the desire to occupy high positions, the desire to rise, the desire to secure for oneself a good place in the future.

And from racialism to tribalism it is only one step.

Within our organization, the MPLA, we rigorously fight against such defects. The ambitious, the presumptuous, those who provoke disturbances and spread slanders in order to be able to occupy posts that they usually do not deserve or are not even able to fill properly —these are denounced before the militants and before the entire people.

It is also by fighting in *this* sphere of combat—in the ideological formation of men and in the political education of the militants—that we will be able to guarantee for our future a life that is truly free.

Fortunately, for those who fight on the side of justice and against tyranny, for those who desire freedom, armed action is not only a sacrifice; it is above all a *force*. It is not only the irrigation of our battlefields with the blood of the best sons of our peoples. It is also a school—a means by which the people continue this struggle in the future, after political independence, in order to be completely free—politically, economically and socially independent.

The experience of Africa has taught us many things. Amongst those, we must cite one more—the lesson that the party must control the life of the country during every moment. The strength and will that gave us arms with which to defend ourselves from foreign

occupation will also be able to guarantee true independence in the future. It is necessary that the party be built up, that it constitute the backbone, the base and the principal element in the life of the nation . . . and that it be independent. Where there is no party, where the militants are not placed under a strict discipline, where the leaders are not bound to revolutionary principles—there anarchy enters. There the enemies penetrate easily, and instead of independence, we will have neocolonialism or an insecure balance between dependence and independence, between progress and reaction.

And that we do not want! We want complete independence.

At the beginning of this message I spoke about the existing union between the organizations directing the armed struggle in the countries dominated by Portugal, namely FRELIMO, PAIGC and the MPLA. This union is just and necessary, and the forms of our cooperation in the struggle must be perfected because our enemies also coordinate their activities. Nobody is ignorant of the support given by the NATO countries to help Portugal continue her unjust war. No one is now ignorant of the fact that the struggle in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea (Bissau) could have already ended victoriously for the respective peoples were it not for the material and other help rendered to Portugal by the imperialists united in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. It is the United States of America, the Federal Republic of Germany, France, Great Britain and certain other countries which sustain Portugal.

Yet another danger, however, is appearing and is already taking concrete form in certain spheres—the intervention of the racist regime of South Africa. The alliance between these reactionaries [of South Africa] or those of Rhodesia with the Portuguese fascist government holds a very great danger for the people of Angola and Mozambique. In South Africa there is open discussion, in the press and over the radio, of direct intervention in Angola and Mozambique against our peoples. Clearly, if that aggression takes place, the South African racists will learn from their own experience what the Portuguese already know. They will have many corpses to bury. They will have many families in mourning, as in Portugal. They will have many vehicles destroyed and many planes downed. And in the end they will know the shame of defeat, because in this war victory

can belong only to our peoples. That victory will be the victory of our peoples and of the whole world over the disgrace of colonialism. It is this which the arrogant South African racists will learn, despite all their aggressiveness and technical potential.

One of the most appropriate weapons to enable us to repel this danger is precisely the consolidation of our unity, extending it to other peoples who also suffer from the same oppression. But, this unity must be completely free from hostile influences—completely free!

The progress that has been made by our guerrillas is clear in their putting into practice the slogan of generalizing the war throughout the national territory. When the Portuguese say that the guerrillas have not yet reached the central regions of the country . . . it means the guerrillas are already there. Those who want to mislead the Portuguese people, blinding them to the truth, only fall into ridicule, because the Portuguese population knows that the guerrillas are established in the center of the country, and knows that very soon they will reach the urban centers where, as yet, there are not military-type activities. We can guarantee to the "honorable" representatives of the colonial administration that they will shortly experience more heavily and more extensively the effects of the actions of our armed forces. And then it will be not only the center but also the south and north that will know a period of struggle, of much more difficulty and of much more blood for the miserable colonialists.

It is not difficult to unmask the liars of the colonial government in Angola who are endeavoring to blindfold their settlers and world public opinion. They say that the guerrillas cannot advance, and yet in the districts where there is armed warfare, all the Angolan inhabitants are forcedly controlled by means of certificates of residence. These certificates are compulsory as much in Moxico as in Bié, as much in Uige as in Malange; and very shortly there will be decrees and orders making these certificates compulsory in Huila and in Mocamedes, in Cuanza Sul and in Huambo. The war will be generalized.

They tell us that their armed forces have a high morale; and yet it is publicly debated within the colonial regime whether the great merchants should give up only their rings or must sacrifice also

their fingers in order to protect their property. There is opposition between the military and the civilians because, while the military risk their precious lives, the masters of theft and exploitation are involved in accumulating property, in luxurious, carefree living, and in intoxicating themselves with cheap (or at times expensive) pleasures, in order to forget the misery of the colonial war. The Portuguese soldier is nothing but cannon fodder for the defense of the wealth of the masters of exploitation.

They say there is peace in Angola and yet they so fear that the Angolan people will support the guerrillas they claim do not exist that they compel the people to live in encampments close to their barracks. There is no trust between the Portuguese and the Angolan population; there are hundreds of men who leave these encampments to live in the forests, where they are already building a free life under the leadership of the MPLA.

The desperation of the colonialists will shortly be greater as the technical resources of the MPLA become more complete and greater in volume. The organization is continually broadening. The men are more clear about guerrilla tactics and have more political experience. The morale of the Portuguese troops can best be illustrated by the desperate cry of that poor soldier (perhaps the son of a peasant or of a worker) who, during the attack by our forces on Karipande barracks, abandoned his shelter, weeping and calling for his beloved mother, full of fear or remorse. Shame! Thus it is, almost always, that the courage and conviction of the Portuguese soldier fighting in Angola is expressed.

To all of them, to the cowards and to the fanatics, we say: There is only one way to stop this shameful situation. That way is to recognize the right of our people to independence; to abandon repression and establish just relations between our peoples—the Angolan people and the Portuguese people.

The Portuguese colonialists and their allies have spread to the four corners of the land the rumor that the war in Cabinda is paralyzed because American dollars have had their effect upon the MPLA. We want to make it clearly known that, in this war, it is neither the MPLA nor the Angolan people who have sold themselves. It is the miserable Portuguese government that has mortgaged and sold their colonies and even their own country. It is

the Portuguese fascists who are granting more and more facilities to foreign investors, to the disadvantage of the Portuguese people (this Portuguese people of glorious traditions), who gain nothing from the transactions.

Who exploits the iron ore in Angola? The Germans! Who exploits the petroleum? The Americans and the Belgians! And to whom does the Benguela Railway belong? To the English! Who owns the Diamond Company? The Americans, the Belgians, the French and the English! Who exploits the petroleum in the district of Cabinda? The Americans! And in the metropolitan country itself, the Portuguese people know very well, despite the camouflaged forms of exploitation, that there are parts of Portuguese territory that are not under their control, that are mortgaged, parts where the Portuguese do not command, but obey the dollar: it is so in the Azores, in Beja and in a considerable part of the tourist industry. . . .

Who is it, then, who is sold to foreigners in order to be able to continue with their shameful politics? It is only the Portuguese fascists. The MPLA, the vanguard of the Angolan people, who fight honorably with arms in hand, has not sold itself. We accept nothing in exchange for our independence! Victory or death!

I repeat the appeal to all Angolan nationals who are refugees in neighboring countries—in Congo (Kinshasa), Congo (Brazzaville), Zambia, Botswana and Southwest Africa—to return to the areas controlled by the MPLA, there to make their contribution to the struggle, to fight the enemy, to repopulate the territory. Angolans must return to Angola, to the areas controlled by the MPLA and there live a truly free life, within the hardships of struggle.

Students, men trained in universities or technical schools must return to the country and there make their contribution to the war. With regard to students it is necessary seriously to counter the opportunistic arguments that some put forward in order to conceal their desire not to participate in the war and work with the people—to escape danger. They want to live a good life on foreign scholarships which they earn through the reputation won by the combatants in our country.

I repeat the appeal to all men and women who find themselves in the interior of our country to redouble their activities, whether underground or in the liberated zones. It is necessary that there be

no point in Angola where the Portuguese do not feel the effects of the war. Groups and committees of action must be constituted where they don't yet exist, and they must be put into well-ordered action, destroying the economy and the resources that the Portuguese utilize to pursue the war and continue exploitation.

Our contribution must be made not only for the liquidation of the colonial system but also for the liquidation of ignorance, disease and primitive forms of social organization—it is in the literacy campaigns, in the clinics, in the Centers of Revolutionary Instruction, in agricultural and industrial production that each Angolan must make his contribution . . . beneath the bombs that periodically fall over the forests.

All sincere Angolan patriots must *return now* to the interior of the country. They must be active.

Organization of the masses, trade unions, organizations of youth, women and others are now having their first experience inside the country. Institutions of medical assistance, education and commercial exchange, and of cooperation in labor are making their appearance in the liberated zones.

It is, therefore, *now* that all Angolans must leave those foreign lands and return to their country in order to work for the victory of the revolution.

I will not speak of those who necessarily fall during the war. To these we render our *sincere* and *simple* homage. The liberation of the fatherland necessitates blood and, first and foremost, the blood of our best sons.

We will not weep over deaths. We will follow the example of their heroism and their valor in order to advance as much as possible and with the greatest rapidity possible. Thus do we turn their heroism to the service of our people. *We must continue the action.*

Comrades: VICTORY IS SURE!

CHAPTER FOUR

First Eastern Regional Conference[1]

JUST over two years ago, in May 1966, the armed struggle began in the Eastern Region of Angola. This Third Region of the MPLA is entering a new phase of the revolution. The Portuguese have become increasingly isolated in their diminishing number of posts; they are dependent on aircraft for supplies; troop movement on the ground is subject to certain ambush. The sole purpose of the Portuguese in the Eastern Region is to *stall*: stall the MPLA at all costs before they turn the eastern part of Angola (an area four times the size of Portugal) into a fully liberated base area. . . .

The Portuguese rely on the traditional reactionary trump card: air power. Meanwhile, the MPLA organizes the people; builds clinics and schools; combats the tribalism which the Portuguese have for centuries found advantageous in maintaining the disunity of the Angolan people. The MPLA develops literacy and cultural programs, teaches modern agricultural methods and builds cadres. The struggle is extended further into Angola. The Portuguese and their backers, the Americans, South Africans, West Germans and the others, are being driven into the sea with whatever wealth they can grab up in their last moment's rape.

The First Eastern Regional Conference, assembling 85 delegates from the five zones, was itself a quiet illustration of the MPLA's

[1] A shorter version of this article appeared in the *Guardian* 19 October 1968 under the title "Angolan Liberation Group Confers."—R.H.

success in winning the support of the peasantry and was the implementation of an earlier decision to transfer the MPLA headquarters from Brazzaville to inside Angola.

One isn't invited to attend a conference of this nature and, once there, really doesn't attend. An expressed invitation could jeopardize the whole of the conference—over 200 lives. It wasn't until four hours before going into Angola that President Agostinho Neto and Eastern Regional Director Anibal de Melo briefed us (Tom Chibaye of the *Zambia Mail,* Don Barnett and myself; four other journalists were waiting at the Provisional Camp inside Angola) on the nature of the assembly that we would first observe. My primary purpose in Angola was to shoot footage for a film.[2]

Our group setting out from Zambia initially consisted of about 40 people and included Dr. Neto, Anibal de Melo, Maria Carlos (acting head of the Angolan Women's Organization), other members of the Eastern Regional Steering Committee, other MPLA militants and the journalists. Our number more than doubled at the Angolan border, where we were met by Commander Spartacus Monimambu and a detachment of armed guerrillas that would escort us to the Provisional Camp.

The conference was an important one, but had been postponed for several reasons. Delegates from five zones had been waiting for weeks; many of the guerrillas had been waiting for months. Not waiting idly, as was evident from the work that had gone into the building of the extensive camp, and there were classes to attend, patrols, etc. But waiting. One of the most difficult aspects of the armed struggle is waiting. There is skill in knowing how to wait, but sometimes there's nothing to do—nothing to do while hidden in ambush for six, seven, eight days. . . .

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[2] The 16 mm film *Victory Is Certain!* covers most of the material described in this article. My intention, which the MPLA agreed with, was to leave Zone C, where the conference had been held, and reenter Angola in the north, to film MPLA activity in Zone A, along the Benguela Railroad. The Portuguese 1968 dry-season offensive, especially heavy in Zone A (cf. Chapter Ten), also resulted in numerous bombings up to 75 miles inside Zambia. This Portuguese aggression on Zambia accomplished its limited aim: numerous Zambian citizens were killed, and consequently all movement in the Northern Region was curtailed. This and other problems (shortage of gasoline, etc.) resulted in the postponing of the Benguela film.—R.H.

Though the conference would be further postponed until our group arrived, it was several times necessary to part from our course to meet with the villagers. These were villagers without villages. Their homes had been bombed or burned, or were subject to continual Portuguese air reconnaissance. The villagers had makeshift living areas in the bush; many of the peasants slept in the open; their few possessions had been destroyed by the Portuguese; their source of water was never near; their cassava fields were now camouflaged patches on the periphery of the forest.

Several times the peasants came to meet our group. As we walked single file in a line that must have stretched out over a mile, we could hear singing a great distance away: MPLA liberation songs sung in Mbunda and Portuguese. Some of these songs were about the president of the MPLA.

Dr. Neto (pronounced "neh-tu") is himself a living legend in Angola. One of the founders of the MPLA in 1956, Agostinho Neto has been an active voice for his people for over 20 years. As early as 1947 he published poetry expressing the sufferings of the Angolan people and in 1952 was arrested for taking part in anticolonial demonstrations. While practicing medicine in the village of Icolo e Bengo, he was arrested in June 1960. In the course of the struggle he has been imprisoned four times by the Portuguese.

One group of peasants which came to meet, listen to and talk with President Neto could be seen several miles away: they were on the other side of a large plain which we both had to circle because Portuguese reconnaissance planes were especially active near the border. As we walked toward each other, their beautiful, melancholy songs became more jubilant; at some point the guerrillas in our group joined them in singing. The finale of the music was the coming together of the peasants and the guerrillas and leaders of the MPLA, with everybody embracing and shaking hands. The traditional greeting in this area is to clap your own hands together softly, then shake hands, then clap your hands again. It is very difficult to take photos while greeting people; the next time, I decided to shoot some film. When another meeting did occur, I managed to climb a small tree in order to get good footage of the event, but it was useless. Some of the villagers climbed the tree to greet me, saying *"Boa dia, camarada!"* I don't pretend to know what they

thought of me in my tree, but before many people climbed up the tree, I climbed down; I never got really good pictures of these beautiful events—the coming together of the peasants and the guerrillas and the MPLA leadership.

After meeting, the local militia would perform parade exercises and President Neto would formally greet, then walk through an inspection of their ranks. The young militia boys and girls, some as young as seven or eight, were barefoot, with rags for clothing and sticks for rifles; they performed exacting drill. The older militiamen were armed with axes, bows and arrows, spears and knives. One militia leader had an ancient shotgun.

During our trip of about 40 miles, there were three such meetings with the villagers. Our whole group would leave the area where we first met and go in the direction of the temporary village; the older militiamen were exuberant, running ahead of us, then back to our caravan and off toward the village again. When we reached the village we were greeted by more singing and were offered chairs, water and sweet potatoes.

These meetings would begin with introductions: the regional commander would introduce President Neto and the others. Dr. Neto then spoke and was translated into Mbunda. The agenda of the meetings varied, but usually the older men spoke after the MPLA leadership. I was surprised at their confidence and oratorical skill; though I couldn't understand a word of the local language, it was clear that there wasn't the least bit of hesitancy, no fear, no obsequiousness. When the villagers' speeches were translated into Portuguese, they went something like this: "The MPLA has kept the Portuguese away. UNITA tricked us, attacking the Portuguese, then running away themselves, and then many villagers were killed. With the MPLA we don't fear the Portuguese overrunning us. They can no longer come and take us for forced labor; they can't do with us as they please. We are proud to be a part of the MPLA. We have the revolution in our hearts, and we are fighters. We kill the hunger in our guerrillas' stomachs by growing food. Victory or Death. Victory Is Certain! But there is another problem facing us now. The Portuguese no longer attack us on the ground, they bomb us from the air. Something must be done about the bombers and helicopters. People have been killed. Give us the weapons to fight them."

Some of the people in this area near the border had been "organized" by Savimbi's UNITA. UNITA began its activity in this region about the same time as the MPLA. When the Portuguese retaliated against UNITA attacks, its militants fled, running back across the border into Zambia. The Portuguese killed many of the peasants who remained in their villages.

On several occasions the peasants were interested in hearing from the journalists. How did the people of Zambia view the struggle? How did the Americans see the Angolan revolution? The Zambian journalist declared that he was impressed with the determination, the discipline, the beauty of the people who were fighting this war against a ruthless enemy, saying that President Kaunda and the people of Zambia were behind their comrades of the MPLA.

Our claims (Barnett's and mine) were more modest, since it was American bombs, American napalm, American helicopters, etc., that were being used against the Angolan people, and the United States government was a major (if silent) backer of the Portuguese colonialism. We *did* declare that there were a number of progressive people in the United States who morally supported the Angolans' just struggle and that some believed they had a revolutionary duty actively to support the MPLA in the struggle against imperialism.

Here in Angola we could certainly see many ways such support could be utilized. We hoped our journalistic efforts would also be of some value.

A "speech" such as the above takes a long time when it is translated twice. After it is over, the tradition in this area is for the speaker to applaud his own statements. The sentiment seems to be that what is appreciated is the statement, the ideas being presented, and not the speaker; so if the person who says a thing honestly agrees with it, he can join in with the others in appraisal.

When we got going, our caravan moved quite fast, but compared with the normal speed of the guerrillas, we were dawdlers. This was clear from the escort detachment's constantly walking from the beginning to the end of our long column, back and forth, checking our advance, moving people ahead, spreading them apart, helping with loads and so on. The guerrillas carried packs and weapons. It was necessary that they be very mobile, so their loads were

nothing compared to the carriers', mostly young boys—they carried heavy war materials, food, blankets, etc. They wore rags: trousers of patched patches, shirts that were seams with tattered strings hanging from them; most of the carriers were barefoot—their feet were thick with callouses from the hot sand and thousands of miles.

When we left the last village, it was dark—only another three or four hours' walk to the Provisional Camp. It was a pitch-black night —not a star. We were given a password. I repeated it over and over, then forgot it. Our pace picked up. There was no talking; very little sound except for the monotonous swishing of branches hitting you and your comrades. Somehow one becomes slightly delirious in this kind of walking. The deep sand and the blackness contribute to your disequilibrium. Walking must remain an unconscious action; if it becomes conscious, it's a real nuisance. Which leg to move? How high and how far to step and so forth? I was absorbed in this problem; we were moving much faster and were quieter—it seemed as if we were sneaking past a Portuguese post which was probably less than 50 yards away. Portuguese were everywhere. And then somebody shouted, "HALT!" Someone up ahead answered, "MPLA!" ("em-peh-la") and the Mbunda password. I almost fell apart. What about the Portuguese post? They *had* to have heard that! My walking became an unconscious activity again.

The Portuguese didn't hear, apparently, as we were allowed to wind our way past three more MPLA sentries who stood at attention as our group passed. We reached the Provisional Camp and waited silently for about 15 minutes before the rest of our group wound its way into the camp. Lanterns were turned on low. A column of over a hundred guerrillas and cadres stood at attention. When President Neto arrived, the awaiting detachment began singing—the strongest, most forceful and beautiful singing I have ever heard; but for the first 30 seconds it seemed like complete adventurism—after all, there was a revolution going on, and there were supposed to be Portuguese in these parts.

The Portuguese post was about eight miles away, I learned later; the Portuguese rarely ventured out in the daytime, let alone at night. The Provisional Camp was well guarded, for miles around. The only danger was from the air, but as the camp was chosen specifi-

cally for the conference, it was thoroughly hidden in the thick underbrush; Portuguese interference was unlikely.

The extensive camp was divided into three areas. The parade grounds and kitchen areas, with a few informal assembly huts, tables and chairs, constituted the camp center. The sleeping areas, about two miles away, contained dispersed two-person huts. The third part of the camp consisted of assembly areas; there were at least three meeting places several miles, and in different directions, from the camp. On the periphery of the camp center was a small school and a clinic where Dr. Boavida had worked before the conference began. The many months of preparation and work put into this camp would be abandoned after the conference, as the spot was not strategically important. The original site for the conference was Hanoi I, but it had been bombed 24 May 1968.[3]

The journalists were invited to the opening session of the conference. For the next two days, except informally late in the evening, we did not see the 85 attending delegates. On the third day we attended the closing session of the assembly, were informed of the resolutions and were invited to ask questions. Eighteen papers had been presented; seven new members were elected to the Steering Committee; two members were expelled after long discussion and criticism.

The subject matter of the conference was as President Neto and de Melo had briefed us. The main item on the agenda was a review of MPLA policies and their implementation since the creation of the Third Region. The objective of the conference was to discuss the implementation of their earlier decision to generalize the armed struggle to all regions of Angola, rather than try to achieve a few fully liberated zones.

Other items of major importance were plans to create a regular army and to transform the MPLA, a broad-based popular movement, into a political party. Presently, material conditions do not exist for the creation of a regular army in addition to the guerrilla forces, but this will be necessary in the next major stage of the liberation struggle. The infrastructure for a political party exists within the MPLA, composed of the military and political com-

[3] Cf. Chapter Seven, Marsha's account of the attack on Hanoi I.

manders, other members of the regional committees, the Central Committee and the Executive Committee.

One of the items discussed and ratified was the decision to accept whites born or presently living in Angola as active MPLA supporters. The reason for this decision is simple: the MPLA is not fighting white people, but rather the Portuguese colonial structure and imperialist neocolonial penetration. One final item was the composition of a telegram to be sent to Mobutu of Congo (Kinshasa), demanding that he return the MPLA men and arms which had been captured by his government.

Before the conference closed, the Center of Revolutionary Instruction presented a play—a historical epic in rough Brechtian style. Most of the people at the assembly camp and many young militiamen from surrounding villages were in the audience. The actors were divided from the audience by a string of canvas that the narrator closed after each scene.

The action began about 500 years ago, in the kingdom of Ngola along the Angolan coast. The actors depicted friendly Portuguese, bringing gifts and smiling. The Angolan people welcomed them. The curtains closed and the narrator explained, in Mbunda and Portuguese, the passage of time: the industrial revolution was taking place in Europe. The holy triumvirate of soldier, merchant and priest joined together to find cheap raw materials and cheap labor. The curtains opened on the next scene: the actors depicted still-smiling Portuguese, but their eyes saw profit, not people. The priests baptized captive Angolans by the hundreds of thousands, soldiers herded the slaves onto boats as if they were cattle and the merchants sailed away. Scene after scene depicted the development of Portuguese colonialism and the underdevelopment and destruction of the Angolan economy and culture.

Portuguese technical superiority (shown by presenting the Portuguese as machines—whether jeeps or wagons, muskets or helicopters) all but eliminated the Angolan people. New demands, new brutality, centuries of slavery, many but isolated Angolan rebellions, protests, repression. Modern times came; post-World War II independence in Africa, but slavery still in Angola. Then the appearance of the MPLA, the beginning of the armed struggle, MPLA guerrillas in the villages, in the towns.

The narrator explained and commented on a scene, then watched

or wandered through the play, observing, making mental notes as if seeing for the first time the history of colonialism, bringing spontaneity to his narration.

The young guerrillas and militants of the MPLA acted the characters and events of Angolan history in an almost detached style (playing with the people they acted, conscious of acting them and enjoying the idea of representation), but these actors knew from an intuitive Stanislavskian method how to imitate the details of the peasant actions, being mostly peasants themselves, and they knew from close study the mannerisms of the *chefe do posto* and Portuguese soldiers. The actors mocked in a tender and compassionate way the misfortunes of the peasants and guerrillas, and portrayed the stupidity and inhumanity of the colonialist. The villainy of the Portuguese took on a comic aspect—the *chefe do posto* became so angry and embittered he turned into a monster, falling on the ground, kicking his feet, beating everyone he saw; his family, his *cabos,* himself. . . .

The play lacked several important scenes: there was nothing said of United States and South African intervention, etc., but these scenes, too, will be recorded in Angolan history. The CIR presented an epic of heroic proportions; its audience was truly entertained "with the wisdom that comes from the solution of problems" and created theater with the love and anger that is the practical solution of ridding oneself of the oppressor. The drama was the presentation of the past and present, depicting the political organizing in the villages, clandestine activity in the cities, training of guerrillas. The play is a work in progress. The last scene brought us right up to the present, to the exact moment of the First Eastern Regional Conference.

At the closing meeting of the conference, President Neto stated that the MPLA was a nationalist organization, willing to accept genuine help from all quarters, provided it comes without strings. He thanked those socialist and African countries which have assisted the Angolan people in their struggle for national liberation, adding that it was unfortunate that, of all the African countries, help came only from Algeria, the United Arab Republic, Tanzania, Zambia, Congo (Brazzaville) and Guinea (Conakry). The conference closed, as it had opened, with MPLA liberation songs.

CHAPTER FIVE

With the Guerrillas in Angola[1]

WE ARRIVED at Hanoi II yesterday after a journey on foot of 14 days and about 175 miles. Our starting point was an elaborate temporary camp some 30 miles inside Angola from the Zambia border. Here the MPLA held its First Eastern Regional Assembly 22–25 August 1968. My own invitation came as a result of having written several articles on the MPLA and other liberation movements of southern Africa. Living in Dar es Salaam, I had the opportunity to meet and interview a number of MPLA leaders. When President Neto came through in June, he invited me to visit Angola to get a firsthand view of the struggle. I jumped at the chance. The MPLA had already impressed me as the most advanced liberation movement in southern Africa. With its mineral wealth and key geopolitical position, Angola could well become Africa's Cuba within the next few years—or perhaps its Vietnam.

On 26 August the various delegations began leaving the assembly camp for one or another of six zones in the vast Eastern Region. Our group set out at noon, about a third heading for Zone D and the rest of us for the Zone C base camp, Hanoi II. The senior and responsible officer was Anival Luwaza, Zone D chief of armaments and supplies. We were a very mixed bag of 43 people. Twenty-three were under the charge of Professor Mapamundi. They consisted of the professor's wife and baby, plus 21 Pioneers

[1] A shorter version of this account appeared in *Ramparts* magazine in April 1966 under the title "Angola: Report from Hanoi II."—D.B.

going to attend the CIR school at the base. Sixteen of the students were young girls aged thirteen to eighteen. Another three women were going to study to be nurse's aides at the Medical Assistance Services school. Under Luwaza were ten guerrillas, armed with about six weapons, the wife and child of a wounded guerrilla and the Zone D political organizer, Comrade Biekman. Finally, there were myself and Tom Chibaye of the *Zambia Mail.*

The terrain in this part of Angola has three main features: semi-desert savannahs, swampy valleys or marshes cut by twisting rivers and scrub forests covering low-lying hills. It was then the end of the dry winter season. At that season the rivers are low. The temperature reaches the nineties at midday and drops to near freezing at night. We usually marched during the day. The heat plus the ankle-deep sand of the roads and paths made walking extremely difficult. We crossed about eight rivers, a few by narrow dugout canoe, the rest on foot. Each day's journey was between fixed points, as we moved from one village or camp to the next. On four occasions we walked better than 25 miles. We always slept in the forest, sometimes in village huts, sometimes in the bush.

Though we brought some supplies with us, food was scarce for the first week or so. It consisted mainly of rice, noodles, cassava (a root staple common in Africa) and coffee. The population within 100 miles of the Zambia border is very thin. The density has always been low, but since the opening of the Eastern Front in 1966, over 4,000 Angolan peasants have fled as refugees to Zambia. Portuguese bombings and the burning of villages and fields are the main threats. The whole of this vast Eastern Region can now be considered semiliberated. Fortified Portuguese bases and posts, plus a few small towns, dot the area. During the dry season some truck convoys are sent in with Portuguese supplies and troops. The Portuguese also burn the bush surrounding their posts and barracks before sending out foot patrols. With the natural cover removed, surprise guerrilla attacks on Portuguese positions are difficult to make in the dry season. But bridges have been destroyed and road transport is under constant threat of guerrilla ambush.

Most of the supplies for the Portuguese bases have to be flown in. During the long rainy season, from October through May, this is the only means of Portuguese transport. Rivers swell and flood the

flatlands and valleys, which become shoulder-high with water. Roads are washed out. The savannahs grow green to eight feet and are impossible to burn. Fields, previously readied, are planted with cassava, maize and millet and the forests grow thick with natural cover. The rainy season belongs to the guerrillas. It is the time when they make their major offensive moves.

During our journey to Hanoi II, I saw much evidence of Portuguese dry-season tactics. We walked through vast stretches of burned-out forest and savannah, passing village after village which had been razed to the ground. When the bombings started in late 1966, the peasants abandoned their traditional villages and garden crops near the rivers. Some were herded into concentration-camp "hamlets" near the Portuguese posts. Most moved onto their fields, tilled by slash-and-burn methods, lying within the margins of the forest.

Last year the Portuguese began using American-, French- and German-made helicopters as their major offensive weapon. They come in twos or threes, strafe villages and fields, then land troops, who set blaze to the area. The peasants have now moved deeper into the forests. There they live in small makeshift villages, clear patches of land for cultivation, hunt the sometimes abundant forest game and walk long distances for water from the rivers. Some have built new huts, camouflaged under the trees. Others live in small family groups around cooking fires and without shelter. When they detect the sound of planes or helicopters, they disperse and run for the cover of nearby thickets or the larger trees. All belongings are buried or otherwise hidden during the day.

The third day of our journey was the longest and toughest. We were awakened by hand-clapping at 5:00 A.M., as usual, and drank some coffee for breakfast. During the morning formation and drill, Luwaza criticized the students, particularly the girls, for making too much noise, being lax in discipline and forgetting that they were in a war. A local guerrilla unit of about 15 men also participated. We set off at 7:00 A.M., walking in three groups separated by a few hundred yards. I was in the last group, which carried our only automatic weapon. At 11:00 A.M. we crossed a swampy valley and forded our first river.

We walked till 2:00, had lunch and a rest, then set off again at

3:30. This time we walked along a sandy road bordering the green marsh. Portuguese vehicles had passed that way earlier, going in the opposite direction. We moved quickly as Luwaza feared they might return and catch us without adequate cover. Our tracks would certainly be easy to follow. We were a large and relatively slow-moving group, certainly not an effective combat unit. Our objective was to reach Hanoi II safely, without making contact with the enemy.

We moved on until 6:00 P.M., rested, ate some roasted cassava *(mwanza)* and walked on till 9:00 P.M., with one short break. At night, as planned, we crossed the road linking the Portuguese posts of Ninda and Vila Gago Coutinho. Scouts had been sent ahead to make sure the way was clear. We ran across in groups of two or three and moved away quickly. At midnight we entered a thicket about a mile from the road and prepared to spend the night in the bush. I was exhausted, feet sore, back aching, hungry. We had marched for 12 hours, covering more than 30 miles. The others also showed signs of tiring. But they had carried packs weighing up to 60 pounds, while I had only my canteen and a few books and medicines. The generally high spirits, the humor and songs of the young people amazed me. Even after a long, hard march they would joke and talk in small groups. Our youngest self-sufficient member was ten years old. He carried his own bedding and I never once heard him complain. His parents had been killed in Zone D. Now he was going to attend school at the Hanoi II base. At night, around their campfires, the girls quietly sang MPLA songs until the order for silence. The grouping of people around fires for the night seemed spontaneous and natural: young boys at one fire, older ones at another; then the girls, married couples and guerrillas. Tom Chibaye and I were joined at our fire by two of the armed guerrillas. Each group ate around its own fire, lit just before dark. Night sentries were posted about 50 yards from the camp.

On the fourth day we passed within five miles of Ninda Post. Walking through the sand and ashes of burned forest, we saw the footprints of a recent Portuguese patrol. We moved on very quickly. At around 2:30, after a hot, dry and dusty march, we stopped for a rest by the side of a road.

An hour later three Portuguese helicopters passed low over the valley. We ran for cover into the forest bordering the road. They

didn't spot us, though we could see them clearly about 150 yards away. The sound of approaching enemy aircraft was always picked up by the guerrillas several seconds before it reached my ears. Someone would shout, *"Avião."* I would listen carefully to pick up the faint roar of the motors. By the time I did, most of the party would already be running for cover.

We camped at Kamchocho base, about four miles into the forest from the road. The local guerrilla detachment was gone. Helicopters were heard again before dark. Luwaza was worried about what might lie ahead. Four scouts were sent out to check. Luwaza decided to sit tight. We were to remain at this camp for four nights. It was very hot and water was scarce. Billions of flies filled the forest and it was impossible to keep them off one's body and food. They seemed intent upon entering your eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Their buzzing torment ended only when darkness came.

Here, as in every small "village" we passed, meetings were held with the local people. These always began with songs of greeting by the assembled peasants. Tom Chibaye and I would be introduced by Luwaza to the people. Then came talks by Luwaza and the political organizers, mixed with MPLA songs. The people were always enthusiastic and even the young children knew the words to the songs. When asked about their problems, they usually mentioned the bombings and helicopters and asked for weapons with which to defend themselves. Local militias were armed only with spears, axes, bows and arrows and an occasional old rifle. After songs of thanks for our visit, we would usually be introduced to the local political cadre: the leaders of the women's organization, the militia, the head of the village action committee and sometimes the president of the sector. Group and sector leaders were often old men—the traditional village headmen and chiefs. When these traditional leaders were conservative or lacked enthusiasm for the revolution, they were bypassed in the local elections in favor of younger militants.

The peasants at Kamchocho were extremely impoverished. They had a little wild honey, the occasional catch of game and small amounts of cassava brought in from distant fields. Few had any clothing other than bits and pieces of rags. Most had eye and skin diseases and the children all showed the usual signs of malnutrition.

No huts or other shelters were built at Kamchocho. The people slept close to their fires at night for warmth.

On our second day at Kamchocho the local guerrilla group, which had just carried out a successful ambush of several Portuguese vehicles, returned to Kamchocho. The leader showed us the arm chevron of a Portuguese captain killed in the action. He said his unit of eight guerrillas hit the last four trucks in the Portuguese convoy at 7:30 in the morning. The attack lasted about a minute. Three of the trucks were destroyed and about 40 Portuguese soldiers killed or wounded. The guerrillas captured five grenades and five rifles and came away from the action unscathed.

Here, as everywhere we stopped, the people accepted me warmly. They know the Portuguese are being helped by the American government and that most of the aircraft used against them are "Made in USA."[2] They also know, however, that there are some progressive North Americans who support them in their struggle against Portuguese colonialism and the imperialists.

We left Kamchocho on 3 September. At 2:00 P.M., after marching 25 miles, we reached a bush village deep in the forest. There was a river about two miles away. In the late afternoon, after washing some of my clothes, I walked down to the river with Comrade Biekman and took a much-needed bath. The president of the local action committee gave us a gift, a small chicken which was prepared for our dinner. We could hear the faint sound of bombing some distance away but didn't put out our fires.

We set out early the next morning for Lwasosi, about six hours away. This was in Sector 3. The village lay about five miles from the valley and relatively far from the nearest Portuguese post. The population, as we moved westward, was more dense and somewhat better off. The villagers here cultivate cooperative plots and share the harvest. They also have some chickens and use dogs in the hunt.

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[2] In August 1969, while in Lusaka, I photographed some of the remains of a T66 light bomber which the MPLA forces shot down over Zone D. On the parachute was printed "Canopy Assy. 28′ diam., Type C.9, Serial No. 35901, Switlik Parachute Co., Inc., Trenton, New Jersey. P/N 50E6877-2. June 1965." The Minimum Survival Kit was also made by the Switlik Company, while the helmet was produced by U.S. Consolidated Components Corporation.

There are a few storage bins and most of the villagers sleep in tree-hidden huts. Clothing, however, is still scant and skin and eye diseases rampant. Portuguese forces had never reached the village, though the general area had been bombed several times.

That night, at a political meeting with the people, I recorded some songs. Just as we were about to begin, someone shouted, "*Avião.*" The people dispersed in every direction. It was only thunder, however—a prelude to the season's first rain. We were rushed off to a small hut. Most of our group spent the night in the open, under their blankets. In the morning they crouched close to the fires, shivering and trying to dry their clothing. It started drizzling again as the first unit marched out of the village around 8:00 A.M.

Moving down into the valley, we soon crossed the first of two rivers. Shoes off and pants rolled above the knees, we followed the twisting river till it let us out on the other side before coursing back into the marsh. The rain had stopped. It was cool and pleasant. I walked the next few miles barefoot. The sandy road we were on led to a bridge destroyed the previous year. The Portuguese no longer used the road. We crossed the deep, narrow river and moved up the steep road into the forest.

A few more miles and we reached the village of Katolo. A number of fields along the way were being readied for planting. The area seemed more fertile than any we had yet passed. At one point we had a magnificent view of the Cuando river valley, about five miles to the south.

Once in the village, we were directed to a large rectangular hut. The thatched roof sloped to within a few feet of the ground. There were no walls. I hadn't slept on a bed since leaving the assembly camp and it seemed a real luxury. That night we were entertained with some excellent drumming, dancing and singing.

Earlier, two helicopter victims were brought in on makeshift stretchers. They were being carried 250 miles from Zone D to a hospital near the border. One of the wounded was a small girl about six or seven. She had grenade fragments in her head, arms and legs. She moaned under a blanket close to the fire. The other was a young guerrilla whose arm had been blown off near the shoulder. Neither had received any medication. Pain and suffering were not unusual.

They were a normal if horrible part of daily life in superexploited Angola. Everything possible was done to make the patients comfortable.

On the thirteenth day of our journey we left Katolo for Hanoi II. The first group left early, the second a couple of hours later, and finally our unit set out about 11:00 A.M. A river had to be crossed some five miles to the north and it was dangerous for us to cluster at the landing in the open plain. Each of the two small dugouts, poled by its owner, could carry only two passengers. It took half an hour to reach the other side and return for the next load.

Once on the other side of the river, we were in Sector 4, a vast area extending westward into Bié. We walked along a hard, narrow path between the valley and hills for about an hour, then turned left into the forest. Villagers along the way came out to greet us with MPLA songs. Some walked beside us, chatting excitedly; others ran into the fields to inform their friends of our arrival. In midafternoon we stopped near one of the villages for food. Later we decided to spend the night. One of the girls was quite ill with a bad stomach.

The last day of our journey, 8 September, began at 7:00 A.M. We walked for three hours without water, finally being given some by a few peasants just up from the river. Their own calabashes nearly empty, they would return once again to the river, an hour away. We ate raw cassava while resting in the bush, then set out again. An advance party came to meet us from the base and by 3:30 we were descending along a twisting path into Hanoi II. A group of students and women guerrillas met us with song while standing in formation. We were then introduced to the Zone C commander, Mundo Real, given something to eat and shown to our quarters.

It took me several days to learn the physical layout of Hanoi II. Construction of the base had only begun in June, and it had not been fully completed when I arrived. The base sprawled over an area of about one square mile. The forest at that time of year was fairly thin and the cover it afforded was not all one would have hoped for. The valley and our water supply lay down the gentle slope of the hill about half an hour's walk to the east.

The P.C., or command post, was in the southwestern sector of the

camp. There, at ten- to twenty-yard intervals, was an irregular row of huts each located to maximize the cover of nearby trees. Mundo Real, plus the other MPLA senior officers at the base, had their huts in the P.C. area. My hut was at the end of the row toward the center of the camp. It was round with an overhanging conical roof and walls made of split poles and thatching straw. The furniture consisted of a low wooden-pole bed with a straw mattress, a small desk, three chairs and a little handmade table. There were three door-size openings in the wall to allow for a quick exit. Near the center of the hut was an open space where I could build a fire for warmth at night and in the early morning. Most of my three weeks at Hanoi II would be spent working, eating and sleeping within the confines of this hut.

The day began at 4:45 A.M., when everyone in the camp, except those who had been on guard duty the night before, was awakened by handclapping. By 5:00 the guerrillas were at the parade ground ready to begin their calisthenics, which lasted half an hour. This was followed by the morning formation: singing the MPLA anthem, arms and marching drill, assignment of daily duties and special missions.

Breakfast was at 7:00 A.M. This was a time of scarcity. The long dry season was drawing to a close and the rains were about to begin. With the rains would come the wild forest fruits. The peasants, who had already cut and burned their fields, would sow cassava, maize, millet, peanuts and a few garden crops. But then there was only the remains of the previous season's millet crop and small amounts of cassava. The pigs and goats normally kept by the villagers had long ago been eaten, sold or stolen by the Portuguese. Only a few skinny chickens remained. The vast stretches of forest burned by the Portuguese had upset the migratory patterns of the game, normally abundant in this area. Even the usually reliable rhythm of the bees was disturbed, and honey, the major source of sugar, was extremely hard to come by. Only the flies seemed to flourish, concentrating in their millions wherever there were living things and their waste to feed on.

Each of the several surrounding villages collectively cultivated a plot for the MPLA. In addition, the guerrilla detachment had begun to cultivate fields of its own a few miles from the base. They

kept a dozen or so chickens in the kitchen area. A few guerrillas were always out hunting game. Staples such as salt, sugar and cooking oil had to be brought in from the outside.

The newly built People's Store—at least one of which was set up by the MPLA in each sector—was awaiting these and other supplies. Throughout the semiliberated zones peasants sold or bartered their surplus at the people's stores for needed staples such as soap, salt, fat and clothing. Medicines, when available, were dispensed without charge and low prices were fixed for all other items. The guerrillas scrupulously observed the MPLA's rule against taking anything from the villagers without fair payment. Previously any surpluses generated in the countryside were drained off by the Portuguese in lieu of taxes or sold at Portuguese shops for incredibly low prices. Difficult as it is, life is considerably better now than under the forced-labor-and-taxes tyranny of the Portuguese.

At night everyone was in his hut by 7:00. All conversation and other noise stopped promptly at 7:30, and guards were posted at possible entry points around the perimeter of the base. Every night we were given a new set of passwords. Anyone who approached an outer guard and failed to respond with the proper password would be shot.

In addition to being the base camp, Hanoi II was the site of a new medical training school and clinic. At the opening ceremony of the school on 12 September, Dr. Boavida, head of the Medical Assistance Services in the Eastern Region, spoke of the MPLA's great need to train medical assistants and extend medical care to the villagers. A young married woman spoke for the students, expressing their thanks for the opportunity to attend the medical school and their desire to serve the people. These students, five men and five women, were to receive six months of theoretical and practical training and then be sent out to work in the villages.

The CIR school was formally opened at Hanoi II the following week. The single school building was a narrow, rectangular structure with open walls, a camouflaged tin roof and about 20 rows of benches. A small blackboard and desk stood at the front. A director and two other teachers would instruct about 40 students in courses ranging from reading to political and military theory. The students were all Pioneers or guerrillas, male and female, ranging in age

from ten to fifty. It was the fifty-year-old man named Malasa who spoke on behalf of the students.

My interpreter, "Big Brain" Likambuila, had arrived a few days earlier and we started to work immediately. Likambuila speaks English, Portuguese, Russian, a little French and 17 African languages. He was the Zone C Chief of Operations and Reconnaissance.[3] Having received almost a year of military training abroad, he was a member of the first detachment to penetrate Zone C in October 1966. Comrade Likambuila is twenty-six years old, a wiry five feet eight inches tall and very dedicated to the MPLA and the liberation of Angola. Like the other middle cadre I met in Angola, he is a nondogmatic socialist, committed to the armed struggle for national liberation and interested in reading everything from Ché Guevara to Mao Tse-tung.

My main objective at Hanoi II was to record the life histories of five or six MPLA guerrillas. I started with Likambuila, and after a few days we began recording the stories of several other guerrillas in the camp. Though the schedule had to be changed fairly often, here is what it was like during my last week at the base. Likambuila and Malasa came to my hut at 6:30 A.M. and we picked up where we'd left off the day before. Malasa had a very long story to tell. Likambuila translated into Mbunda, Malasa answered in the same language, Likambuila translated this into English and I taped the result.

At 10:00 Malasa left for his class at the CIR and Marsha came. She was a beautiful fourteen-year-old who had the honor of being the first female recruited to the guerrilla forces in Zone C. She began her military training a year earlier, at Hanoi I, before reaching puberty, and was now awaiting the opening of her course at the CIR on 1 October. We generally worked till noon.

After lunch and a rest, at around 1:30 P.M. Tululu would come. He was a twenty-year-old guerrilla with two years' experience and seven combats to his credit. He had been recruited from a nearby village and had spent the last year with the guerrilla detachment at Angola d'Hoje (Angola of Today), a camp about one day from

[3] Comrade Likambuila is currently Commander of the Sixth Region, in Huila District, a new front opened in late 1970.

Hanoi II. He was brought to the base because of his hunting skill and was responsible for most of the venison we ate. Tululu was stocky and gave the appearance of great physical strength. Like so many other Angolans from the Moxico and Cuando-Cubango areas, he had earlier spent some time in Zambia. Fleeing the brutality of teachers at Muié Catholic primary school, and not wanting to bring trouble to his parents' village, he had walked to the border and spent almost a year with relatives on the other side.

Julia was taking medical training at the medical school under Dr. Boavida. She came to the hut after classes, at about 4:30, and we worked till dark. At twenty-six, Julia had already seen and experienced quite a bit. Married at thirteen to a three-quarters Portuguese safari-company employee, she had lost her only child at birth, traveled as far as Luanda, worked as a cook and bar girl for three years in Livingstone, Zambia, and returned to Angola to join the MPLA in 1967. She was tough and aggressive, had received military training at Hanoi I and had been through three Portuguese attacks on that base. She demanded and received equal treatment from the male guerrillas.

Life at the camp was not without its difficulties. For one thing, I had moments of depression and loneliness. This was due partly to the diet, and partly because I was cut off from that other world to which I'd grown accustomed while not yet fully integrated into the new world of the Angolan revolution. Language and other cultural differences created a gap which could be overcome only with time. Water was another problem. Because we were short of containers needed for carrying water from the valley below, supplying the needs of 100 people was no easy task. My canteen and thermos were filled once a day. This had to do me for everything—drinking, brushing teeth and washing.

Food was also a problem. Once in a while I would lie on the bed with my eyes closed trying to remember the taste of various delicacies—peanut butter, oranges, chocolate milk. It was a good practical lesson on the price which two-thirds of humanity has to pay for Western affluence. A few weeks of semistarvation in the bush may teach more about imperialism than a library full of books on the subject.

My work nearing completion, I was planning to leave Hanoi II

for the border on 28 September. Though messengers arrived fairly often with news of guerrilla encounters with the Portuguese, life at Hanoi II was relatively peaceful and I found myself forgetting that we were in the center of a very active war zone. The Portuguese changed all that on 25 September.

As I was to learn later, a new recruit had been captured by the Portuguese while he was in his village on a four-day pass to collect honey. On the morning of 25 September he led the Portuguese back to the base.

It was 7:00 A.M. and I was already at work in my hut with Likambuila and Tululu. I was just recovering from a bout with malaria. The fever was down but I was still weak, with aching muscles and joints. Tululu picked up the sound first. He perked up his head and said, *"Avião."* Likambuila listened, then concurred. They stepped outside. I wasn't worried. There had been a number of false alarms in the past. The wind whipping through the forest often sounded like planes, and several had earlier passed over without spotting the camp.

A couple of seconds later Likambuila stepped back into the hut. *"Avião,"* he said. "You'd better pack up your things in a hurry." Most of my belongings were already packed. It took less than a minute to clear my desk, pick up a few odds and ends lying about and stuff them into my two bags. I left out the tape recorder we'd been working with to record the sounds of the plane as, I still hoped, it passed harmlessly by. Likambuila sent two guerrillas for my bags and ran off to hide his personal belongings in the bush.

I went outside for a look, taking my pistol and tape recorder. The first helicopter passed low overhead just to the valley side of the command post. It then turned sharply to the right and headed back toward us. The pilot seemed to know exactly where he was going. Moments later the first grenade dropped from the helicopter exploded a short distance from the hut. I found myself beside a guerrilla running toward a nearby trench. At the last second I decided it was too close to the P.C., an obvious primary target of the attack. I jumped over the corner of the trench and headed westward into the forest. The long microphone cable had somehow gotten wrapped around my ankle and I must have been a funny sight trying to get it untangled as I ran and stumbled ahead. Finally I stopped and freed

myself from the wire. A guerrilla moving up beside me took the recorder and slung it over his shoulder.

Shouting for Likambuila, I began to run again. By this time there were eight planes in the air: three helicopters, three light bombers and two armed reconnaissance planes. Likambuila and I found each other a few minutes later. We set out westward together through the thin forest and bush, Likambuila leading the way. Each time one of the planes made a bombing or strafing pass we would dive for cover at the base of a tree or under a clump of bushes. The malaria had taken its toll. It was difficult for me to run more than 15 or 20 yards at a crack.

The Portuguese apparently guessed our path of retreat. Some of the planes kept drifting to the west with us. At one point things got pretty tight. The three helicopters circled our position, giving us little chance to move. Just as one completed its pass to the east, firing from the doorway and throwing grenades, another would come by and open up on us from the west. The Portuguese had obviously spotted us. We were pinned down for something like 15 minutes, able to move only in short spurts of four or five yards. Once, my head jammed a few inches between two trees and the grenades and machine-gun bullets coming very close, I felt our chances of getting out alive were very slim indeed.

It took us almost two hours to get out of the target area. It was 9:30 before we could stop for a rest and examine our situation. By this time Likambuila and I were alone. The others had fanned out in the forest singly or in groups of two or three. We had no food and only a little water left in his canteen.

There was a village about five miles farther to the west. We had to cross an open area to get there, however, and it was possible the Portuguese had landed troops at this spot to cut off our retreat.

Before reaching the open area, Likambuila spotted a villager running away from us down the forest path. The woman, taking me for a Portuguese, was fleeing for her life. Likambuila gave chase for a few minutes, shouting after her in Mbunda that we were comrades. It was no use. The woman quickly vanished into the bush.

We walked across the narrow valley without incident and a few miles later came upon the fields of cassava cuttings, which indicated that a village was nearby. A man standing on the far side of the

fields began to move away. This time Likambuila's shouts yielded the intended results. The villager stopped backing off and allowed us to approach. After a brief conversation, the man strode off to inform the other villagers of our arrival and to draw us some water from the river.

Soon a number of people returned and after the usual enthusiastic round of handshaking we were led to the village. Chickens were scurrying about, chased by a couple of youngsters, and at least a dozen wooden bird cages hung from the trees. When I asked why they kept all those little birds, the reply was simply that they enjoyed the music. Likambuila thought we should move into the bush, since the Portuguese might follow up their attack on the base by bombing the nearby villages.

That afternoon 20 or 30 comrades from the base drifted into the village and we moved farther into the bush. Each reunion, particularly among the women, was a scene of happy embraces. At dusk we headed for the action committee president's village a few miles to the north, arriving after dark. We were greeted by a large number of students, guerrillas and teachers from Hanoi II. They seemed surprised and delighted that I'd come out of the action uninjured.

Before sunup the next morning we walked back to the other village, moving beyond it about a mile to an area with good cover. Talk of the attack continued and a message was received from Commander Janginda. Through Likambuila I was able to get a more complete picture of what had happened. The air assault on the base had continued late into the morning. Then the bombers had shifted their attack to the western sector of the forest while the helicopters had landed an estimated 25 or 30 soldiers in the valley to the east. The guerrilla detachment, which had remained at the base, had engaged the Portuguese in a brief fire fight, then had broken off contact and pulled back to an area northwest of the CIR school. No casualties had been inflicted on either side. The Portuguese had entered the camp, searched and burned the huts and then set fire to the forest. Some time later, two guerrillas had returned to the camp on reconnaissance. They had run into a small Portuguese patrol, and in the exchange one of the guerrillas had been shot in the forearm while the other had thrown a grenade, killing an enemy soldier. Around 3:30 in the afternoon, the helicopters had returned to pick up the Portuguese troops.

On the morning of 27 September we returned to the base and rejoined the detachment just north of the CIR school—which the Portuguese had not discovered. The forest fire, though it smoldered nearby, had blown westward, leaving the trees and bush in this area still green.

The walk back had been my most difficult. The effects of the malaria hung on and a slight fever had returned the previous night. Worse than that, my back muscles cramped up and a few times I fell on all fours to relieve a spasm, once having to be dragged quickly out of a smoldering fire. We'd passed the professor's wife earlier. She had stayed around the base all night searching for her two small children and was crying when we met her. She continued to cry with relief when told they were safe in the president's village. The six-year-old daughter had carried her baby sister out of the camp and all the way to the village alone.

At the encampment I spoke with Commanders Janginda and Mundo Real. Under the circumstances, we agreed it wasn't possible for me to continue my work in Angola. The guerrilla who'd taken my tape recorder early in the attack held on to it and I recovered the tape containing two complete and two almost-complete life histories. The mike, however, was no longer working. After much discussion, it was decided that Likambuila, Tululu and Julia would accompany me to Zambia, where we would try to finish their stories.

My bags were still missing. Like the personal effects of the others, they had been hidden in the forest during the retreat. Most likely they had been burned or captured. Important among my losses were my notebooks, diary, camera, about 140 photographs, the tapes of Biekman's and Likambuila's stories, and over 15 hours of recorded speeches and music.

The Portuguese attack was certainly a setback for the MPLA guerrillas in Zone C. The lost clothing, blankets, kitchen utensils, etc., would be hard to replace and the considerable work which had gone into constructing Hanoi II would now have to be repeated in another area. On closer examination, however, the attack demonstrated the essential Portuguese weakness and MPLA strength which, in my view, make the revolutionary process irreversible.

The Portuguese, possessing knowledge of the base and having the tactical advantage of surprise, were nonetheless unable to mount a really telling blow against the guerrillas. Despite the material losses

and the necessity of abandoning Hanoi II, the guerrillas suffered no loss of life or weaponry. Three women and Dr. Boavida had not yet returned to the base, but they were reported safe in a nearby village.[4] One enemy soldier was killed.

Clearly, then, this attack showed both the general ineffectiveness of Portugal's air power and her weakness on the ground. With 80,000 troops spread thinly in isolated posts and barracks over the vast Angolan territory, the Portuguese seem unable to concentrate sufficient forces in the countryside to sustain an effective attack—even in the dry season and with the kind of intelligence they had in the case of Hanoi II. The MPLA's strategy of generalizing the struggle and forcing a dispersal of enemy troops is obviously paying off. It is aided by the simultaneous counterrevolutions Portugal is being forced to wage in Mozambique and Guinea (Bissau), by the difficulties this poorest of European countries is facing at home and by the low morale of her conscript army, drawn, as it is, largely from an oppressed and illiterate peasantry. Although Portugal receives increasing material support from South Africa and the United States, its strategic military manpower weakness is likely to prove fatal within the next five years, barring United States or other outside intervention.

This is so, however, only because of the MPLA's essential strength: its deep, widespread and active support among the peasant masses. If the area through which I traveled is representative of the other semiliberated zones—and I have every reason to believe that it is—then the MPLA has already achieved that popular base of support which is the *sine qua non* of a successful people's war.

Following the attack on Hanoi II, it was the local peasantry which provided us with the necessary food, shelter and refuge. This support was given freely and in a spirit of full comradeship. It was a

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[4] It was only later, after I'd left Hanoi II, that Dr. Boavida's body was found, his brain pierced by a tiny bomb fragment. The death of this heroic doctor, though a great tragedy and misfortune for the Angolan people and struggle, obviously does not alter my basic contentions that the revolution in Angola is irreversible and that the victory of the Angolan people, however costly, is certain. (See Appendix I for the report of Dr. Boavida's death given in the MPLA's *Angola in Arms* of February 1969.)

reflection of the vital interdependence which now exists between villagers and guerrillas, an interdependence rooted in the guerrillas' need for food and the villagers' need for protection against Portuguese intrusion. It was also a product of long months of political education and organization, and of the fact that the MPLA's guerrillas are in a very real sense the sons and daughters of the people.

CHAPTER SIX

The Economy of the Country

My name is Lucas Malasa Luis. My guerrilla name is Economia do Pais ["Economy of the Country"]. I was born at Cangamba Post, Moxico District, in Toka's village on 20 September 1918. I remained at Toka until 1928, when I entered school at Muié.

When I was very young my mother carried me on her back when she went to the fields. As I grew older, I played at night with the other children—sometimes getting into fights with them. I quarreled with my brothers at mealtimes. I often cried when there was no food in the house. My family at that time was very poor. They cultivated one or two acres of land, growing maize, cassava, millet and beans, and kept ten goats, two cows and seven pigs. In the village there were about 30 men.

When I was eight, in 1926, I went to live with my father's sister's son at Chief Siloka's village in Cangombe post near the Cuando river, about 130 kilometers from the village of Toka.

My first eight years in Toka's village were not happy ones, particularly when the village headman, Toka, died. The Portuguese often came and drafted people to carry goods from Cangamba to Bié. From Toka and the surrounding villages some 20 people died of hunger during this work. The Portuguese took both old and young men. They also took women to work at the posts and on the roads. They would come into the village and ask the headman for workers. When he said he had no workers, the Portuguese tied him up and chased down the young men and bound them. The headman

would then be beaten and left moaning on the ground. The young men were dragged away, hands tied behind them and a long rope tied around each person's neck, from one to the other. After chief Toka died, my mother was taken by the Portuguese. She was only returned when my father paid them a goat, a pig and a chicken.

My oldest brother, named Toka, was grabbed and taken to work on the Teixeira de Sousa–Luso railway. He worked one whole year without pay and then returned to the village. Another older brother, Landula, was also seized and taken to work as a carrier, hauling salt from Bié to Cangamba. He was beaten on the way to Bié and forced to work without pay for six months. In those years, when the Portuguese came to our village to seize people, I used to run and hide myself in the goat kraal. My mother and father would hide in the forest.

When young, I used to go and help my older brothers care for the cattle; I also drew water from the river and accompanied my mother, father and older brothers to the fields. One day I got lost in the forest. That was when the Portuguese *chefe do posto*[1] came to register people for paying taxes. We ran to the forest because we knew that one of *cabos* [Africans employed as "messengers" or "spies" by the Portuguese *chefe*] coming with the *chefe* was extremely brutal with the people. I ran with one of the women, not my mother, but we separated and I got lost. The next day people were sent out to search and I was finally found. I was five years old.

When I was seven my father died. His name was Toka. He was the chief of the village. I remained with my mother. She soon remarried—marrying my father's nephew. He insisted on the marriage, saying he could not leave his uncle's wife alone to care for seven children.

This was a period of hardship for me. People fled to the forest whenever the Portuguese came to collect taxes, seize workers or conscript men for the army. And they came very often.

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[1] A *posto,* or post, is the smallest Portuguese administrative unit in the African areas of Angola. It is the equivalent of a county. The Portuguese official in charge of a post is called the *chefe do posto,* or "chief of the post." The term *"posto"* is also used when referring to the administrative center of a post, which is a small town containing the government buildings, a few shops and, now, military barracks.

In 1926 I went to the village of Siloka, near the Cuando river. Shortly thereafter, in 1927, my mother died. My second father was away at the time. He had gone to work for money to pay his taxes. That year many people fled to Northern Rhodesia, as the Portuguese *chefe do posto* was very brutal. He often tortured the villagers, forcing them to drink *pili pili* [hot peppers] mixed with water—even putting it in their eyes. He also beat them with his *kiboko* [rhino-hide whip], arrested them, and sent some to prison. When people went to pay their taxes, he often left them waiting as long as a week while he went off to fish at the river. They would remain at the post without food for as long as it was his pleasure to stay away. This *chefe,* named Mendoza, also drafted men to build a canal by the river in June, after the rains ended, so he could sail his boat.

In June 1927 many villagers died of cold and hunger. The people began to run away. Some fled to the forests, others to Zambia. Many were conscripted for work in the diamond mines in Lunda District before they had a chance to escape.

In 1928 I left Siloka's village for Muié, where I entered school. It was a primary school run by Protestant missionaries. We learned the alphabet, elementary arithmetic, and wrote on a slate with a slate pencil. I was able to remain at school for only one year, returning to Siloka village in 1929.

I remained at Siloka until I was eighteen. I used to fish for myself and was often forced to work at the post without pay to avoid imprisonment. At the post we had to clear land and cultivate cassava. We were also forced to work on the roads and build huts, sometimes even the big houses of the Portuguese.

On one occasion, in 1934, the *chefe* had me and some friends bound and brought to the post. He laughed and said, "You blacks grow very quickly. How lucky you are. Now you can begin paying taxes!" At that time young men began paying taxes anytime after thirteen years of age.

My second father's nephew ran away that year to work in Zambia. The Portuguese became more brutal, seizing many villagers and dragging them to the post to pay taxes. When they tried to collect taxes from my second father, he couldn't pay; he had no

money. He was forced to sell his niece to a Portuguese merchant at Lupiri post in order to get the money. She could only be got back when he repaid the debt. The girl was only six years old. She was never to return to the village. This was not uncommon; it happened all over the countryside.

When people returned to Angola after years in Zambia, they were ordered to sell their belongings in order to pay their back taxes. When they had no money to pay, they would take beeswax, lion, leopard and other animal skins, etc., to the post and sell them to Portuguese merchants. But they received very little for their goods, sometimes three or four escudos[2] for a lion skin. If anyone complained about the price, he was usually grabbed and beaten. Those returning from Zambia were forced to pay taxes even for relatives who died in Zambia, and for all the years they were outside Angola.

I was eighteen when the Portuguese seized me to serve in the army. I was bound together with several other young men, including many friends, and taken to the army camp at Vila Luso, capital of Moxico district, some 300 kilometers north. We were measured for uniforms and later they gave us short pants, underwear, a military jersey, and a hat—but no shoes. We were also issued one blanket, a drinking mug, two plates, a knife, fork and spoon. Our pay was 18 escudos per month, and it stayed that way for the whole two and a half years I was in the army.

We woke up at 4:30 in the morning, awakened by a trumpet. We got breakfast, a bowl of porridge, which we ate after washing. At 6:00 a second trumpet sounded and we went for parade. Then we went for marches and drilling. This lasted till 9:00, when we rested. At 10:00 we formed again and work tasks were assigned. Some men were sent to cut grass or trees, some to the shops for carpentry work. Work ended at noon, when we went for lunch—a bowl of *funji* or rice. When finished, we rested in our barracks. At 1:00 P.M. we went to school, to learn how to read, and an hour later we returned to work. Some were sent to the forest to make planks, others helped build houses or barracks. We worked until 5:00, then

[2] An escudo is now worth $.034.

when to get our food. Those who attended school at night went to class at 8:00 P.M. Some men were chosen for night guard duty, the others returned to barracks.

Life in the army was not good, but I was so poor it made me happy just to have clothes to wear and a few escudos each month. I liked learning to read and write Portuguese. I didn't like not being able to use my own language. I enjoyed schooling, but the army work itself was poor. My job was mainly at the supply house, cleaning guns and other equipment, counting the different types of supplies and distributing provisions to newcomers. I worked under a Portuguese supply sergeant. I spent two and a half years at the Luso army base and wasn't involved in any military action. Then I gave notice that I wanted to leave. I had put in the two years' required service, so they let me go. I had to return almost everything, being left only with an undershirt and underpants. This was the usual army practice.

I returned to the village of Siloka, cleared my fields and planted millet, cassava and maize. I was now twenty-one years old. Less than six months passed before the *chefe* ordered me to pay taxes. I thought to myself: "I have served in the Portuguese army for two and a half years and come out with nothing, very poor. Now I return to Siloka to work the land, but before I can earn any money they demand taxes. If I don't pay, they'll seize me for forced labor at the post."

I decided it was best to leave Angola. I would go to South Africa and work for money.

Before leaving, I got married. My wife's name was Kenga. At the time of our marriage she was twenty-seven, six years older than I. We met at Luso while I was still in the army. She was married to someone else but became my lover. When her husband discovered this, he abandoned her. That is when I decided we should be married. The wedding took place on 16 August 1939. The ceremony was prepared in the house of my father-in-law. I bought rice and chickens. Beer was brewed and a feast was held. Kenga was given to me by her father and she moved into my hut.

We didn't leave Siloka's village right away. It was ten months before we started our journey to South Africa. I purchased some dried fish, millet and cassava meal, salt, matches and soap. Then I

told Kenga we were ready to go. I explained how I had spent all that time in the army only to return with nothing, having no more than the person who remained in the village. "If we go to South Africa," I said, "I can earn money and buy clothing for both of us."

"What you say is true," Kenga replied. "You spent all that time in the army, but we are almost naked. Your friends who went to work in South Africa have returned with clothing and money. Let us go."

The next day we began our journey, sleeping when necessary along the way. We walked 15 days before reaching Cabangu; still in Angola but near the border with Southwest Africa. Next day we crossed the border and went on to Lundu. There I met a friend who gave me an old hat and shift, ten shillings for food, and a dress for Kenga. He told us why he had left Angola and come to Southwest Africa to make his living. Then we went to visit friends of my parents, old friends from Cangamba village who had left earlier to live in Southwest Africa. They asked us to stay in Lundu instead of going to South Africa. Kenga wanted to remain and I agreed. She said, "Let's take the ten shillings your friend gave us and buy millet. Then we can make beer and sell it for a profit."

One of my friends was a carpenter who also did some fishing. The other friend, the one who gave us the ten shillings, worked underground at the Sameba Mines. They told us we had to go to the *boma* [government office] and report to the authorities. Next day we went and were received by a mulatto. He told us the European head of the post was out, that we would have to wait. When the European arrived, we were taken to see him. We told him we had just arrived from Angola and planned to look for work. He registered us and told me I could seek employment.

We left for Mupini, where I hoped to get work from the Protestant missionaries. Mupini was 20 miles from Lundu along the Cubango river.

Before finding work at Mupini, I went with three others to Mkutu village to buy *cachipembe* [a home brew similar to gin]. When we arrived, my friend Cambuta asked the headman if he would sell him a hoe. The headman, named Cabu, said he would sell him one the next day. We then bought *cachipembe*.

Next morning we were told the village headman's hoe had been

stolen. Some African constables from the post of Lundu arrived and accused us. They said, "You who asked to buy a hoe yesterday are the ones who stole it during the night."

We were bound with hands behind our backs and they started beating us. When they'd finished, they drank our *cachipembe*. We insisted they take us for a hearing to chief Mundubu at Lundu. They agreed and we were led back toward Lundu, accompanied by Cabu. The police were very cruel. They tied a rope around Cambuta's neck and dragged him behind one of their horses. Later, before we reached Lundu, Cambuta tried to kill himself. He slashed his neck with a knife. He didn't die, just gave himself a serious wound. He said, "I ran away from the Portuguese because I was arrested unjustly and put in prison. Here, I go to a village just to buy *cachipembe* to sell in Lundu and am falsely accused of stealing a hoe. What's the point of living?"

At Lundu we went to the chief's village while the constables set off toward the *boma*. We were met by the chief's sister. She was angry they had bound us, saying they didn't bind people here. She was very angry at the brutal treatment which caused Cambuta to try to kill himself. When the chief arrived, he asked whether the police who arrested us were from Cabu's village. They were from a different village. He then asked why they decided Cambuta had stolen the hoe. We said the constables found the hoe buried near the village. "It was probably the police who stole the hoe and buried it," he concluded.

Chief Mundubu then called the village headman, Cabu, and told him: "These people from Angola are not thieves. They fled their country because of Portuguese brutality. To avoid forced labor and imprisonment they came to Southwest Africa. They want only to work and earn money, but instead meet police who accuse them falsely and want to put them in prison, just like the Portuguese!"

He accused Cabu of working with the police and being motivated by a desire to cheat the strangers, to take the *cachipembe* to drink themselves. "If you think the statements I have made are false," he said, "I will hide this ten-pound note secretly. Then you and a few others will come and try to find it during the night. This would be the same as with the hoe which Cambuta is accused of stealing and burying, and which the police so easily found." Cabu made no reply.

The chief then ordered him to pay damages of two cows to

Cambuta for false accusations causing him to try to kill himself. Cabu was also instructed to pay each of us ten shillings for the *cachipembe* which was taken from us and drunk by the constables and himself.

The two cows were taken by the Lundu chief in payment for the blood which Cambuta had spilled on his land. When the case was settled, Cambuta was taken back to the mission and treated by the Canadian missionaries.

Soon after, I got a job at Mupini Mission as a carpenter and brick maker. I lived at the mission with my wife and became a Christian. I was told that, if I believed in God, I would be reborn when I died, resurrected and have another long life. This was what they told us at Mupini Mission. I wouldn't have gotten the job without becoming a Christian, so I became a Christian.

At this time there was much hunger in the area. People cultivated millet, but drought caused the crops to die and there was no food. For two months we had little to eat and almost starved. More than ten times I traveled to Ndolo Mission to buy finger millet, maize and kaffir corn. This, plus the little food given us by Chief Mundubu, was what kept Kenga and me alive.

The hunger continued and was so great that I decided to take my older cousin, Vunonge, back home to Siloka village. One night I heard a loud noise coming from Vunonge's hut. I got up and went into his hut. He had tried to stand up, but had collapsed, falling against the wall and knocking it down. Because of hunger, he had gotten dizzy and fainted.

The following night we prepared to leave for Siloka and early the next morning we set out, crossing the Cubango river. We spent the first night at Cuito, but found nothing to eat. Then we went to Tethi, where we bought some maize and ground it for *funji*.

While working at the mission I saved 300 shillings. I was earning 60 a month. Vunonge had saved only 100. He earned half as much as I did since he was not very strong and was sometimes lazy.

At Tethi I also bought three cows, paying 50 shillings each. In the evening we cooked our food and ate. Next morning we started off with the cattle, having used up our maize meal. At Sachoma's village, near the Lumuna river, the chief told me they had no food. He said there was one man nearby, however, who had food and might be willing to exchange it for a piece of cloth. We took one of

the pieces I'd brought from the mission and went to see the man. We made the exchange, but got very little maize, not enough to grind. We just took the kernels and ate them little by little on the way.

Coming to Belenge river, on the way to Capembe, we met a man on the road. I told him we were very hungry and asked where we might buy some food. He said they had no food in his village but that we should try at Muondo, where they had harvested some millet.

At Muondo we bought millet, preparing some for our dinner and packing the rest. We then walked to the village of Matungu. There we learned that the Portuguese secretary from Mavinga post had passed by earlier to register people for taxes. He and his *cabos* came across some men just back from the Transvaal. All their possessions and money, saved from working in the mines, were seized by the secretary.

We were afraid that we too might lose our small savings and cows. We talked about taking another way home to Siloka but finally decided to move on as planned. Reaching the Mavinga river, we met the men whose money and belongings were seized. Their hands were bleeding from the *palmatória.*[3]

"You have suffered," I said, "only because you left your country to work in the mines. Your friends remained behind under the Portuguese working for nothing, like animals. Perhaps this is to be our reward for abandoning them."

They too were heading toward Siloka and neighboring villages but hadn't decided which route to take. They advised us to find our own way and to make sure we escaped the Mavinga secretary. They also told us the Portuguese at Cuito Cuanavale were acting the same way as those at Mavinga. But they didn't know what was happening around Siloka's village. "The Mavinga secretary is now at Lomba," they said, "at the village of Chief Ulombo."

We thanked them for the information and said their experience was a lesson for us. We would stay off the roads, sticking to the forest paths.

We set out and walked long distances through the forest, crossing

[3] A wooden paddle with conical holes drilled in it. When hit with a *palmatória,* skin and tissue are drawn up into the narrowing holes and, if hit hard enough, the skin will break. Many an Angolan has died as a result of severe beatings with this torture weapon.

two rivers, the Cuei and Cembo, and then coming to the Cuando. We crossed by dugout and continued on to the village of Siloka. The journey from Lundu had taken us 20 days; we had traveled almost 300 miles.

I remained in Siloka until 3 December, preparing my fields for planting. I then made a trip to Cangamba post to visit my wife's parents. I gave her father some clothes and her mother some cloth. Kenga sent these along with me to deliver as gifts. On Christmas day 1941, while still at Cangamba, I was arrested, accused of coming from Southwest Africa to collect friends to take back with me. The Portuguese officials knew of my arrival and when I went into the post to visit friends they arrested me. Fortunately, the chief intervened on my behalf, saying I had been born in this area and then moved to Siloka, where I had been living up to that time. He said I came to Cangamba post only to deliver presents from my wife to her parents. The Portuguese still had doubts, but I was soon released.

I returned to Siloka on 1 January 1942 and planted my fields before leaving again for Lundu on 5 February. I left my fields and three cows under the care of my stepfather and nephews. With me on my journey back to Lundu were my brother, Chivianguvu, and a friend, Agusto Kihilo—one of the men returning from South Africa who had been robbed and beaten by the Mavinga secretary. Village chief Siloka didn't want this friend to go with me. He feared the Portuguese would find out and punish the whole village. Agusto insisted on going anyway, saying he had had enough of the Portuguese.

We took with us meal, salt and dried fish to eat on the way, also cooking pots and drinking mugs. When we neared the Cubango we got lost, and soon found ourselves in the midst of a large herd of elephants. When the elephants sensed our presence, they began running off in all directions. We ran also. We could hear the crashing of trees as the elephants ran through the forest. In our fear we dropped everything. Once the elephants had passed, we returned and searched out our things. On that same evening we arrived on the northern bank of the Cubango.

I told the others to wait while I crossed and visited my wife, making sure everything was all right. I almost drowned while crossing. The canoe was narrow and I paddled with only a stick. The river

was only 50 yards wide at this place but it was dark and I didn't know where the landing was on the other side. All of a sudden the canoe tipped. I jumped out, holding on to the canoe with one hand. Not knowing how to swim, I tried to grab the swamp grass at the side. Luckily the water wasn't deep and I could stand. I dragged the canoe to the shore, then collected my wet belongings and set off toward my wife's house.

When I reached the hut, it was late and people were already asleep. I knocked at the door, but for some reason my wife refused to open it. Finally I forced the door open, only to discover that a man was in the hut with Kenga. They had been sleeping together. I was extremely angry. I grabbed the man around the neck and started beating him. He was so frightened he began to urinate all over me. My sister-in-law came running into the mud-and-wattle hut and tried to separate us, grabbing me around the waist. Still in a rage, I turned and slapped her. She had come to live in Lundu long before Kenga and I.

I remained in the hut that night. I didn't speak to Kenga or beat her. The following morning I sent a message to the man, accusing him of adultery. He claimed he was innocent, saying he hadn't gone to the hut to sleep with my wife but only to collect water. I asked him what kind of water he went to collect from my wife; it was near midnight and he didn't even live in the same village. His story was a lie, but Kenga supported it. I refused to talk with him any more, but he refused to pay any damages.

After spending another night with Kenga, but having nothing to do with her, I returned to my friends on the other side of the river. I told them the whole story. They said I was wrong to accept the man's refusal to pay damages and suggested I remain at Lundu to settle the case while they went on to the mines at Chivanda. I refused, saying I would leave Kenga in Lundu and come back for her when I returned from the mines.

We crossed the Cuando and I spent another night with Kenga. Before leaving, I told her, "Look, I caught you with that man and asked him to pay damages. He refused because you supported him in his water story. You know this is a lie. I'm going to work on the mines. When I return, if I find you have spent more time with this man, I will leave you for good."

Agusto, Chivianguvu and I left the next day, heading for Winela, a South African company. We went to the compound and were met by the company's recruiting agent. We filled out forms saying we were workers from Angola. The contracts were for one year, with salaries from 19 to 50 shillings a month, depending on health and the type of work one did. Some of the men were sent to Johannesburg, but we applied for work in Southwest Africa.

My contract was for underground work at the Krasperka Iron Mine, Malulu, at 50 shillings a month. I was a station boy. We lived in barracks in the mining compound. Every morning we got up at 4:00, dressed and, without breakfast, were taken underground. We went down ladders. Underground, the workers did different things —installing water pipes, putting in railway tracks, breaking rock with a machine, working with pick and shovel, etc. Some, like me, worked as station boys. They gave me this work because I could read and write. I kept records, writing down the names of the workers and the number of cars each filled and pushed along the rails to the mine exit, which was about 50 or 60 cars a day.

I worked eight months and was promoted. I became a *pekinini,* an African assistant to one of the European captains. My job was to carry the captain's food and tool kit, a kerosene lamp and some candles. We worked straight through from 4:00 A.M. till 3:00 in the afternoon, without rest and without food. The Europeans brought food for breakfast and lunch, but African workers were fed only in the afternoon. At 3:00 P.M. we would clean up, eat and rest. We worked six days a week and usually on Sundays as well, for which we were paid ten shillings overtime.

Working conditions were terrible. It was very hot underground and the air was filled with dirt and iron dust. We had to work very long shifts without food or rest. And for this we received very little pay, 600 shillings for a year. The Europeans, who did less work, earned 2,000 shillings or more every month. But what could we do? There were no better ways open to us.

After my contract ended, I decided not to stay at the mines. Agusto, though he had lost a finger, decided to remain and sign another contract; he said he didn't want to return to Angola just to be robbed and beaten again by the Portuguese.

I returned to Lundu alone, arriving on 5 May 1943. My brother,

Chivianguvu, had not been accepted for work at the mines and was living in Lundu. I found that my wife had run away with her lover, the one I caught her sleeping with. They had returned to Angola. I went to the man's family and demanded that they return the *lobola*[4] I had paid to Kenga's family plus damages. I was very angry and they agreed to pay me 180 shillings, 60 shillings more than I had paid in *lobola*. Kenga had given me no children.

I found Chivianguvu very sick, near to death. I took him to Lundu hospital for treatment. When he finally recovered, I asked him to return to Siloka village with me. First, however, I would go to Cuangar, near the Cubango river, and see if I could arrange to marry another wife. I sent my big suitcase ahead with Chivianguvu and carried with me only a few extra shirts, a small bundle of personal belongings, and 100 shillings. The rest of the money I'd earned and saved, plus the 180 shillings in returned *lobola*, I spent on trade goods in Lundu. These I sent ahead with my brother.

When I reached Cuangar, I went to a Portuguese shop. The merchant asked me to sell him two shirts. I agreed and after we had settled the price I set the shirts down and began chatting with some Angolans who were drinking there. The merchant came by a little later and told me the shirts were missing. He said that since he hadn't paid me yet, it was my responsibility; that the shirts had been stolen from me, not him. He then asked if I'd decided not to sell him the shirts and had taken them back. "No," I said, "I have already given the shirts to you and it remains only for you to pay the agreed price." He refused, again saying the deal hadn't been completed so the stolen shirts belonged to me. Then he laughed and said, "You're just like the other stupid Africans returning with money and trade goods from work outside! You lose something, then accuse some poor Portuguese merchant of having robbed or cheated you! But you'll get no money from me for those shirts."

I became very angry at this and headed for the post. The merchant came with me. At the post the Portuguese administrator told me I should go and try to find my shirts among the Africans who had been drinking at the shop. "If you don't find them," he said, "you'd

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[4] *Lobola* is the widely used Bantu term for the bride insurance paid by a man to his bride-to-be's family.

better just be on your way. The merchant has no obligation to pay you."

Returning to the shop, I asked the men if they knew anything about the missing shirts. None of them knew anything. They advised me to leave the post before I found real trouble.

I decided to leave right away. Cuangar had become a dangerous place for me. It was now June 1943 and it took me 16 days to reach my village of Siloka. After walking five days, I arrived at the village of Chipialo. That night the villagers and I had no sleep; a lion was on the prowl around the village trying to seize cattle. It had already killed two cows, but was discovered and chased away before it could drag them off to eat.

From Chipialo I continued my journey to the river Luengue and stopped at the village of Nsengua. I learned the headman was attacked by a lion the night before. His arm had been broken. Fortunately, he grabbed the lion's beard and called his brother, who came and killed the lion with one blow of his ax.

Next morning I left for the Luacundo river and entered the village of Mutenda. I met a witchdoctor from Mavinga, who was also visiting the village. I was given no food, but the villagers fed the witchdoctor well as they were afraid of him. The following day I reached Chamba's village and fell ill. I rested until sunset and was shown a hut to sleep in. That night, as I lay near sleep, I thought I heard people talking around the fire. Someone suggested they give me a wife so I would stay in their village and serve them as a slave.

Next morning I asked if they could show me the way to the village of my relative, Samsole Matale. They never mentioned the subject of giving me a wife. Perhaps I had only dreamed about it the night before. They took me across the river to the village of Samsole. I spent a month there with my nephew, who was village headman. They were pleased to see me when I arrived and prepared two duikers for a feast.

The day after, I was told about an unmarried woman in a nearby village. I decided to go there with my grandson, the grandson of my brother, Kufuna Chula. When we reached the unmarried woman's village, I met two friends from Muié. With them was a third man, who was sick. They asked me to take dinner with them. When the *funji* was ready, they prepared a plate for the sick man and me.

As we ate, the sick man shivered and kept repeating, "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?" Later that evening he died. We never finished the meal they had prepared that day; it was connected with the dead man.

The village headman chased us away, claiming we had brought death to his village. We moved to the forest and the friends of the dead man began to cry. They were very old men, sent to buy cattle for some Portuguese merchants at Muié. They had already bought some cattle in the area. I told them not to cry, saying one should stay and look after the cattle while the other went to cut wattle trees for the dead man's coffin. I remained in the forest looking after the corpse. When the man returned with the wattle trees, we made a coffin and put the man inside. The headman sent a boy who told us to bury the man a long way from the village. I asked him to help us carry the coffin, but he refused, saying he had just married a few days earlier and couldn't carry a dead man; the oil of his new wife was still on his body. We went alone to bury our friend.

When we returned to the village we were very hungry. We had eaten nothing that day. We bought some small sweet potatoes and ate. The village headman told us we would have to pay for the death we brought to his village. My two friends paid a goat, 15 shillings and two pieces of clothing. These were given to a man and a woman in order to purify the village.

I returned to Samsole's village. I told the two friends to go on ahead; that I would be leaving some days later.

After leaving Samsole's village, I walked four days to Mavinga. I spent the night with a friend and next morning was seen by a Portuguese official. He ordered me to the post, then asked if I wanted work as a *cabo de ordem* [a police clerk and constable]. I agreed and he told me to wait three weeks until the uniforms arrived.

While waiting, I saw another man working as a *cabo* beaten with the *palmatória* and thrown into prison. I became afraid of becoming a "spy," or *cabo*. I went to the official and told him I wanted to go home and get married before starting my job at Mavinga. He agreed and gave me a note to deliver to the administrator at Cangamba post. I never read the note; he said it was a request for the Cangamba administrator to send him a carpenter.

Eight days later I delivered this note to the administrator at

Cangamba. On the way I stopped at Lombu river. I found the Portuguese *chefe do posto* from Dima building a bridge across the river with African laborers. I watched. No one was allowed to walk on the bridge, but one man, who hadn't heard these instructions, stepped on the bridge and was about to cross. The *chefe* ordered him to stop, then killed him on the spot; he wanted to set an example for the others. This Dima *chefe do posto* was known to be very cruel. I was told by the workers that he never fed them. When their relatives failed to bring food and they complained that they were hungry, he told them to go eat grass.

I left quickly and went to Cavumbe village near the Vengi river. Next day I reached the river Quembo and, after crossing, moved on to my village. I reached Siloka on 2 September 1943. The headman told me they had been ordered to collect rubber from a certain wild bush in the area. He said this order was given to Africans throughout the country. The rubber was gotten from the roots of the plant, which they beat with a stick to soften, then took to the river and washed. When the roots turned white, they were boiled, the liquid becoming rubber.

Everyone strong enough to work was ordered to prepare one vat and deliver it to the post. From the first cutting of the roots to the preparation of a full vat took ten days. At the post the Portuguese tested the latex by pulling it. If it broke, they said it was rotten and the person who brought it was "paid" with the *palmatória,* sometimes getting as many as 100 strokes. He would then be ordered to prepare another vat. Those who brought in "good" latex were paid 40 escudos [13 shillings] per vat.

I spent the next two months at Siloka preparing rubber. Then I fell ill with a bad stomach and went to the Protestant infirmary at Muié. I remained there one and a half months. When I got better, the *chefe do posto* asked if I wanted to work as a *cabo.* I agreed. The salary was set at 45 escudos a month.

As *cabo de ordem* my jobs were many. Sometimes I had to order the villagers to prepare rubber; sometimes I went to collect the rubber which they had prepared. I received people at the post, recorded their names and reasons for coming and reported it to the *chefe.* Sometimes I went to the villages with other *cabos* to collect people for work on the roads, bridges or around the post. Our

orders were to take not only the men and older boys, but also women and children.

I remained doing this work at Muié post for three months. Then I was transferred to Alto Cuito, about 100 miles northwest. Before this, however, I got married. In May 1944 I was told that at Sangelenge's village there was an unmarried woman. I went and talked to the woman, Adalina; told her of my desire to get married. She agreed and said I should consult her parents. When I spoke with them, they consented. I paid *lobola* of 500 escudos and that night we had a big feast. Pigs and chickens were killed and roasted, rice and potatoes were prepared, and we shared two bottles of Portuguese wine. About 30 villagers participated. I then returned to Muié with my new wife. Less than a month later I was sent to Cangamba and, from there, to Alto Cuito.

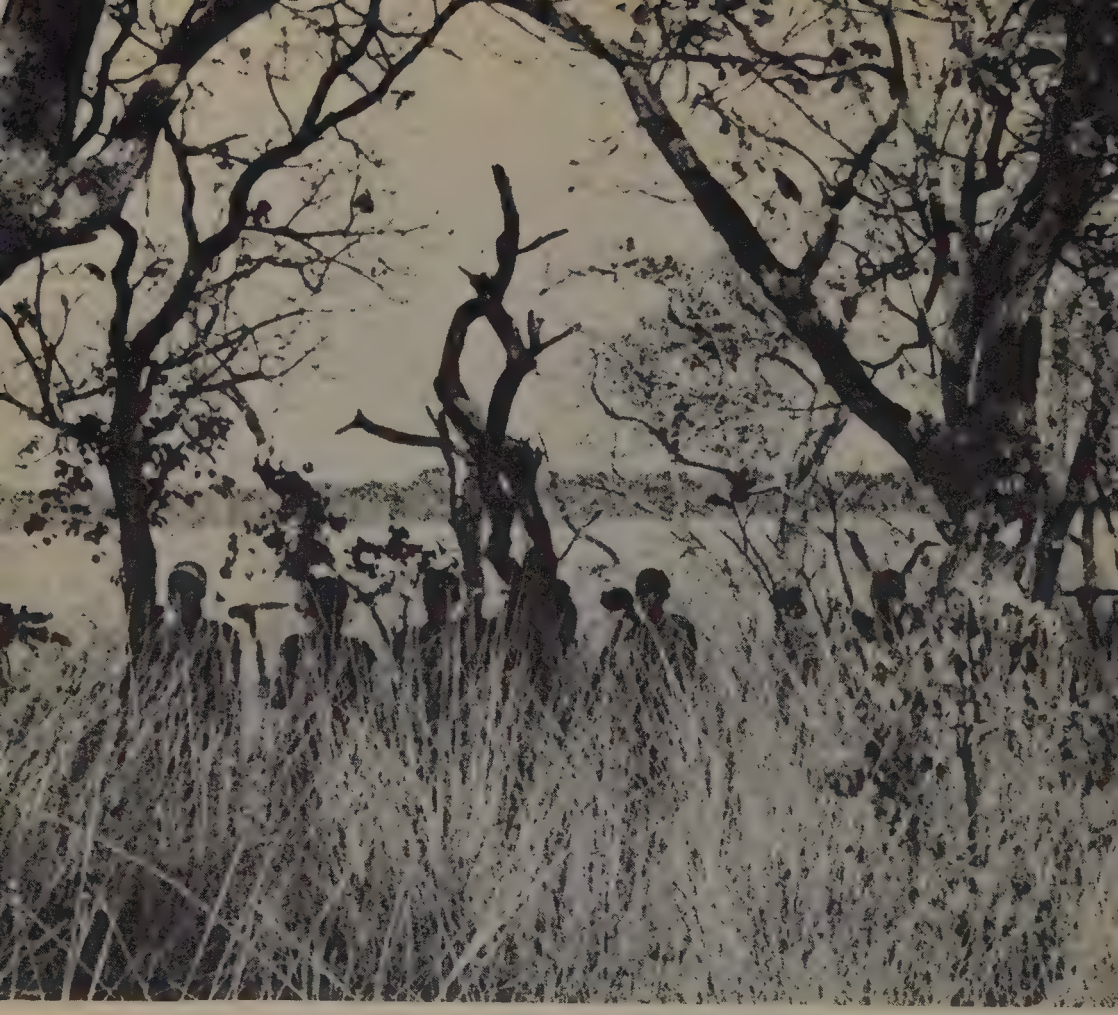
I traveled with two *cabos,* working under me, and my wife. Adalina was twenty-three years old. She had been married before but divorced her first husband. On the way to Cangamba we passed a *cabo* overseeing the work of 50 *wangamba.* In my language *"wangamba"* means "slaves," but under the Portuguese it has come to mean any people forced to work under another's orders. The *cabo* told me that both he and his men were very hungry. He asked if I would request some meal for them when we reached Cangamba. Later that day, arriving at Cangamba, I passed this request to the *cabo* on duty. He reported it to the administrator, who said, "Why don't these black bastards raise money to pay their taxes earlier! Then they won't have to work on the roads. Let them eat grass if they're hungry."

When I presented my pass to the *chefe do posto,* he told me, "You won't be staying here. Take your men and move on to Alto Cuito right away!" He took my old pass to Cangamba and issued me another to Alto Cuito. He told me I would have to obey the instructions of the Alto Cuito *chefe* and warned that there was little food, that I would probably have to live on honey like the other workers at the post.

We arrived at Cangamba without food. I thought of asking the *chefe* to loan me money, but friends there said, "There is no sense in that. He won't loan you a cent. You'd best try to buy goods from the shopkeeper on credit." We accepted this advice and went on to

Abandoned village (eastern Angola)

Villager digging potatoes near his former village



Villagers walking to meet MPLA guerrillas

Meeting of villagers and guerrillas

Villagers and MPLA militants (Spartacus Monimambu, center)

Leadership and villagers

MPLA leadership talking with People's Militia members

A militia member

A Popular Militia leader

MPLA guerrilla, with bazooka shells

MPLA guerrilla, barefoot but armed

Cassava, the main food of the Angolan guerrilla

Guerrilla with bazooka

Detachment of guerrillas

MPLA guerrillas

Dr. Agostinho Neto, President of MPLA; to his right, Deloloa, Director of the MPLA Center for Revolutionary Instruction

the Portuguese shop at Balavu. I bought three pounds of beans, two pounds of dried fish, one pound of salt, a bar of soap and some matches, on credit. I agreed to send the merchant what I owed him, plus interest, at the end of the month when I received my pay.

We continued our journey and stopped at Vanavangwe, where we met another *cabo* overseeing road workers. As we neared the Cuando, we saw a lion killing an impala. Adalina was frightened. She dropped her head load and grabbed me around the waist. We made a lot of noise to scare the lion off its kill, but nothing seemed to work. We ran to a nearby village, asking people to come and help us. They agreed. Some of the villagers beat tins, others banged pieces of wood together and everyone was singing or shouting. Finally the lion slipped off into the bush. Taking the impala back to the village, we divided it among those who had helped. That night we ate well. We took our remaining share for the journey.

In the morning we left and walked to the Quembo, where another *cabo* directed *wangamba* building a bridge. We spent a night there and continued in the morning to Cuanavale river. More *wangamba* under a *cabo* repairing the road. That day, 20 June 1944, we reached Alto Cuito, ten miles west of the Cuanavale. It was night when we arrived. The *chefe do posto* was not there; he had gone to Mbembe. My wife and I were shown a hut in the workers' compound.

For the next 19 years, until 1963, I worked as head *cabo* at Alto Cuito post. This post was originally called Tempoe by Angolans, but the Portuguese renamed it. At Alto Cuito I did much the same work as at Muié. I was often sent to collect taxes from the people. These included the personal tax, the tax villagers paid for performing a dance and ceremony called *shombe,* and *nyonga.* Someone conscripted for work at the post could pay *nyonga* instead of providing his own labor. My salary was raised to 60 escudos (less than two dollars) a month.

I didn't like this work. Collecting taxes, seizing villagers for forced labor, giving beatings at the order of the *chefe,* these were not pleasant tasks. And the pay was very low. I received no food and had to buy supplies out of my salary. My only alternative, however, was to stay in the village collecting rubber, being seized for forced labor and suffering hunger and beatings at the hands of the

Portuguese. I could leave Angola. I had left twice already to work outside, but I didn't want to leave again. So I worked as a *cabo de ordem* because it was better to beat than be beaten. But I didn't enjoy the work.

There were five messengers and about 100 other people at Alto Cuito. Four were Portuguese, the *chefe do posto* and three merchants. The rest were African workers and craftsmen. The town covered about 100 square yards. It contained four buildings: the government building, with the *chefe*'s offices, some cells and an enclosed compound, and three shops on the other side of the road to Bié. Less than two miles east of the post flowed a tributary of the Cuanavale. A stream from the Tempoe passed just south of the town. African workers lived in huts near the compound. The merchants lived in houses attached to their shops.

On the fourth day after our arrival, the *chefe* returned. I went with my pass and presented myself to him. His name was Antonio Figueredo, a big man with a long beard, large stomach and bald head. He wore a khaki uniform and beret, and was never without a cigarette in his mouth.

Figueredo was brutal when dealing with villagers. He was often brutal with the *cabos,* too. I was a newcomer to the area and didn't know the region very well. While other messengers went to get people for work on the roads, I remained at the post. When they returned with only five villagers, Figueredo was very angry. He ordered me to beat the two messengers and the five villagers. I got the *palmatória* from Figueredo's office and carried out the punishment, giving each person 30 strokes on the palms of his hands At the same time, Figueredo whipped them with his *kiboko* [rhinoჽhide whip].

After the beatings, the villagers were sent away to break stone for the road. The *cabos* were told to return to the villages and bring back 40 workers. They were given 15 days and ordered to bring in the village chiefs and headmen if they didn't provide the required number of workers.

On the fifteenth day the *cabos* returned to the post with 30 workers, three chiefs and six headmen. Figueredo asked the village leaders why they hadn't provided the 40 workers as ordered. They replied that there weren't any more people in their villages; that 30

was all they could send in. Figueredo accused them of hiding the rest of their people from the *cabos*. Then he smiled and said he would give them something good for breakfast. Getting his *kiboko* from the office, he proceeded to beat them. Then he ordered them to go work with the 30 *wangamba*.

After being beaten, the chiefs and headmen lost their fear and became angry. They told Figueredo, "This is why our people are running away to Zambia and other countries. They are forced to work for nothing here and when they are brought to the post, they are beaten. That is why there are no people left in our villages."

"Well, let them go," replied Figueredo. "I don't give a damn!"

This situation was difficult for me—new at the post, finding other *cabos* being beaten, chiefs and headmen being beaten and forced to work, the cruelty of Figueredo, and my own inability to do anything but follow his orders. I thought, "Unless I run away again, I have no choice but to remain a *cabo* and do as Figueredo says." I knew Figueredo's actions were very bad. He needed the village leaders to provide him with workers, yet when they brought 30 instead of 40 villagers, they were beaten and sent to work on the roads. Figueredo did not know, or didn't care, that this was the season for cultivating and that some people had to remain in the villages to do this work. Again, many men were away working at the plantation or mines trying to earn money to pay their taxes. I kept these thoughts and feelings in my heart; to reveal them to Figueredo would accomplish nothing but place my own life in great danger.

At night, after working on the roads, the workers and village leaders were brought back to the post. The villagers slept in the compound, the three chiefs and six headmen were made to spend their night in prison within the government building. After 17 days, the village leaders were released and ordered to return to their villages. They were instructed to send more people for work on the roads and to see that the villagers raised their tax money and worked harder at collecting rubber.

Two days after the chiefs and headmen had gone, a *cabo* was sent to the villages to order them to send in the ten additional workers. They were also to bring in the villagers' tax money and the rubber they had collected. The *cabo* returned to the post with

ten workers, but the village leaders didn't accompany them. They told the *cabo* they would remain to collect the taxes and rubber and report to the post later. The 30 *wangamba* who had been working on the roads were then sent home and ordered to collect their tax money and return with rubber. During the time they worked at the post they hadn't been fed, provided with salt or paid. The little food they received was brought by the villagers.

Three days after these 30 *wangamba* returned to their villages, another messenger was sent out by Figueredo. He was instructed to order the village leaders to collect the tax money and rubber right away and to report immediately to the post with 30 more workers plus the taxes and rubber they had collected.

The chiefs and headmen returned to the post with the *cabo,* bringing with them all the people who had money to pay taxes or rubber to turn in, as well as the 30 additional workers. Those who brought rubber were told it was bad. The rubber was burned and they were ordered to work five days on the road, then return to their villages and make good rubber. Those who brought money paid their taxes. The head tax for every able-bodied person was 60 escudos a year, plus six escudos *nyonga* for those who had not worked at the post and three escudos for the dance tax. The chiefs and headmen were ordered to remain at the post until the other villagers brought in their tax money. They were forced to work without pay and received neither food nor salt. Whatever they got to eat was brought by their people in the villages.

What I have been describing to you was not an unusual event. It happened every year at Alto Cuito and the other posts throughout Angola.

In August 1945 I was sent for the first time to collect workers with the other *cabos.* We collected 100 *wangamba* to work on the roads joining Alto Cuito with Cangamba and Sampulo. When we returned, Figueredo was very pleased. The villagers were immediately put to work. They were forced to work from 6:00 in the morning till 6:30 in the evening, with one hour rest for lunch. They ate whatever food was brought them by village friends and relatives.

Soon after they started work, many of the *wangamba* became sick. Over the next month many died, either from hunger or from

diseases they got while weak from hunger. The dead included men, women and young boys. Those who remained alive were forced to continue working. No compensation was paid to the families of those who died.

The usual thing at Alto Cuito was for each worker to work for two months and then be sent home to find a replacement to work for another two months, and so on. The village chiefs and headmen were charged with the responsibility of collecting the workers and seeing to it that replacements were sent. These *wangamba* were treated worse than slaves. They were neither fed, provided with other necessities of life nor paid for their labor. Not only did they lose time from work in their own fields, but the remaining villagers had to feed them while they worked for the Portuguese. On top of this, and the brutal treatment they usually received, the government insisted that these *wangamba* find money to pay their taxes.

These taxes were paid in various ways. Those who had cattle and were considered to be "rich" might take them to the *chefe do posto.* For each cow they were given a tax receipt covering one person's taxes for the year. Some took their pigs and goats to sell to the Portuguese merchants. But they received only 40 escudos for a pig and 20 for a goat. Some crops, such as rice, sweet potatoes and peanuts, were also taken to the merchants and sold. The price paid was very low; a large bag of meal brought only ten escudos. Other things sold for tax money included chickens, beeswax, honey and animal skins. Beeswax sold for ten escudos for a ten-pound ball. The price of a large leopard skin was 30 escudos. A crocodile skin brought 150 escudos. All these commodities were sold to merchants in the town. If anyone argued about prices, or complained, he was usually beaten or taken to the *chefe,* who might beat him, put him to forced labor or throw him into prison for a time.

When a person had no money, or crops, animals or skins to sell, he took his children and sold them into debt slavery, usually to Portuguese merchants, but sometimes to rich African peasants.

Such was the plight of an African villager in Angola—forced to spend much time working for nothing for the Portuguese, receiving extremely low prices for his crops and animals, and earning a very low wage when he found employment. My salary, after working

five years as a *cabo de ordem,* was 75 escudos a month, enough to pay my personal tax for the year. Other messengers earned 40 to 60 escudos. Ordinary workers earned even less.

In 1946 the Portuguese demand for rubber became a terrible burden on the people. All of the *cabos* were sent into the villages to force people to collect and make rubber. We were ordered to whip them if necessary to get the rubber. By this time Figueredo had left Alto Cuito for another assignment. Generally a *chefe* remained at one post for only two years.

The new *chefe* was a man named Fernando Martins. He was younger than Figueredo, slender and tall. But he was even more cruel than Figueredo. On arrival he told us: "I'm not like Figueredo. I've come here to cut your tails. Those who obey my rules will find me pleasant enough. Those who disobey will see another side."

The first order Martins handed out was for all chiefs and headmen in the Alto Cuito administrative area to come and greet him. Alto Cuito post was very large, with something like 75 villages and 10,000 villagers. It usually took four months, from May to August, to collect all the taxes.

When the chiefs and headmen arrived at the post, Martins told them: "I'm a new man come to stay with you. I beg you not to play with me as you did with Figueredo. Those who obey my orders will not say I am a bad *chefe!* I want you to finish repairing the roads to Cangamba and Sampulo. Much sand has gathered on these roads. I want you to clear this off, then put down grass and cover it with dirt. Those of you with many villages will send 15 workers; those with few villages and people, four workers. These workers must bring their own salt, meal and relish."

He gave the chiefs and headmen two months to collect and turn in the tax money from those who had not yet paid. "Those who don't pay their taxes by the end of November," he said, "will have to pay double."

The village leaders said they would do their best to comply with his wishes, but added that it would be very difficult for them to raise all the money for taxes from their villages. A spokesman for the chiefs said, "The difficulty is that when we bring in crops and animals to sell, the merchants pay us very little. So much time is

spent working on roads and collecting rubber that we have little left to spend in our fields. This makes it very hard for most people to raise the tax money."

Martins ignored this and repeated his warning to those who would disobey his orders. He then said: "Many of you have relatives off working in the mines of another country. You must pay the taxes of these relatives. If they have been gone one year, you must pay one year's taxes; if they have been gone two or three years, then you must pay two or three years' taxes. Do you understand?"

The chiefs agreed to pay. They had no choice. Returning to their villages, they sent in the required number of workers and the rubber which had been collected. The *wangamba* who had been working for two months were then sent home, with orders to pay their taxes as soon as possible.

In February 1947 Martins again called in the chiefs and headmen. He told them they would soon be finished with making rubber. He said, "With the work of collecting and preparing rubber coming to an end [it didn't actually end until October 1947], you will have no reason to complain about paying taxes or working a few months for the government at the post or on the roads."

I was pleased to learn the rubber collections were coming to an end. This collection had become a large and dirty part of the *cabos'* work. We had to go around and supervise, making sure the rubber was collected and meting out punishment to those who failed to deliver or delivered bad rubber. Throughout the country Angolans were happy the work with rubber was finally coming to an end. At least they would have a short time to rest.

My daily routine at Alto Cuito started at 6:00 A.M., when I reported for work. At 8:00 Adalina brought me food, which I ate in the compound. She then returned to continue her work. We cultivated a small field of cassava and millet two miles from the post. Adalina returned from the field around 11:30 and began grinding cassava or millet. She boiled the meal and prepared *funji* for our lunch. At noon those of us who worked at the post returned to our huts for lunch. At 1:00 P.M. a bell sounded and we returned to duty. Another bell sounded at 6:00 P.M., when work for the day ended.

My main job was to receive people, listen to what they had to say, then relate this information to the *chefe*. When he was away, I

recorded the complaints or requests of visitors and reported to him on each case when he returned. I also acted as interpreter. The people spoke Luchazi or Mbunda and I translated this into Portuguese for the *chefe*. He would then answer in Portuguese and I would translate for the people. My other duties included recording the taxes when paid and accompanying the *chefe* when he made a tour of the villages to collect taxes. I was also in charge of the other *cabos*. When the *chefe* wanted a job done, he told me and I would assign the task to one or more of the messengers. This was my normal work. It continued this way until the end of 1962, when I left Alto Cuito. I won't talk about details of these years; I will just tell you about some of the more important events which happened between 1947 and 1962.

In May 1947 I went with some friends to attend an initiation ceremony at the village of Chilunda. During festivities at the circumcision camp I spent much time beating the big drums. After many hours my thumb began to itch and I decided to leave the drums and listen to others play. That night my thumb began to ache. The next morning my whole hand was swollen, and by evening the swelling had spread to my legs. I was taken to African doctors for treatment, but they failed to cure me. They made small cuts in my arms and legs and rubbed in medicine which they had burned over the fire. They also dug a hole in the ground, put in medicine, started it on fire and asked me to stand near so that smoke would pass over my arms and legs. Instead of getting better, the disease got worse. The doctors told me I had been bewitched by medicine more powerful than theirs, that there was nothing more they could do for me. They thought I would die. I didn't believe it and accused them of telling lies. That evening I left the village and returned to the post.

Martins had gone to Bié. One of the merchants said I should be taken to hospital at Cangamba. It was 75 miles to Cangamba, and before leaving we bought meal, dried fish and salt at the shop. Adalina came with me; the other messengers carried me on a stretcher. Soon we passed a lion which had just killed a wildebeest. The *cabos* started running to chase the lion off, saying they would return with fresh meat. I called them back saying, "You mustn't go. You are my carriers. If someone is injured, who will carry me?

And who will carry the one who gets hurt? What if the lion chases you away and comes here to attack Adalina and me? No! We must leave the lion to its prey."

We left without making any effort to drive the lion off its food; the *cabos* were not happy. After two days of walking we had used up all our meal. Then, with Adalina remaining by my side, the four messengers went to collect wild fruit. I refused to eat what they brought back. Fever and pain had driven away my hunger. Adalina insisted: "If you refuse to eat, you will die of hunger even before we reach the hospital." I ate some of the fruit.

We set out again, but soon the messengers complained they were still very hungry. I felt sympathy for them, knowing it was difficult to carry me while weak with hunger. Soon we passed a village. I took off my shirt and traded it for some meal. I didn't like trading my shirt for this food, but the keeper of the little shop refused to take money.

Next day we reached Cangamba post. With me on a stretcher wrapped in blankets and carried by the four *cabos,* some of the villagers thought it was a white man being carried. They came up singing songs of welcome as they would when a Portuguese official passed through. They were disappointed and stopped singing when they discovered I was only a sick *cabo.* I shouted at them: "If I were Portuguese, you would continue singing. But since I am only your brother, with a black skin, you are saddened and stop singing!"

At the office of the Cangamba administrator the *cabos* showed my pass. We had to wait several hours, as many people had been called in to pay their taxes. When the administrator saw me, he ordered me taken immediately to the dispensary. Soon I was visited by my sister and young nephew. They heard I was ill and came right away. They began crying as soon as they saw the condition I was in. I'd become so swollen that I was unable to move. I told them not to cry; that I wasn't going to die unless God willed it. (Before reaching Cangamba, we'd met a man on the road. He had gone without food for three days. Adalina was preparing *funji* and he asked if we would sell him part of it. Adalina said no, that we were going to hospital at Cangamba and had nothing to sell. I turned to her and said, "Prepare him a dish of *funji,* and give him a little of our meal and a few sweet potatoes." After he had eaten,

the man came over close to me and started praying God to heal my sickness.)

At the hospital the doctor first had the nurses bathe me. Next they rubbed some medicine on my legs—I don't know what it was—gave me two injections and six pills to swallow. Later, they operated on my thumb, cutting it open and removing a long, thin sliver. Then I slept. Waking up the next day, I felt much better and knew I was not going to die. The fever was down and the ache in my body less painful.

On the fourth day I was able to get out of bed and walk around. My arm was still in a sling and I ate with my left hand. Ten days later I left the dispensary. The doctor gave me a note for the Cangamba *chefe do posto* and the *chefe* gave me a pass to Alto Cuito. This was the worst sickness I had ever had up to that point in my life.

I was not paid for the time lost during my illness. The *cabos* who had carried me and awaited my recovery were also not paid. Martins told them to collect their salary from me. I paid them for the two weeks they'd been away from Alto Cuito.

In 1948 a new *chefe* came to Alto Cuito. We nicknamed him "Sachimwanga." He was the worst *chefe* I was ever to work under, clean-shaven, medium-sized and insanely cruel. I really think he was insane. He loved to beat people and watch them suffer. He didn't care whom he beat: *cabos,* headmen and chiefs, villagers. His favorite weapon was the *palmatória,* but he also used the *kiboko,* club, sticks and, at times, anything he could lay his hands on. For the slightest offense he would give some poor villagers 40 strokes with the *palmatória.*

One day Sachimwanga went hunting with two messengers. They killed a large wildebeest and Sachimwanga ordered them to carry it to the post, but they were unable even to lift it. The *chefe* proceeded to beat them severely. Later, it took 20 people to bring in the meat. Sachimwanga had the animal cut into strips, but gave the messengers only the bones.

One day Chief Mukunga collected taxes from five villagers and brought the money to the post. Sachimwanga shouted, "Why did you bring the tax money of only five people? Where is the money from the others?" He then proceeded to beat and insult Chief

Mukunga. He did the same thing to the other chiefs. Finally, they became very angry and complained to the administrator at Cangamba, who was the senior Portuguese official in the area and had authority over the local *chefes do posto.*

Sachimwanga was called in by the Cangamba administrator and told his actions were chasing people from the area. His senseless and brutal beatings were driving villagers away to the Rhodesias, Southwest Africa and other countries. Sachimwanga was warned not to continue his brutal treatment.

Back at the post, he called in the chiefs and headmen. He told them: "You reported me to the Cangamba administrator. That was stupid! What do you think? Do you think he is your relative? Your brother or father? Don't you know he is my flesh and blood; that we are both Portuguese, while you are only monkeys? Why should the administrator be concerned about the complaints of monkeys? Even my dog is better than a bunch of monkeys!"

So, despite the warnings, Sachimwanga continued his brutal ways right up to the time he left Alto Cuito in 1950. Sometimes, when he lost his temper, he would shout that we were stupid fools, just like the administrator at Cangamba. He had absolutely no concern for the life of the African.

Sachimwanga loved to hunt and spent much time in the forest chasing wild animals. Many times people came to the post to pay taxes or on some other business, and Sachimwanga would leave them while he went off to hunt—sometimes for a week or two. The people were forced to wait until he returned, and were given no food.

Sachimwanga was also brutal with the *cabos.* He often took two of us with him to hunt. When the jeep got stuck in soft sand, he would order us to push or pull it out. If we failed, he beat us with his fists, boots or rifle butt.

I remember once when I was ordered to bring in some villagers to work on a bridge. When I arrived with the workers a few days later, Sachimwanga shouted that it had taken me too long. He gave us all beatings, me and the workers too.

One day Chief Kavunda was called to the post. When he arrived, Sachimwanga proceeded to beat the poor chief without even being provoked. Chief Kavunda became angry and said, "When you

people came to this area, we welcomed you. At first you claimed you came as friends and treated us like human beings. Now you call us monkeys! Now you treat us like animals! Yet you call yourself a *chefe*. How can you be a *chefe* without people? The way you treat people there will soon be no villagers left in Alto Cuito."

Sachimwanga became hysterical. He beat the chief badly, then bound him to a tree and left him there without food for four days.

I was happy to see Sachimwanga leave Alto Cuito. His brutality had forced me and the other *cabos* to be so harsh with the villagers. When I was caught giving weak blows with the *palmatória,* the *chefe* would turn on me, red with anger, then order the villager to give me the strokes he was supposed to receive. This made it difficult to show much sympathy for Sachimwanga's victims.

During 1949 and 1950 recruitment of laborers for the sisal and sugar plantations and the new sawmill at Bembe increased considerably. Recruiting agents came to Alto Cuito from Bié, Cuando-Cubango, Lunda and Gavela. These agents were hired privately by the plantations and mills. They went first to the Cangamba administrator, who sent them to various *chefes do posto* in the area with written permission to recruit so many workers. At each post the agent would tell the *chefe* how many workers he needed. The *chefe* would call in the village leaders and order them to bring so many workers into the post by a certain time. Very few villagers volunteered for work at the plantations or sawmill. Most had to be seized and forced to go. *Cabos* were sent out with the village chiefs and headmen to help round up the required workers.

At the post, these workers' names were recorded and they were handed over to the agents, who always brought their own police and police captains with them. The contract laborers would then be escorted to their places of work by these private police. The workers included men, women and older children. They were forced to work for a year at some plantation, mine or mill. They received 600 escudos or less for their year's work. Once their contract was up, they were returned to the post and others were recruited to take their places. Very, very few escaped having to do this contract labor for at least one year. Most were recruited several times.

In 1950 salaries of African government workers were raised, mine to 150 escudos a month. Also, a law was passed that every

villager's name, place of birth and tribe be recorded and that these records be kept at the post. Before, identification by tribe was not recorded. The Portuguese said they were doing this as part of a census to find out how many people of each tribe were living in Angola.

Recruiting agents came from the diamond mines at Dundo. They recruited labor in the same way as agents of the plantations and lumber mills. These laborers were not forced to work underground. Diamond mining in Angola and Southwest Africa is surface mining; the diamonds lie just below the surface of the soil.

Many people were taken from Alto Cuito in 1949 and 1950 to work on the mines, mills and plantations. When Sachimwanga left in 1951, the post was without a *chefe* for two years. Instead, a secretary who worked under the administrator at Cangamba was put in charge. This man, Monteiro, treated and got along with the villagers much better than earlier *chefes*. He claimed it was not his post and that he couldn't even hear cases, let alone mete out punishment to wrongdoers. One day news arrived that two chiefs who often argued over a particular contested area had gotten into a fight and that one of them had been killed. Monteiro sent us to arrest the victorious chief and take him to Cangamba for trial. He didn't want anything to do with settling the case.

In 1952 we were ordered to arrest all witchdoctors. African doctors, as usual, had been going from village to village treating people. Then, on one occasion, a man from a certain village died. He was buried, but two days later his parents went to the grave and found the body had been removed. Relatives of the dead man believed it was witchdoctors who had removed the body, and rumors to this effect were spread around. The parents of the dead man then had all the witchdoctors in the area brought together. They were interrogated, and finally, after being beaten, some confessed to having removed the body. These three were taken to the post, tried and sent off to prison. (To this very day they have not returned.)

Soon after, the Portuguese sent out an order to arrest all witchdoctors. A number were found and taken to the posts with their curative herbs and medicines. Some brought to Alto Cuito had shrunken heads, tortoise shells, etc., and were accused of using their medicines to harm people rather than cure them. They were

sent to prison for a year, then released and returned to their villages with a warning to give up witchdoctoring.

In February 1952 I married a second wife. Many friends visited me and I thought it good to have another wife to help Adalina with our many guests. Also, Adalina and I were yet without a child. She lost our first at birth and had not become pregnant since that time. I thought a second wife might bring me a child.

Her name was Ana Lufino. I heard there was an unmarried girl at Lufino village so I decided to go there and inquire. I met and spoke with the girl. She agreed to marry me and said I should speak with her mother and father. The parents agreed to our marriage and I paid them a *lobola* of one conto [1,000 escudos]. I took Ana home with me and we made a marriage feast. She was eighteen years old. We slaughtered four chickens and a goat and brewed two calabashes of honey beer. I had invited the *cabos* and some of the nearby villagers who were my friends.

Soon Ana became pregnant. She gave birth to a son in June 1953. To our great sadness, however, the child died one day after its birth. Ana had been ill prior to the birth and failed to recover after the death of our son. Two months later she died. Her parents asked me to pay a death price of two cows, which I did. After these unhappy events, I never remarried again. I still remain with my one wife, Adalina.

In 1953 a new *chefe do posto* named Falia arrived. He was much the same as those before him and the others to follow. They were different in small ways, but each had the same job to do for the Portuguese government and used the same means to accomplish his ends.

In 1954 all village chiefs were called to the post by Falia. They were issued khaki uniforms—shirt, long trousers, helmet and canvas boots. Falia told them: "Today you have been given clothing. In the years to come you will be given salaries as well. That means you will be the same as we are: salaried officials of the Portuguese government. You should be very proud of that." As a token of future salaries, chiefs with many people were given 150 escudos and those with less 75 escudos. This was the beginning of Portuguese efforts to buy the loyalty of Angolan chiefs and headmen. Nine years later, in 1963, the chiefs in Alto Cuito received their first salaries.

In 1955 they began recruiting villagers from our area to work on the Cabinda coffee plantations. The company agents, as before, went to the administrator and then to the *chefes do posto.* The *chefes* called the chiefs and headmen and required them to bring in workers, who were told they would be earning two contos[5] a month at Cabinda. This was a very high salary and people were pleased. In fact, many volunteered to work in Cabinda for that kind of wage. The contracts were for one year.

When the workers arrived in Cabinda they were told they would be receiving 50 escudos per month, not 2,000. They would, in short, get the usual 600 escudos for a year's work, plus a food ration of one pound of mealie meal (Indian corn) per day. They worked from 6:00 A.M. till 6:00 P.M. Kitchen boys brought their midday meal, and they continued working the whole day without a break. They received beatings if they showed any sign of slowing down. When the men found they were to receive 50 escudos a month instead of the promised 2,000, they were angry and had no desire to work hard. Many wanted to quit and return to their villages, but they would have been thrown into prison if caught, and it was over 1,000 unfamiliar miles from Cabinda to Alto Cuito.

Seeing they were disgruntled, the company agents told the workers they would receive the full pay promised to them once they returned to their posts. The men had no choice but to work the year in Cabinda.

When those from Alto Cuito returned, they were in terrible physical condition, with sores all over their bodies. The grass in Cabinda was very sharp and, when cut by it, you got an infection. Several of the workers died. Their families received no compensation. Of those who returned, some were given an additional 600 escudos, some as much as 1,000. No one got anything near the 24 contos promised. This was the kind of deception practiced by the Portuguese to get cheap African labor for the plantations and mines.

Most of the men complained, saying they'd been promised a very high salary but received a very low one. They asked the *chefe:* "What did the recruiting agent tell us our salary would be when he came here a year ago? You heard him. What did he tell us?" The *chefe* replied, "You received a low salary because when you reached

[5] Two contos is $68.00.

Cabinda, many of you were sick, and all of you were lazy in your work. You deserved nothing more than you received!"

Hearing this, a few of the men got so angry they threw the little money they'd gotten down on the office floor and walked out. The *cabos* were ordered to seize them and bring them back. They were beaten soundly. The money was stuffed into their pockets and they were ordered home to their villages.

The chiefs and headmen in the area called a meeting and decided to complain to the authorities. They went to their posts at Cangamba, Alto Cuito, etc., and told the Portuguese about their grievances. At Alto Cuito the chiefs' spokesman said: "You complain when our people run away to Rhodesia or South Africa to work in the mines. You also told us the Portuguese were going to open their own mines and work centers here in Angola. Now, it seems, those who go to your mines, plantations or lumber mills, or to collect rubber from the forests, receive only bad treatment and very low wages for their labor. You can't expect our people to stop wanting to leave Angola. When they work outside, they at least return with trade goods and some money. When they return from work for the Portuguese, they bring sick bodies and very little money."

The new *chefe* at Alto Cuito, named Esperante, said the reason for low pay was that people from this area were very lazy and weak of body. They weren't willing to put in a hard day's work for a good day's salary. That was why they returned with only a small amount of money. I was interpreting for the *chefe* and village leaders. I sympathized with the chiefs but couldn't reveal this to the *chefe*. My position was much the same as the contract laborers'. We were all blacks and paid very little for our energies.

It was still in 1956 when we heard rumors of bad conditions and trouble in northern Angola. Esperante ordered me to call the chiefs and headmen. On this occasion the administrator from Cangamba also came to Alto Cuito. He told the village leaders that white men, non-Portuguese, would enter Angola to cause trouble, to steal the land from both Africans and Portuguese. "These white foreigners," he said, "will promise you money and goods and try to trick you into fighting the Portuguese. But they will be lying! All they want is to steal your land and women. When these devils come, you should arrest them and bring them to the *chefe*."

The spokesman for the village leaders said, "We know nothing of these matters. None of our people has reported seeing any white strangers. You are the rulers here. You should know who your enemies are."

The chiefs then voiced their own problem. They were having much difficulty with lions coming into the villages at night and killing their people. Esperante said, "Some of you chiefs are given rifles to kill lions. You should use them, and also try to trap the lions. They were brought to Angola by God, not the Portuguese. If you want to get rid of lions, collect money from your villagers and buy rifles."

The chiefs were not satisfied; rifles were expensive and there was little money to be raised in the villages. They raised another problem, about elephants coming at night and eating the crops in their gardens. They asked the Portuguese to send hunters to kill off some of these elephants. The administrator replied, "You mustn't kill elephants. They are very valuable and are the property of the government." This applied also to animals such as the impala, wildebeest, buffalo, etc., and there was a law prohibiting Africans from killing and eating them.

The chiefs replied: "We think elephants must be more important to the Portuguese than people. But do elephants pay taxes or work on the roads and plantations? No! It is people who do these things. Yet when elephants come and destroy our crops, when they make it impossible for us to pay our taxes, you Portuguese do nothing about it."

The Cangamba administrator closed the meeting saying he would discuss the matter of elephants with higher government authorities and perhaps they would agree to send hunters. This never happened, of course, and the elephants continued to destroy the villagers' crops.

In 1958 a new *chefe,* Mortimele dos Santos Barosu, came to Alto Cuito. On arrival he ordered me to call all the chiefs. When they came, he told them new work had been created at Cabela, where the Gata Company just opened another coffee plantation. It was managed by a man named Marcunha. Barosu said, "Though many villagers went to work in Cabinda for a year, only to return with sores on their bodies and little pay, at Cabela things will be very different. Salaries are good, and the treatment also."

The people refused to volunteer. They said: "You say this now, but when we go, we will find it to be just like Cabinda and other places—bad conditions and low pay." The *chefe* replied, "No! You are wrong about Cabela. You should go there yourselves and see if I am telling the truth or a lie."

The chiefs said, "If you order it, we will raise laborers for Cabela. But our people have no confidence. They have been lied to and cheated far too many times in the past to believe your words about Cabela." The spokesman then went over the past incidents that had led to this deep distrust among the villagers. "Back as far as 1927," he said, "the people were offered high wages to work at Mbasu, but when they returned, the local authorities held their pay, refusing to give it to them. The company said it turned the salaries over to the government and that it was the government's responsibility to pay the workers. When the people complained, the administrator laughed and said. 'Ah, what do Africans need money for, anyway?' And when the workers still demanded their wages, the authorities got angry and beat them; some were even killed. And what of the other cases, like that of Cabinda? Our people fear it will be the same now with this work at Cabela."

The *chefe* told the village leaders that whatever they thought or feared, they would have to raise workers for Cabela. He warned them it would be unwise to disobey. He then said that they too would be going to Cabela coffee plantation to supervise the work of their people.

A short time after the workers were sent, the Cangamba administrator ordered each post to send two chiefs to Cabela to supervise the workers from their villages.

Cabela was five days by truck from Alto Cuito. Conditions were better than at Cabinda. Workers were even given coffee to drink. But on their return, after a year's labor, they received only 1,000 escudos. While at Cabela they were paid 500 escudos. The total, then, was only 1,500 escudos [or $51.20] for a whole year's hard labor.

In 1959 the *chefe do posto* went on a mission to Luso. While he was gone, I went with another *cabo* to check on his personal garden. We took my bicycle. Coming down a steep hill, we had a bad spill. My friend broke his leg. I had to get him to the hospital, but how?

I ran back to the post, told the merchants what had happened and asked for help. They agreed. After giving him an injection, we carried my friend back to the dispensary at Alto Cuito.

I felt very bad about this; I was driving the bicycle so it was my fault. When the *chefe* returned, he said, "Don't worry about it! It was an accident; you didn't do it on purpose." But I still felt bad, knowing it was my fault. When the *cabo* recovered, I decided to pay him one cow for the pain and trouble I had caused.

That same year, 1959, the lions were causing much misery to the villagers. They fed on people's livestock—goats, pigs, dogs, etc.—and also killed and ate a number of villagers. This was a year when the lions went mad. And there were more of them than ever before in the district. People were afraid to work in their fields or collect honey from their hives in the forest.

In 1960 the Portuguese took another census. Each headman and chief was ordered to gather his people together in the village. They were counted by the *chefe do posto,* who went from one village to the next taking the census. Without his *cabo de ordem,* the *chefe* could not do his work. As we went around the villages, I worked as interpreter and helped in settling cases. I asked each person how old he was, what village he was from, what tribe he belonged to, whether he was married, had children, etc. I was also responsible for keeping the keys to the Land Rover, which came to Alto Cuito in 1955. Before, we had to move on foot, carrying the *chefe* from one village to the next.

During this census the Portuguese issued, for the first time, a small registration booklet. Every man, woman and child had to have one. Inside were written the person's name, place of birth, chief and village headman, and type of work (occupation). There was also a section to list countries outside Angola where one had gone to work. The *chefe* had us tell the people to fill in these booklets and keep them with them at all times. "Portuguese soldiers are coming into the area soon," he told us, "and will shoot anyone found without his registration book. This way we will know when outsiders come into Angola to cause trouble. They will not have booklets, and will be shot."

In April 1960 some Protestant leaders came into our area. There were seven of them, including three women nurses and a visiting

American, who came to speak. A meeting was held at Muié post and Protestants from neighboring posts were invited to come and attend talks and a celebration. Many people went and the Portuguese authorities were worried. They accused the missionaries of holding political meetings instead of religious ceremonies.

A large crowd of Angolan Protestants attended the main ceremony in Muié Mission. Soon ten Portuguese soldiers and five *cabos* from the post entered the meeting hall. Many people fled when they heard soldiers were coming. Others who remained were arrested, including a Canadian missionary named Brain. He was already in trouble with the Portuguese and had to leave Angola with his wife.

The Portuguese officer in charge asked why they had gathered at Muié, and why so many people were brought together at one place. The pastor said they had come to spread the word of God, as was their custom during the ceremony of Gongela [Easter Sunday]. The officer said, "We know very well that you are spreading the word of God, but what else have you come for? Why are all these flags being raised?"

The flags he spoke of were originally given to chiefs and headmen by the Portuguese authorities to raise on Sundays. Since this ceremony took place on Sunday, the village leaders brought their flags with them. They hadn't been told that the flags could only be raised in their own villages. The Muié *chefe* released these villagers after ordering them never to take their flags out of the village or raise them at Protestant ceremonies. He had all the village leaders remove their shirts, ordering them to walk back to their villages shirtless.

Though I wasn't at Muié myself, news of this event spread very quickly. All the details were known to Africans in the area within a short time.

Nineteen sixty was also a year which saw many people die of epidemic diseases such as smallpox and grippe. Deaths were so many that the Portuguese sent medical assistants into the villages to inoculate people against smallpox. This was only the fourth time in memory that such a thing had happened.

In March 1961 the *chefe do posto* called in all village leaders. He spoke of the trouble certain Angolans were making in Luanda and in the north. "You probably agree with your black friends in Luanda

that it is time the Portuguese were driven out so you could rule the country yourself. But that is stupid and dangerous thinking. Your relatives and friends who went to work in Luanda are now dead. In the north where Africans have taken out their machetes to kill whites, thousands of blacks have been killed by Portuguese soldiers. They were deceived by their relatives in Congo and thought they could win independence with a few machetes. But what happened? Those who went to work at Mindole and other places near Luanda or in the north are dead. You should keep this in mind. When you see strangers from other countries or other parts of Angola, people you don't know or haven't seen before, don't listen to their lies and propaganda. Report them to me at once. They will ask for your help to fight the Portuguese, but if you follow their advice, you will be killed like your friends in Luanda and northern Angola."

The village leaders were amazed to hear that all the men who went to work as contract laborers in Luanda and the northern districts were now dead. "How is it," they asked, "that villagers who went only to earn money as contract laborers have been killed by Portuguese soldiers?" The Cangamba *administrador,* who was also at the meeting, said: "When the Portuguese soldiers arrived they couldn't tell who were their friends and who their enemies. Even here, if strangers come and convince a few of you to fight with them against the Portuguese, we will have to kill all of you; it will be impossible to tell which of you are really our friends. That is why it is so important for you to help us capture these enemies from the outside. Most of them will come with long hair and beards, and lots of money. Arrest them and bring them to the post! If they are arrested in another village and we find they passed through your villages, you and your people will be arrested and brought to the post for just punishment.

"From now on," he continued, "no one will visit relatives or carry on trade in Northern Rhodesia. Portuguese soldiers are stationed at Sete, Ninda and the other posts and barracks. They are patrolling the borders and will arrest any who try to cross. We don't want you getting mixed up with that scoundrel Kaunda."

The spokesman for the village leaders replied that they didn't know anything about the fighting going on in Luanda or the north and still couldn't understand why peaceful workers from Alto Cuito

and Cangamba were being killed by the Portuguese soldiers. "We don't know who or what you are fighting," he went on. "It is just difficult to understand why villagers who were called to work in the north by Portuguese authorities are now being killed by Portuguese soldiers. It is your problem to know all these things."

The chiefs and headmen were told that their people would have to buy travel passes in order to move outside their villages. These new passes would cost 2.5 escudos. "When you want to go someplace, even to visit a relative in the next village, you must first come to the post and buy a pass," said the *chefe*.

The village leaders replied that this would create even greater hardships for their people. In addition to the several taxes they had to pay, they would now be forced to buy even their travel passes. Before, though we had to get travel passes from the *chefe,* we never had to pay for them.

Finally, the governor of Moxico district, who had come all the way from Luso, spoke to the people. "We are all Portuguese, whites and blacks together. This is a new law of the land. We shall share the same tables when we eat and have the same rights and duties as citizens of Portugal. We shall marry one another's daughters and there will be no differences between us. We Portuguese are not like the Americans or the British, who hate to shake hands with Africans or sit in the same houses and share meals. The Americans hate even the *assimilados* and mulattoes. But we Portuguese are not like this. The Americans and British are soft on communists, like the godless Russians. That is why they are racists who hate blacks and want to deceive them. It is from the United States and Britain and from the Congo that communists will come here to interfere in our affairs. Whenever you see such people, you must run to the post and inform us."

I translated what these Portuguese officials were saying to the people, and also what the chiefs said in Mbunda and Luchazi to the Portuguese. My own thoughts were that the Portuguese were lying to us; that there were no Angolans who would stand and fight against Portuguese guns. I believed they invented the story because they had something else in mind, something they weren't telling us. We hadn't even heard of some of the countries and things the Portuguese talked about; and we knew nothing about this *communism* they feared so

much. My doubts were shared by the village leaders. We interpreted the whole incident as the beginning of a new Portuguese deception.

Political rumors, however, continued to grow and spread throughout the year. The Portuguese tried to convince us of their good intentions and win us to believe their propaganda. For the first time, some medical people were sent to a few villages to collect excreta samples to discover the people's diseases. They also raised the chiefs' salaries to 150 escudos per year. And this was only the second year that chiefs had received any salary at all.

In August 1961 Chiefs Chinjanga and Kangoa were arrested. This is what happened. Rumors reached the Portuguese that strangers had come to the villages of these chiefs but had not been reported to the *chefe*. Hearing this, the Cangamba administrator, secretary and several *cabos* went to the villages, burned down the huts and arrested the two chiefs. Chief Kangoa escaped on the way to the post. Chief Chinjanga was taken to Cangamba, imprisoned for three months and then sent to Luso. There he was accused of hiding strangers who came to stir up the people against the Portuguese. In fact, these so-called strangers were relatives of the chief who had come from another district to visit him.

When Chief Kangoa made his escape, the Portuguese fired rifles at him as he ran into the bush, but they missed. He escaped successfully and nobody has heard about him since. His nephew replaced him as chief.

Early in 1962 my wife, Adalina, became pregnant. We loved each other, but after so many years of marriage without children I had lost all hope of our having a child. We were very happy when she became pregnant, but I remembered my earlier experience. I was fearful Adalina might have trouble; that I might again lose a wife instead of gaining a child. This fear grew when Adalina became sick soon after we discovered the pregnancy and was ill almost daily. We called African doctors to treat her. They gave her medicines to drink made from certain wild roots.

Finally, on 20 September 1962, Adalina gave birth to our first child, a little girl. We named her Beatrice Likumbi Luis. The baby was healthy, but Adalina suffered after the birth. She got an infection in her breasts which had to be cured before she could feed the child. It took more than a week.

I was extremely happy about the child and decided to have a feast for it. We killed a goat and five chickens and bought beer from the shop in Manaki. I invited five friends and we had a grand feast celebrating the birth of my first child.

At this time the new administration building at the post was nearly completed. It remained only to be plastered. Some Portuguese workers, together with a group of African laborers, came to the post and I let them stay a few nights in the new building. The *chefe* was gone, but some of the Portuguese workers had stayed at Alto Cuito before so I didn't think much about letting them sleep a few nights in the building. They said they were part of a survey and engineering team, making maps and building towers for some new barracks near the frontier.

One day later, a unit of Portuguese troops came to Alto Cuito with the secretary from Cangamba. They came in two trucks. The first thing they did was enter the new government building and arrest the workers from Luso. Later, the Portuguese lieutenant called me into the office. He asked about the Portuguese visitors, wanting to know what I had talked about with them. "Isn't it true," he said, "that these men gave you political pamphlets from Lumumba's party in the Congo? And that you were helping them in their dirty work against the Portuguese government?"

I told him I knew nothing about these things; that I thought the visitors were working for the government and needed a place to spend the night. He said I should have known the visitors well, as they had stopped at Alto Cuito once before. Then he accused me of hiding and distributing the anti-Portuguese literature they brought with them.

Soldiers searched the compound and huts but found no pamphlets or other political literature. I was arrested together with five others. One was a *cabo* who worked under me. He escaped into the bush soon after his arrest and interrogation. The other four were Chief Kangoa, a man who worked at the Protestant mission and two villagers. One was a woman, accused of having slept with one of the visitors. I doubted this, as the woman was many months pregnant.

The five of us were bound and put into a truck. Driving to Cangamba, we were beaten with whips and sticks. They took us

straight to Cangamba prison, originally used as a hospital. Part of the building was still a dispensary, but the rest was used as a prison.

Inside, we were led to one of the rooms and beaten again. We were told we would not be given any food until we had a chance to think things over. The warden then left the room and the door was locked.

That night a European corporal came and began taking us out one at a time for interrogation. I was the first to be called. In another room a Portuguese official asked me many questions. He wanted to know where the pamphlets and other propaganda were hidden, whether they called the people of Angola to fight the Portuguese, and whether other white strangers had visited Alto Cuito. I could only answer that I didn't know, that I'd never been to Congo and didn't know about these things, that I'd been working for the Portuguese government as a *cabo de ordem* for almost 20 years and that he could ask the *chefes* I'd worked for about my loyalty. He accused me of telling a pack of lies and said, "You just wait. I'm going to Muié and will bring back witnesses to prove you're lying." He told me to think very carefully about my story and to be prepared to tell him the truth next time I was called. I was led back and another prisoner was taken out.

Over the next week or so, many new prisoners were brought in from Cangamba and Muié. Some were put in our room. One of the Muié people was named Tolos, an Angolan Protestant who worked as a tailor for the Portuguese. They tried to get information from him about Mr. Brain, the Canadian Protestant missionary at Muié. Tolos was beaten very badly. He died in the prison. The Portuguese interrogators said that Brain had helped bring in foreign agitators and that now he was running away. His house servant was arrested and beaten very badly, but he didn't give any information about Mr. Brain.

The Muié prisoners were called out just as we had been. They told us they were asked about foreign missionaries from Canada, America and elsewhere, and particularly about the strangers who visited them in Muié. They said they knew of no foreign visitors who came to Muié to see the missionaries. The interrogators said they had learned of a plan made by these foreigners and missionaries to

start a war against the Portguese on Christmas Day 1962. None of the prisoners confessed to knowing anything about this plot, or to ever hearing Mr. Brain talk about attacking the Portuguese.

In Cangamba they arrested four people. One of these was Justine Canyenge, who is now teaching at the CIR here in Hanoi II. His guerrilla name is "Faulia." Justine was then a teacher at Cangamba. The shoemaker, Juão, was also among those arrested. The other two were *cabos.* They were accused of knowing about strangers who stopped at Cangamba and of having contact with Lumumbists in Congo and subversives in Angola. One of the *cabos,* Chinoia, was beaten to death, but none gave any information. The three who survived the severe beatings were thrown into our cell.

Others arrested included four people from Cangombe and the 15 African workers who were employed by the survey and engineering group. I never learned whether these Europeans were really Portuguese or about what finally happened to them. All of the Africans arrested were thrown into prison with us at Cangamba.

After a month and many interrogations, we were bound and thrown into four trucks. They drove us to Vila Gago Coutinho and we were met by a unit of Portuguese soldiers who took us to the prison. Some were transferred to Luso after a few days. Others, like me, remained at Lumbala for three months before being taken to Luso.

The Luso prison was worse than the others. It had five cells. I was put in one which measured some 20 by 30 feet. About 50 of us were packed inside. The floor was cemented and polished red. There were two small barred windows high up on the wall. A latrine was off in one of the corners. Prisoners included workers and educated men. Three were mulattoes from Luso; the rest of us were Africans. There was one Zambian found at Ninda post and accused of being a member of UNIP, Kaunda's party in Zambia. A man named Sindano from Ninda was also arrested, accused of bringing the UNIP man with him from Johannesburg.

Those in charge of our interrogation were members of PIDE.[6] The PIDE of Moxico had its headquarters in Luso, the district capi-

[6] The International Police for the Defense of the State—Portugal's Gestapo-trained secret police.

tal. When I was called for interrogation, they asked me the same questions as at Cangamba and Lumbala. My answers were also the same. I could say nothing about the Portuguese and African workers who came to Alto Cuito except that they came, were given lodging and were then arrested by the soldiers. I knew nothing about their subversive literature or what they did in the forests. The PIDE men were never satisfied. They beat me hard with whips, gun butts, fists and feet.

During the first month I was called out five or six times. Each time the same: questions, answers and beatings. Some of the prisoners weren't so lucky—they died during the interrogations.

The PIDE never showed us any anti-Portuguese pamphlets like those we were accused of hiding and circulating for the foreigners. Once they held up a book and asked me what the title was. I could see the title and told them it was *Independence*. They accused me of knowing about the book and its contents. I'd never seen it before, so there was nothing I could tell them. They played this trick with most of the literate prisoners.

One of the men arrested was named Kaunda. The PIDE men asked him if he knew about Kaunda in Zambia. When he said he didn't, they asked him where he got his name. He said it was just a name. They charged that it was his father's name and that he was related to Zambia's Kaunda. He said, "No, I am just an Angolan from Cangombe. I don't know any other people by the name of Kaunda." They beat him badly but he could tell them no more.

After the first month of strong interrogations, the PIDE left us alone. We sat in our crowded cell doing nothing for the next six months. Three times a day they brought us a small meal. We were not allowed outside for exercise or sunshine. On Sundays, between 4:00 and 5:00 in the afternoon, those who had visitors (who had to pay a visitor's fee of 2.5 escudos) were allowed out of the cell to talk with them. During my whole time at Luso prison I never received any visitors. I came to think I would never see the sun again; I would just die in that small cell.

One day we were ordered to pack our things. I didn't know what this meant, but I was very happy with the thought of leaving my cell. Several hours later the warder came and told us to unpack our things; our trip to Luanda was called off.

A plane came from Luanda about three weeks later. The warder came early in the morning. He told us to pack our things, saying we would board the plane at 2:00 P.M. Later the *Chefe do PIDE* came to our cell and said he had just received word from Luanda that our case was to be settled in Luso; that if there wasn't enough evidence to convict us, we would be released.

I was happy to hear this. I didn't think they had any concrete evidence against me. While in prison I thought I would never see my wife and family again. Prison was like death. I thought it would never end. Many times I wondered how it could happen to me after so many years working loyally for the Portuguese. I should have left Angola to live and work in another country.

One day in October 1963 we were called out and gathered together in the compound. The *chefe do PIDE* told us we had been wrongly accused; the head of the survey group gave the government false information. They now knew that if the war came to Moxico, it would begin in the larger towns and not in the small posts. He then told us we would be going back to our villages soon, that our suffering in prison was over. Our names were called off by a warder.

Next morning at 8:00 we were taken to the house of the governor of Moxico. He told us it was unfortunate that we had been kept so long in prison through no fault of our own. "When you reach your villages," he said, "you will be compensated for your suffering."

We were issued passes and put into several trucks going to different posts. We were given nothing to eat on the long journey. After two days we arrived at Cangamba. The administrator said that, though we had suffered for nothing, we should have learned a good lesson. "In future," he said, "whenever you see anything strange or notice a foreigner in the town, report it immediately to your *chefe.*"

When I reached Alto Cuito everyone was happy to see me, especially my wife. A big feast was prepared; chickens and a goat were slaughtered, beer was brewed and many friends were invited. It was a grand feast celebrating my release from prison and return to Alto Cuito.

I decided to resign my job as *cabo de ordem.* After what had happened, I didn't think I could go on working for the Portuguese government. My long years as *cabo* had not protected me from

false accusations and imprisonment. None of the Portuguese spoke on my behalf, though the *chefe* at Alto Cuito and the administrator and secretary at Cangamba knew me well.

The *chefe* told me I no longer had a job. He said I should return to my village and keep out of trouble; but if I wanted, I could work for him as a spy, remaining in the compound with Adalina and the child and keeping an eye out for subversives and strange goings on. He suggested I might help find those who had committed the crimes I was falsely accused of.

I told him I wasn't interested, that I just wanted to get a job and earn some money. I asked if I might remain in Alto Cuito and try to get work with one of the merchants. He agreed, but said he wanted no more trouble with PIDE and soldiers.

All my possessions were stolen by the soldiers when I was arrested and Adalina suffered great hardships while I was in prison. Until my release she was forced to spend her days from sunup till sundown in the post. She couldn't attend our fields outside the post and cultivated only a small plot of maize near the compound. My salary was stopped and Adalina had only the little money she earned doing washing and ironing for the soldiers in the town. The Portuguese officials were fearful I might try to escape and come back for Adalina. That is why they kept her under close surveillance. Only at night could she go to our hut to sleep.

I got a job with a local merchant taking clothes to Cabango, selling them and buying cattle to bring back to Alto Cuito. Cabango was very far away, in the southern part of Moxico district. It took a month to walk the distance. The people of Cabango were not controlled much by the Portuguese. They didn't pay taxes and wouldn't accept money for their cattle. We bartered clothes, cloth or other manufactured goods. I made the trip with three carriers. Once in Cabango we spent two months going around the villages trying to barter for cattle.

I made three journeys to Cabango in 1964. First I brought 12 cattle back with me, then seven, and the last trip eight. During these journeys we also bartered clothing for food, and, on the way back, if our cattle destroyed or ate some villager's crops, we would pay in cloth.

My pay for the first journey was to be 600 escudos a month, but

when I returned to Alto Cuito, the merchant accused me of not bringing back enough cattle to make it worth his while. We made a different arrangement. The value of the clothing and other things I took was established. He would then pay me a commission on the number of cattle I brought and deduct the amount I spent for food and damages.

The next two trips I earned only 900 escudos altogether, plus the value of the food we consumed. Out of this I had to pay several hundred escudos to my three carriers. The money I earned for this work was very little, but the danger was great. I risked being arrested and sent to São Tomé as a convict laborer, since trading in cattle was prohibited for Africans. I had to hide myself and the cattle many times during a journey and upon entering Alto Cuito.

I left this job after a year, remaining in Alto Cuito with Adalina. We cultivated our fields, brewed beer and collected beeswax to sell to the merchants. We sold the beer to friends in the town. The beeswax trade was complicated. I bought clothing in Alto Cuito, traded it with some fishermen for fish, then took these to nearby villages to exchange for beeswax, which I sold to the same merchant who had sold me the clothes in the first place. I had to travel to Cuemba to buy the fish, a 75-mile journey taking three to four days.

Adalina and I lived near the merchant's shop. She continued going to the post to do laundry and earn a few escudos. She also worked in our fields. Our child was now three years old and very healthy. We worked hard to buy her proper clothes.

By the end of 1965 I found this new work was getting me nowhere. I decided to quit petty trading and seek another kind of employment. In April 1966 I set out for Cuito Cuanavale in the Cuando-Cubango district. With me was a helper who carried some of my supplies. He was also going to seek work in a larger town. If we found no work in Cuito Cuanavale, we planned to walk farther south to Baixo Longa, then Cuangar. And that's how it turned out, since there was no work for us in Cuito Cuanavale or Baixo Longa.

We heard that wages in Cuangar were very high, as much as 400 shillings a month. But when we arrived, after a month-long journey, we found the situation very bad. Cuangar was on the Angola side of the border with Southwest Africa. I had been there several times before, but many years earlier. Now things were differ-

ent. The Portuguese and South African authorities were trying to destroy the liberation movement of the Southwest African People's Organization [SWAPO]. Every day we saw helicopters coming to Cuangar from Southwest Africa and then returning. Sometimes we could hear them firing their machine guns in the bush. We saw people arrested for being or assisting SWAPO members by the Portuguese authorities. I remembered many stories of killings and beatings in Luanda in 1961–62, and my own arrest and ill treatment by the Portuguese a few years later. These things made me wonder about what was happening in Angola—it seemed that the old times were gone and that something new was coming. The Portuguese now seemed afraid of the power of the Africans.

In Cuangar, when I asked why these people were arrested, I was told they were members of SWAPO, that they had been in Lusaka and were now passing through Angola to enter Southwest Africa.

I remained in Cuangar for a month without finding work. In June 1966 I crossed the Cubango and entered Southwest Africa. I thought I would go to Lundu and seek work. I made arrangements to stay at Kalfuele's village, where I had some Angolan friends. After five days in the village a friend named Kandonge, who worked as an overseer for a building contractor in Lundu, took me to see his employer. The man, Bonaday, asked me what jobs I knew. I told him I knew how to paint, something learned while a *cabo* at Alto Cuito. He told me to report for work the following morning.

That night Chief Kalfuele told me Bonaday was a bad employer. Salaries were low for painters without qualifications or references, only 120 shillings a month, and laborers were often made to work on Sundays. The chief advised me to go to Lundu government post and seek a job there as a painter. He said inexperienced painters at the post were earning 160 shillings a month.

Next morning, instead of reporting to Bonaday, I went to the post. The work supervisor told me he needed painters and that I would be paid 175 shillings a month with no food allowance. I decided to accept the job. I needed work and couldn't go on wasting time looking any further. My plan was to work a few months, save some money, and return home with clothes and a few other things for my wife and child.

The work supervisor told me he didn't like drinkers. He liked

people who obeyed orders and arrived for work exactly at 7:00 A.M. The village was about two miles from the post. I used to leave at 6:15 in order to be at work at 7:00. I worked with others painting the buildings and private houses at the post. We worked till noon, then had a break for lunch. Those who brought food went to prepare it; others went to the shops to buy food and beer. We returned to work at 2:00 P.M. and continued till 5:00.

I stayed on this job until January 1967. Early that month I went to Cuangar without getting permission from the work supervisor. I planned to visit friends and stay only a couple of days. Instead, my visit lasted eight days and when I returned to Lundu the supervisor was very angry. He said, "There's no job for you here now! You should have gotten permission from me before you left. Now get out!"

I decided to try for a job with Bonaday again. He hired me, but at a wage of only 140 shillings per month. The working conditions were also very bad. So on 28 February I left Lundu and started my long journey back to Alto Cuito.

I traveled with three friends going in the same direction. On the first day, after crossing the Cubango, we arrived at the post of Kalai, just built that year. The second day we were drenched from head to foot and had to spend the night in the rain without shelter. Three days later we came to the village of Chinyengo, where I fell ill, weak with fever. My traveling friends were from this village and their relatives killed chickens for us to eat. I spent two days at Chinyengo before I felt strong enough to move on.

Still many days from Mavinga, we met villagers who told us that war was raging between Mavinga and Dima. Even at Chinyengo's village we were advised not to go to Mavinga. Now my three friends decided to go back to Lundu, thinking we would surely be arrested or killed as *bandidos* or terrorists. I told them I had to return to my wife and child in Alto Cuito and continued my journey alone.

Reaching Mavinga area I became sick again and had to stop at the village of Sabiwango. I spent three days recovering. Before I left on the third day, six African militiamen working for the Portuguese government came to the village and asked me where I was from. I told them and then showed my registration card and tax receipts. They paid no attention to my papers, however, and said I

was under arrest. The village headman tried to help me. He said: "This one is not a *bandido*. He is just a common villager. *Bandidos* don't carry tax receipts, registration cards or trade goods. Their job is just to kill and destroy. Why don't you go on your way now and find the real *bandidos?*"

The leader of the militia unit insisted on arresting me. "We'll take him with us," he said, "even though he still looks a little sick. We'll carry his goods to lighten his load."

I had no choice but to go with them. I said to myself that God must have willed me misery and misfortune because wherever I went I found only trouble and grief. I was still with fever when we left. It was raining again and I got wet through to the skin.

After walking 20 miles, I felt that I just couldn't go on anymore. I asked for my pack, which the militiamen were carrying, and took some pills for diarrhea. After a short rest we moved on to the village of Kandolondolo. We came across two other travelers from Cuangar and they were arrested like me. That night I took some penicillin pills and next morning I felt much better. Then, after a long day's journey, we ended up at the village of Chimongwa. The chief was not there

We were now 15 miles from Mavinga post. As we prepared *funji* for dinner, the chief arrived. He told us he had been warned by officials not to allow any strangers to pass through his village. After eating we moved on toward Mavinga. Arriving at night, we were taken to the house of the head *cabo*. It seemed he had been drinking. We were bound and left outside the rest of the night.

Next morning, 1 April, I was ordered to sit back to back with one of the other men and we were bound together. Our arms were also tied. The African *cabo* asked me what I was carrying and I answered in Portuguese that the militiamen were carrying my belongings. The *cabo* got angry when I spoke to him in Portuguese. The militiamen said I was probably a medical assistant for the *bandidos;* they had seen medical supplies in my pack. I told them this wasn't true, that I only had a little medicine with me and was not a medical assistant for anybody. The *cabo* ordered the militiamen to take us to one of their huts located at the post. The other militiamen there were pleased to see that their friends had made some arrests.

We were not taken into the house or given any other shelter. They

left us outside in the wet sand. There we remained all night; in the rain, under guard. We were given no food. By morning I was attacked by fever again. I asked if the militiamen knew my cousin, Sivita, who lived in Mavinga. One of them said he knew her. I asked him if he would please go ask her for a mat for me. He agreed.

Sivita came, bringing me a mat, food, water and firewood. She cried when she saw me in such bad condition. She asked why I had been arrested. Then she told the *cabo* that I had worked as a *cabo de ordem* for almost 20 years at Alto Cuito. "Why don't you untie them?" she asked. "How can they sleep with their arms bound together like that? Is that a good way to keep them, like animals out here in . . . ?"

I interrupted her. "Never mind. We can sleep like this. It is life."

Next morning we were ordered to the office of the *chefe do posto,* then told he had just left for Bié. The head *cabo* tried to apologize, saying he was drunk yesterday and didn't know exactly what he was doing: he hadn't known I was a *cabo de ordem* for 20 years. The militiamen untied us and said, "O.K. We brought them in unbound. It was your order that they be tied up like that." The *cabo* admitted he had done wrong. He went to his house and brought us back some *funji* and maize. After eating, he went to the office of the Mavinga secretary to see what he should do about us. The secretary said we would have to wait for the administrator to get back as he was unable to handle our case.

After [we spent] six more days at the post, in the huts of the militiamen, the administrator returned. During this period the militiamen gave us no food. I shared what my cousin brought and each morning we were taken into the compound and given a small meal.

Mavinga was one of the larger posts. There was the government building, hospital, meteorological station, a number of shops, a police building, an army barracks, school, doctor's house and small airstrip.

When the administrator arrived, we were taken to his office. He called in all 40 of the Mavinga militiamen and asked them about their various missions. When all the others finished, we were called inside with the six militiamen who arrested us. The administrator

asked us where we were coming from. My two friends answered first, saying they came from Cuangar. Asked what they were doing at the time of their arrest, and why they had left Cuangar, one said he was taking his brother, who had burned a leg, to the hospital at Mavinga.

The administrator asked me the same questions. I told him I was in Lundu looking for work, then filled in my time there. He asked why I had no pass from Kalai. I told him that when I passed through Kalai, the *chefe do posto* was not there, having gone to Serpa Pinto. He then looked at my documents and questioned me about them. After a time he said: "Haven't you heard there is a war in this country? That it is dangerous to travel these days? Did these militiamen find you in a village or in the forest?" I replied that they arrested me in a village.

The administrator, becoming angry, turned to the militiamen and said, "I told you to arrest everyone you found in the forest! I didn't tell you to arrest people you met in the villages! Couldn't you see that these men had proper documents? I told you to look for people who came from Zambia, not who have been working in Southwest Africa."

He turned to us and said if we'd come from Zambia we would be imprisoned in Luso. "In any event," he said, "you will have to be punished for traveling without proper passes. Clear the grass at the airstrip, then I'll give you passes to leave."

We worked at the airstrip seven days. On the eighth the governor of Cuando-Cubango district arrived. The administrator told us to finish our work quickly, as he had been asked to accompany the governor to Luenge in order to set up a new post. The following morning we reported to him that we had finished our job. He released us and had the secretary issue us passes.

That same morning many soldiers from different areas gathered at the post and barracks. When we went to the post our belongings were returned to us, but the 40 shillings I had saved and brought with me from Lundu were missing. The secretary said, "We have taken your two pounds. There is no place now in Angola where you can exchange them for escudos and since you're not allowed to go to Zambia, this money will do you no good. It's better if you leave it here with us."

Having been robbed of my money, I set off for Dima, about 75 miles east and north of Mavinga. At Dima I was warned that north of the river Cuando, at Ninda, Chiume, Sete, and other posts, the war was raging. One of the merchants told me the whole of Moxico district was at war. "It is just like Zambia," he said, "but Cuando-Cubango is still the old Angola." At this time, when Portuguese of Cuando-Cubango found someone from Moxico, they would usually accuse him of being Zambian. This merchant told me Moxico was full of Portuguese soldiers and police, and that all posts in the district were headed by *chefes do PIDE*. He said that all villagers were moved close to the posts so that *bandidos* coming from Zambia couldn't find people to help them in the villages and forests. He warned me against crossing the Cuando.

I told him I had to go anyway, that my family was living in Alto Cuito. "Anyway," I said, "if there is war now in Moxico, it will soon cross the river into Cuando-Cubango."

Leaving Dima, I crossed the Cuando. I found that many villagers had been taken to nearby posts. Those I met, in the forests and new villages, told me not to try to reach Alto Cuito. They said I would surely be killed by the Portuguese as a *bandido*. Hearing this from many people, I was finally convinced that it would be foolish to try to go to Alto Cuito. I decided instead to go on to Siloka's village and remain there for a time.

After a three-day journey through the forest, I reached Siloka's village. To my great surprise, I found my wife and child there. Adalina had been afraid she would meet trouble after the war started if she remained at Alto Cuito, so she had taken the child and come to Siloka in September 1966. It was now May of 1967.

In the village I was told about the war between the Portuguese soldiers and the guerrillas of MPLA. I asked if this was really true and the villagers convinced me that it was. They said the posts of Ninda, Chiume, Muié, Cangombe, Cangamba and Sete barracks had already been attacked by the guerrillas. Siloka was near Sete and the Portuguese tried to gather all the people from nearby villages into the barracks behind barbed-wire fences. They said the villagers were relatives of the guerrillas and were supporting them with food and shelter. "If we keep you in the barracks," they said, "you won't be able to help the *bandidos*. You should know that even

if they manage to stay and drive us out, we will kill all of you before we leave. You blacks are always ungrateful. We cut your tails and taught you how to read and write, but you turn around and help the foreigners fight against us."

There was continuous talk in the village about the war. I found myself wondering: "Do these guerrillas really have arms to fight against the Portuguese? Are we really going to be able to fight against them and win? Or will they kill us all, as they say?"

Some people said the guerrillas were using only old hunting rifles. But later, when I spoke with people who had run away from the posts, they told me the Portuguese claimed the guerrillas were not Angolans at all; they were Chinese, Russians and Americans who entered the country as foreigners to drive out the Portuguese and take their place. Stories and rumors of all kinds spread like dry-season fire.

I finally became convinced it was really a war. Not long after my arrival, Portuguese planes came and bombed the villages, including my village of Siloka. This was our old village near the river. The new village was in the forest, about an hour's walk from the river. Chief Siloka moved the village before I arrived in order to escape the bombings and the Portuguese who were trying to put them in the Sete barbed-wire camp.

There were many rumors of Portuguese atrocities—of their cutting off people's ears and heads, and other parts of the body, particularly the sex organs. One day the Portuguese soldiers came to Lukelika, a village between Siloka and Cangombe. They attacked the villagers. Most of the people ran into the forest, but a boy and an old man were captured and killed. The soldiers shot the young boy and cut off his ears. The old man, who suffered badly from eye disease and was almost blind, was bound to a tree and shot. Then they cut off his ears and his penis and removed his eyes.

When this news reached Siloka, I decided to go to Lukelika and see for myself what the Portuguese had done. The villagers showed me the mutilated bodies and the remains of their burned huts. Seeing this made me very angry; but I was also afraid, afraid the same thing might happen to me and my family.

During this period I spent much of my time, along with the other villagers, trying to evade the Portuguese. We had to get our fields

cleared and cultivated in the forest. I built a small hut for Adalina, our child and myself. Instead of building huts out of permanent materials and close together in a circle, we built temporary huts from branches and grass and separated them under the trees to give more security against enemy planes. Some of the villagers didn't even build huts. They slept outdoors around their fires, getting wet to the bone when it rained. The village now contained fewer people; many had moved off a mile or two, separating themselves from the main group.

Occasionally we would hear that Portuguese soldiers were coming, or would hear the roar of planes. We then ran from our huts or fields and hid in the forest. I came to think that the Portuguese were not looking for the guerrillas; they were just trying to find and destroy the people in their villages.

One day in early September 1967, ten guerrillas entered our village. The people were very frightened. They had never seen Angolans carrying such guns. Most of us ran and hid in the forest or fields. The guerrillas called us out, saying they only wanted to talk to us. But the people were still very frightened. Slowly, one or two at a time, we started drifting back to the village. But we remained a good distance from the guerrillas as they started speaking to us.

"Don't run away," the leader of the guerrilla group told us. "Don't believe what the Portuguese told you about the guerrillas. They gave you nothing but lies. They say we are foreigners come from other countries to chase them out and take their place, but you can see this is a lie. We are your own sons. Some of us went to foreign countries, but only to be trained so we could come back to Angola and fight the Portuguese tyranny. We have come back to fight because, as you well know, the Portuguese came to our country long ago and treated us worse than monkeys for centuries. That is why there is now war in Angola against the Portuguese. But this war is not only our war, the guerrillas', it is a war that must be made by all of us, the guerrillas and the people together. You have seen the Portuguese forcing people to leave their villages and live in the posts and barracks. They tell people they will burn their villages and even the whole country if it becomes necessary, and that they have very powerful friends who will help them, like France, Germany, America and South Africa. They say the guerrillas have no

friends to help them, that we must buy or steal our guns and ammunition in Johannesburg. You should not believe this false Portuguese propaganda. We too have powerful friends, and they will help us until we have liberated our country. You should unite with us and fight against the Portuguese enemy."

The guerrillas went on speaking for a long time. The people drew a little closer but still kept their distance. When they finished talking, the guerrilla unit was called to attention and sang the MPLA national anthem. They then moved off quickly toward a part of the forest we were not familiar with.

The guerrillas came to the village about once a week. Each time they would gather the people together and talk to us about why they were fighting and why it was necessary for all Angolans to unite in the struggle against Portuguese tyranny. They told us it was not just the guerrillas who would be fighting for the liberation of our country; the whole people would fight, including us. But everyone would not fight in the same way as the guerrillas, with guns.

"There are many ways to fight," they told us, "and we will help you and the other villagers organize yourselves so you can help us in the struggle against Portuguese oppression. Some will be chosen to do particular things, but those not chosen shouldn't feel they are not participating in the fight. We believe that those who give water are fighting, that those who contribute food are fighting, that those who give information are fighting. We will not say who is to lead the villagers—it will be up to the people to decide."

Slowly but surely the guerrillas won the confidence of the people. When they came to the village, they never touched the young girls or the belongings of the people. When they wanted a chicken or some eggs, they always paid a fair price. They told us they were guerrillas, sons of the people, soldiers of the people, who were fighting to liberate the country.

"We do not, and will not, act in the same way the Portuguese have always acted," they told us. "Among us, all are equal though some do different jobs. We, the guerrillas of the MPLA, are the ones who now fight the Portuguese with arms. But there are many other things which have to be done. You remember how the Portuguese always stole our belongings, our animals, our crops; how they played with our women and called us dogs and monkeys. You

have now seen for yourselves that we are absolutely different from the Portuguese."

While I agreed, like most of the villagers, with what the guerrillas were telling us, I did not really feel confidence in my heart. I didn't really believe in the strength of the guerrillas or the people. I feared the day would soon arrive when the Portuguese came and killed us all.

As time went on, little by little, I came to believe more in the MPLA and in the strength of the guerrillas. I saw the way they acted with the people and how they were getting more weapons and ammunition. I also heard of their successful attacks and ambushes against the Portuguese soldiers. Finally, I came to believe that we really could defeat the Portuguese and liberate Angola. Other villagers were also coming to believe this, and at the same time the guerrillas were winning our confidence, the Portuguese were increasing their brutality, and many stories passed through the village about atrocities committed against the people.

One day in early October 1967 the guerrillas told us they needed some people to help them advise and educate the villagers and do certain other things. People were also needed to help settle cases among the villagers and, where difficulties occurred, to bring them up before the guerrillas. They asked us to choose among ourselves the individuals we felt were most capable. "Then we will come," they said, "and talk to those you have chosen."

The guerrillas left and we had a meeting. I was chosen chairman of the villagers—about 80 men, women and children. Chairmen of the other four villages in the area were also chosen and the five of us came together for a meeting. The leader of the guerrilla detachment told us our main job was to organize the people. We would be told things by the guerrillas and were expected to pass it on to the villagers. We should also organize the villagers to help collect food for the guerrillas since they could not grow all of the food they needed and could not always be moving around from one village to the next to get something to eat. The guerrilla *chefe do grupo* [detachment leader] then said that we, as chairmen, would be the ones responsible for bringing to the guerrillas the food that was collected. We would also lead in solving problems which came up among the people, and where a problem came up which couldn't

be resolved, we would be responsible for reporting the matter to the detachment.

Of the five chosen as chairmen, not one of us had previously been a village headman or chief. The headmen and chiefs were not chosen because the people felt these men didn't really believe in the MPLA, in the guerrillas or in the liberation struggle. The villagers thought that in their hearts these traditional leaders were like traitors. Those of us who were chosen had shown that we had great confidence in the MPLA and in the victory we could win against the Portuguese oppressors.

In addition to being chairman of the village, I was made head of the food supply system. Being chairman meant also that I acted as spokesman for the villagers. (At this time village action committees had not yet been established.)

As chief of alimentation I used to go around the five villages and organize people to collect cassava, maize or millet flour and relish. When I had enough to fill a bag, I took it to the detachment. I also gave advice and information and helped villagers solve minor problems. If there was a quarrel, I acted as moderator. At village meetings I would tell people how we must live, when we should move, and advise them in general about what we should do now that we were at war with the Portuguese. I also tried to convince them to work harder in their fields, saying, "The guerrillas have come here to fight the Portuguese with arms, but we must also be strong and grow as much food as possible for ourselves and for the guerrillas."

One day the Portuguese came to the village of Chinjanja. They arrested Chief Chinjanja and asked him to tell them about the guerrillas and where they were hiding. They said they knew the guerrillas often came to his village. The old chief refused and was taken to the post. The Portuguese gathered together all the villagers they had collected within the post. "Come see what we do," they said, "with people who stay in the forest and help the bandits!"

They started cutting off the old chief's arms, removing both forearms. Then, as the chief was screaming with pain, they cut off his sex organs. These they handed to his wife, whom they had also seized and brought to the post. The old man had stopped screaming by then. He was dead. Chief Chinjanja's wife was also beaten, but was not killed. I heard about this soon after it happened. Some

barbed-wire villagers fled from the post into the forest after witnessing this Portuguese atrocity.

I continued as chairman of the village until April 1968, when I was made secretary of the Sector 4 Action Committee. Earlier, some *activistos politicos* [political organizers] of the MPLA came to our villages and remained several weeks. They had instructions from the Eastern Region Steering Committee. They said the leaders of the movement thought it was time we formed Comités d'Accão and Grupos d'Accão in all the liberated areas of Angola. These action committees and action groups had already been set up in the northern zones of the Eastern Region. They told us also that the women must have their own organization in the villages and sectors, and that the MPLA women's organization was called the Organização do Mulheres de Angola [OMA].

The people, they said, must choose leaders or officers for these organizations. The action group must have a president, secretary, two treasurers and a group leader of political education. The action committee had the same officers; the difference was that a Grupo d'Accão represented one village, while the Comité d'Accão represented all of the villages in Sector 4.

A large meeting was held with all the villagers in the sector and people were elected for the different positions. I was elected secretary of the Sector 4 Comité d'Accão. My job was to go around the villages and gather information from the action groups. I kept records on their activities and progress, on deaths, births, marriages in the villages, etc. All this information I passed on to the chairman of our action committee. At the end of each month I had to prepare a report from the action committee and take it to the political organizer attached to the Zone C Military Command.

In early May I was selected to go outside Sector 4 to gain greater understanding in politics, so that I could perform my job better. I agreed to go, saying: "My comrades working as secretaries in other sectors have had political training, so I also should go to be trained. I'll have to leave my family for a time, but I have done this before. Many other comrades have had to leave their families as well. So I will be glad to go and be trained in politics."

At the end of May 1968 a courier arrived with a letter for me. It said I was to report with him to Hanoi Center as soon as possible.

There was nothing in it about the kind of training I was to receive. That evening we prepared food for our journey. Next morning we set out for Hanoi Center in Sector I. The trip was to take us ten days. On reaching the Lukilia river, we heard the approach of Portuguese helicopters. We hid in the bush and watched as they landed in the plains of Lukilia. Soldiers got out and set fire to the forest, then got back into the helicopters and left. We continued our journey. On the way we passed many burned villages. Crops had been set on fire and in some cases animals were put inside huts and burned alive. We also met a villager who ran away from the post of Cangamba. He told us he'd gone with many others to work on a coffee plantation. After a year of labor, he and others were brought back through Luso to Cangamba. But at Cangamba they were ordered back to Luso and told they shouldn't attempt to return to their villages. The Portuguese said all the people in the villages had been killed. The man told us he had decided to go and see for himself, that when he met us he was on the way to his village.

We told him the Portuguese were lying, that most of the villagers had moved away from the rivers and into the forest. We then let him go on his way.

On 10 June we reached Hanoi Center, where I was to remain for better than a month. We reported to the Zone C political organizer, Dino Matros, and learned that earlier, on 24 May, the Portuguese had started a three-day bombing attack on Hanoi Center. They also had tried to penetrate the base on foot but were driven back by the guerrillas. A guerrilla detachment remained at Hanoi Center, but the Zone C command post was shifted to a new site. The First Eastern Regional Assembly would be held in this new camp later, in August.

We went to this temporary zone base camp the next day. Comrade Dino explained to me and the other new arrivals that it was very important to maintain discipline. We were told never to steal from comrades or villagers; men were ordered to stay away from others' wives and from women guerrillas; we were not to quarrel or fight among ourselves. He was addressing 18 of us, five men and 13 women. We had all been called to Hanoi Center for training. He went on to say that while stationed with the detachment, we should make no unnecessary noise; we were to go to our huts to

sleep at 7:30 P.M. and wake up at 4:45 A.M.; we should always be very careful and cautious.

"You should not be too concerned with food," he said. "Sometimes you will have to sleep with hunger. There are many of us here at the camp and food will be scarce."

At first, until the camp was completed, I worked with a group constructing huts. Sometimes we dug trenches and bunkers. Representatives of all five zones in the Eastern Region arrived. Also five officers, four zone commanders and the regional commander, Spartacus Monimambu. Several *chefes do grupo* were also there, with about 75 guerrillas.

There was much work to be done in preparing the new camp. We were told an assembly was going to take place, but we didn't know what kind or when it would be. I was told I would participate in the assembly and even get to sing a song during the cultural program.

The camp became very crowded and food scarce. We were told on 12 July that the assembly had to be postponed for a month. Next morning at the *formatura,* 19 of us were selected to go to Sector 4 and begin constructing the new Zone C base camp. At 9:00 A.M. we left for the new camp. I was placed in charge of the group. Our instructions were to go to Angola d'Hoje [Angola of Today] in Sector 4 and report to Zone C commander, Mundo Real.

Our first stop was at Group G. They told us some Portuguese troops were heading in our direction and we sent word back to the assembly camp. Next morning we spoke to some of our village militiamen who told us there were no Portuguese soldiers nearby. We then set off again, walking as far as the river Ninda. Before crossing, we sent one man ahead to do reconnaissance. He returned and said the way was clear. We spent the night near the camp of Group H. The following afternoon we saw five Portuguese bombers heading toward the Zambia border. We didn't stop at Group H but went on to spend our third night at Group I.

The *chefe do grupo* warned us to be very careful on our journey: the Portuguese had burned the forest ahead and were using many helicopters to do surveillance. We accepted his advice and traveled mainly at night and very quickly.

In early morning we approached the old Hanoi Center, which had been abandoned except for a small detachment of guerrillas

since the May bombings. I decided to go ahead and do reconnaissance. While crossing the river Lukilia, I heard the roar of Portuguese helicopters. I went under water, holding my breath till the 'copters had passed. Then I continued across the river and ran into the forest for cover.

Soon the two helicopters returned and landed in an abandoned field. I watched as they set fire to a cluster of huts, fields and surrounding forest. I thought they might come my way when they had finished their dirty work, so I ran back to the river. Hiding in the reeds by the water's edge, I saw the soldiers return to their helicopters. They rose from the ground and circled the area, finally landing in a different spot and setting more fires. Occasionally there was a burst of machine-gun fire from the helicopters. This went on from 8:00 A.M. till 4:00 in the afternoon. I remained all the time hidden in the river reeds.

After the Portuguese left, three men from my group came to the river near where I was hiding. They thought I might have been killed or captured and had come to look for me. When I heard them coming through the water, I signaled to get their attention. I told them what had happened and then called the other men across the river. That night we slept in the forest.

After walking three days we came to Group L. The *chefe do grupo* told us Portuguese troops had passed earlier along the Ninda-Chiume road, that they might have set up ambushes. We decided to cross at night. We remained with Group L, having lunch and leaving late in the afternoon. One of the guerrillas in our unit said that after we crossed the road we would pass by a field owned by his mother. We could stop there and collect some cassava roots.

At 6:00 P.M. we approached the road. I went ahead with a comrade to do reconnaissance and found the road clear. I remained and sent the other man back to bring the unit forward. We crossed one at a time, then walked on till about 11:00 at night. Several miles past the road, we camped for the night in a thick forest.

The following morning we reached Group P. We slept that night near the detachment in huts of the action group president's village. There we met comrades who had just come from Group D. There was plenty of food in the village and the people prepared good meals for us.

Next morning we set out early and reached Angola d'Hoje that same day. A guerrilla came out to meet us and led us to the camp. We were greeted by Commander Mundo Real [Masindi Kwenu]. A *formatura* was called and we were introduced to other comrades who had arrived before us and were stationed in the area. Comrade Mundo explained that he had sent for us to help build a new base camp, Hanoi II.

After the *formatura,* old friends greeted each other cheerfully. Mundo told us latrines had been dug in the camp and that we should not relieve ourselves in the bush. He then told the cook to prepare *funji,* saying we must be very hungry after our long journey. After eating, we were shown our huts. That night I slept long and deep.

After a day's rest, we were told by Commander Mundo that we would be joining the others in building the new base, mainly in the construction of huts. Many people, he said, would soon be coming to the Hanoi II Center. Twenty guerrillas had already been working at the new base for over a month.

And so, for the next month and a half, I spent my days with comrades building huts, digging trenches and doing other work necessary to get Hanoi II ready for those who would be coming. Comrade Mundo told us Hanoi II would be the new command post for Zone C, and would also contain a CIR school and medical clinic and training center. We had to build a separate camp for the CIR and the students and teachers who would soon be coming. The medical clinic also had to be constructed.

One day we were warned the Portuguese had bombed an area near Angola d'Hoje, about a one-day walk from Hanoi II. A short time later Portuguese helicopters landed near Muié and the soldiers killed nine villagers caught in their fields. Before landing, the Portuguese machine-gunned the village and dropped grenades. Four villagers were captured.

On 8 September 1968 we received the first group of guerrillas and visitors from the Eastern Regional Assembly. With them was the new Eastern Regional commander, Comrade Janginda, and a commander from the First Region [in northern Angola], Masinda Cota. A short time later another group arrived, including a Zambian and an American journalist. I was asked by Comrade

Likambuila, acting as interpreter for the journalists, if I wanted to have my life history recorded for a book. I agreed and soon began working with Comrade Barnett on this story.

On 20 September the CIR school opened. A ceremony was held, attended by all the officers and visitors as well as the 50 or so students, including me. I was asked to make a speech. I said: "I am glad to see that the leaders have come here to help us open this new CIR inside Angola. On behalf of myself and the other comrades who are entering the school, I want to say how happy and proud we are to be able to study and learn to be better revolutionaries, in the MPLA's own school in liberated Angola. At the CIR we hope to learn and gain experience so that we will be able later to help teach our countrymen and comrades. Since our struggle started in the Eastern Region, it has progressed very well. When the fight started and the MPLA guerrillas had only a few weapons and little ammunition, many people, including me, lacked real confidence that we could win. But now, because of what I have seen and experienced myself, I am certain that we can win our independence from the Portuguese tyranny. Our forces are growing and our struggle is advancing. I am sure that in the future Angola will be free and that our people will have a good life."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Marsha—A Fourteen-Year-Old Guerrilla

My NAME is Christine Chipema; my guerrilla name is "Marsha." I was born in November, on a Saturday, in 1953. It was near the post of Ninda in a village called Chinjenge. This is in the Moxico district of eastern Angola. Chinjenge village is about three miles from Ninda post. It is named after my grandfather, who is the headman of the village. It was built along the river Ninda, about 200 yards back from the water.

When I was a little girl, Chinjenge was a large village. There were about 40 men and 150 people altogether. Later, in 1965, some of the people were taken to the Mindole coffee plantations to work, others fled to Zambia, and there remained in the village only about 35 people, including ten men. Now the village is abandoned.

Chinjenge village was built in a circle, with a road passing through the center. This road led from Ninda post to Sete barracks and then to the Zambia border. I don't remember the exact size of the village, and I wouldn't know how to measure it. But as a young child of two it took me all day to walk from one end of Chinjenge to the other. In the village we raised cattle, goats and chickens, and cultivated fields of cassava, millet and maize.

When I was born by mother almost died. I was told by my parents that when I was very young I was extremely stubborn, and that I used to break people's calabashes with sticks, knock over pots that I found boiling on the fire and pour my mother's mealie-

meal [maize flour] on the ground. This was when I first began to walk, when I was a very little girl.

When I was about three years old my father made me a fishing weir. I used to take it around the village, filling it with leaves and sticks and pretending they were fish. I used to cry a lot when I was young. If I lost something and was unable to find it, I would cry. Then I would go into the forest and finally fall asleep, staying there until my parents came to get me.

At that time I lived in the house of my father. It had two rooms. One was the bedroom of my father and mother and the other was the sitting room, where I slept at night together with my sister. She was three years older than I. Before that, when I was a very small child, I slept in the bedroom with my parents. I was not yet three years old then. I now have a little brother also. He was born in 1963.

The house was square with a grass roof and wattle-and-daub walls. It had two doors and no windows. There was no space between the ceiling and the walls, so the only light we got was through the doors. My mother did the cooking outside the house.

When I was young I remember playing with the other children and building small huts in the bush outside the village. There we used to play and copy the older people. We sometimes pretended to be different kinds of animals, like hyenas or chickens or dogs. Those who pretended to be grown would stay in the little huts and the hyenas would go to the kraals of the goats and pigs. But the goats would begin to make noise and the dogs would bark. Then the grown-ups would come out and chase off the hyenas. Sometimes we took mealie-meal from our parents and pretended to cook it. We also had our pretend fields where we cultivated our own crops.

I remember at this age being very frightened of the big masks. These masks were used in the adult dances. When I was naughty or fought with my friends I was warned that the masks might come for me or that they would have to be sent for. Someone might say, "Look, the masks are coming!" or "We'll have to go get the masks." This frightened me very much and I would run into my mother's room.

These masks were very big, covering the whole body of a per-

son. Some had big heads and beards and they were very ugly and fearful. They were used by the men during the circumcision ceremony. The boys would come out of their circumcision camp dancing and wearing these masks. One mask which I feared very much was called *Ukalue*. It was huge and had a child painted on the back. It had a very small head with feathers on it instead of hair. Whenever I saw them dancing with that mask, I would run off into the forest and hide. One time while running away I fell and hurt my leg.

When I was five years old my father made me a small hoe. From that time on I went to the fields with my mother to help cultivate, though at first I could contribute very little. At home I had my own calabash. I used to take it to the river with my mother and bring back water. After a time, my father made me a small mortar and I began to help my mother grind the cassava, maize and millet. We beat the grain or dried cassava roots with a long pole stripped of its bark.

By the time I was six or seven, I would sometimes be left in the house while my father and mother went to the fields. There I would make relish for the afternoon and evening meals. Sometimes I would prepare fish, sometimes meat, or sometimes cassava leaves [*chombo*], which we would eat as a relish with the boiled meal [*funji*].

My mother loved me very much, but at times I felt that my father didn't like me. He would beat me if I happened to leave the pot on the fire too long and it got burned.

When I was seven, I went to visit my sister, the daughter of my father's older brother. They were living in a nearby village. There I helped take care of my sister's young children. This village, Musoloi's village, was about six miles from Chinjenge's village. I remained there with my sister for a year. I was then somewhat grown and was given more responsibilities. When my sister went to the fields to cultivate, I would usually be left at home to grind the millet so that when she returned she would find the flour ready for cooking. And when she spent the whole day in the fields, she would leave me relish and meal so that I could prepare her husband's meals.

There was a river, also called Musoloi, about 50 yards from the

village. It had many fish and I went there very often with my friends to catch them. We fished with a weir called *fiengo*. It was a small weir about two feet high. There were many leeches near the river and I was afraid of them. When I stood in the river they often attached themselves to my legs and feet. I used to pull them off with my hands or scrape them off with a stick.

While I was with my sister, the headman of the village, Musoloi, died. The villagers killed some chickens, goats and pigs to make a feast. When the feast was held all this food was eaten, but as they ate, the villagers also cried.

Soon after the headman died, I fell ill and had to be taken to Ninda post for treatment. I had pains in my ribs. At the hospital I got an injection and was rubbed with a certain kind of medicine. After about ten days I felt better and returned to the village. Soon after, my mother came to take me back to Chinjenge's village. I was eight or nine years old by that time.

We then used to hear rumors that some house at Luso, the capital of Moxico district, had been burned to the ground by an invisible man called Lumumba. We heard that when he wrote, you could see the pencil moving, writing on the paper, but that you couldn't see the hand or the body of the writer. This Lumumba also used to drop pictures into the towns and posts from the sky. On these pictures were two people, a black man and a white man. The instructions were to tear out the white man and leave the black man. Many of these rumors were spread by the *cabos* from the post.

At this time the Portuguese ordered some people to come from their villages to the post to dance for them. These people belonged to a religious group whose members cultivated a single field and ate in common. All the members wore the same white clothing. This sect belonged at first to the Seventh Day Adventist, but then they separated from it, going their own way under African leaders. The Portuguese officials also used to call in the masked dancers from my village and the neighboring village to perform for them.

When I was ten my father's brother died. Before he was taken to the burial ground and buried, we young children were called to dance in his honor. There were about 40 of us and we danced around the hut where the man's body was being kept. Though I

danced, I was very sad because my "older father" was now dead. The old people told us that unless we danced there would be many more deaths in the village.

Soon after the death of my "older father" there came to the forest many thousands of caterpillars. We used to go and collect them from the trees to eat. Some of them were in the bushes, others in the tall trees. If we couldn't reach them, we would cut the small trees down. The caterpillars were about as big as my little finger and had little tails. We collected them and put them in our small calabashes. When we got home we cut them open and cleaned them. Then we put them in our pots to cook over the fire. Once cooked, we took them out and put them in the sun to dry. After that, we would use them as a relish with our *funji.*

At this time the children of my age had play houses in the forest. We often took our food there and prepared meals for ourselves. This was called *mangongo*—the building of huts in the forest and the games we played there. The younger children would sometimes pretend to be the children of the thirteen- or fourteen-year-olds. They would sleep with their pretend parent in the small huts. I liked to pretend that I was a cock, and in the morning when the other cocks crowed, I too would crow. When the older children went to sleep, we would also crow to wake them up. They were playing that they were husband and wife and as soon as they went into their huts we would crow, before they had even had a chance to go to sleep. The older children didn't like this. They used to get angry and chase us, trying to pull out our feathers so we couldn't crow anymore. We would run to the river trying to escape from them.

When the older children grew up and got married, I and my friends also got older. We moved in to take their positions in *mangongo,* with the younger children now playing the part of the cocks, etc. When I was older and we caught the cocks, we buried them so that only their heads stuck up out of the ground.

When I was around twelve, my girlfriends and I used to have boyfriends. We used to make huts out of sticks and leaves and go inside with our boyfriends. Then we would go to sleep together. But we didn't touch each other. There was a strict rule against sexual intercourse.

Earlier, when I was about nine, I had become a Protestant be-

cause my father and mother were Protestants. When they went to church I had to follow them. A small church had been built in our village and one of the villagers acted as preacher. We went to church every Sunday. What I liked best was the singing. I loved to sing the hymns. Then, on Easter Sunday and Christmas, we used to make big feasts and many people from neighboring villages would come to Chinjenge. Goats, pigs and chickens were slaughtered for these feasts and there was always plenty to eat.

By the time I was twelve I had my own field. My father used to clear it for me. Then I would cultivate and plant cassava and millet. I became like a full-grown girl. I would harvest and grind my own crops, prepare food for my father, catch and prepare fish, and collect firewood and water from the river for my mother.

Before this time I saw very few Portuguese in my life. Only now and then, when I went to Ninda post with my mother to trade some of our goods or to buy something from the merchants. But in 1966 the Portuguese began coming into the villages to recruit militiamen, and there were many soldiers in the area. At first I didn't understand what was going on, though I used to see men running away and to hear that some had even hanged themselves. But I didn't know why they refused to join the militia.

I remember the first day Portuguese soldiers came to our village. I was very frightened and ran away to hide with my father in the forest. When I asked him why we were running away, he said, "If we stay in the village, we will probably be arrested or killed by the Portuguese soldiers." When the soldiers finally left, we returned to Chinjenge.

About a week later we received a message from Monteiro, the wife of a merchant at Sete barracks. It said we should come to water her gardens and work at the barracks and that we would be paid in clothing. She wanted the older girls and boys to come. We decided to go. There were nine of us altogether, five girls and four boys. We brought our blankets with us and prepared to spend some nights at Sete.

Once at the barracks, we gathered water from the river and took it to Monteiro's gardens for her flowers and crops. We would travel to the river many times for water. A few older women, servants of Monteiro, helped us.

At the barracks we watered the crops and gardens and drew water also for washing clothes and for the kitchen. We started work before the sun rose—I don't know exactly what time that was. We then worked till noon, when we had a short time to rest. We returned immediately to work without eating. At sunset we stopped working. Usually we were given some food for supper by the merchant's wife. Sometimes food was brought to us by relatives from the village.

The merchant, Monteiro, was a retired army man and had asked that some Portuguese soldiers be stationed at Sete to protect his business. Before the soldiers came, he was the only Portuguese at Sete. His wife was a *mulata* and the other 40 or so people who lived there were Africans.

After working at Sete for a month, I was paid 20 escudos [70 cents]. They said we could take our money and buy clothes at the shop. Before I took this job I thought we would be paid the same as the adults who worked at the barracks. Now I saw that we were paid much less. But there was nothing I could do. I just thought in my heart that if they ever called me to work again I wouldn't go.

While at the barracks, the Portuguese soldiers used to treat us very badly. They kept trying to make love to us. They would grab us and try to force us off into the bush with them. But we always refused, saying that we were too young for such things. None of us was over thirteen or had reached puberty. The merchant's driver also treated us badly. When he found us down at the river collecting water, he used to beat us and shout orders at us to hurry up and bring the water back to the shop.

After our last day's work we were each paid the 20 escudos but were given no food to eat. Monteiro's wife told us to bring her some water in the morning before we left for our village. We had gone the whole day without food and now spent a hungry night. The next morning we were given a little food and decided to prepare it before going to collect water. Then as we were cooking our breakfast, Monteiro's wife came. We had been living in two of the huts used by workers who went into the forest to collect firewood for the shop and barracks. She ordered the nine of us to follow her, leading us to another little hut near her house. Once inside, she asked us why we were so late going to fetch her water. We told her that we were preparing food because we hadn't eaten anything the day before. She then shouted, "I'll treat you to something right now!" And she

started beating us with a *palmatória.* She beat us five times on each hand, five times on the bottom of each foot, and then five times on the buttocks.

When she had finished beating us, she sent us to collect maize from her fields. She said, "Once you have finished harvesting the maize, which is your punishment, you can leave for your village."

It took us a week to harvest all the maize from her fields and bring it into the shop. We were given no additional pay for this work.

When I didn't return to the village as planned, my father came to the barracks. He asked Monteiro's wife why we were still there, since we had completed our work. She told him she was punishing us and that we could return to the village after we had harvested her fields. She then told him, "If you continue arguing with me like the children, I'll punish you, too! I can beat you just as well as your children!" My father then became frightened and returned to the village.

When we finished the harvesting, we were ordered to return to the village. My parents were very happy that I had returned safely. Soon, however, all the older women of my mother's age were called in to clean the barracks in return for salt. They had to go. They worked for three weeks, going to the barracks during the day and returning to their villages at night. When they had finished the job, each was given a bowl of salt and some soap.

For the 20 escudos I had earned at Sete I bought a yard of cloth, which I wore as a shawl.

After leaving Sete barracks, I spent only one day back at Chinjenge's village. My brother had come, my father's older brother's son, and he took me with him to the village of Sakateta. This was near Mussuma post, known to us as Mitete, which was very close to the Zambia border. The village was built along the Mussuma river. We walked for five days, day and night, before reaching the village. We had to cross three rivers during the journey.

Then, the very day we arrived at Sakateta's village, my brother was arrested by the Portuguese. When they came I ran away into the forest with one of my other brothers, the son of my mother's sister. The older brother with whom I'd come was grabbed by the soldiers. He shouted after me, "Return to your own village. As for me, I don't know whether I'll be alive to see you again."

That same night we started walking back toward Chinjenge vil-

lage. We walked almost continuously because we had very little to eat and didn't want to starve. It took us seven days. My little brother couldn't walk very fast. He was only eight years old. We were both weak from hunger. After two days of travel, I thought seriously about going back to find out what the Portuguese had done to my older brother. I also was not really sure that I could find my way back to Chinjenge's village. But my little brother said we should keep going to Chinjenge. He said if we got lost we could always find a village and people to direct us home.

After crossing the Nengo river, we heard motor cars coming along the road which ran beside the river. We quickly hid ourselves behind a fallen log and weren't seen. When we reached the river Luce, it was night and I decided to try to find my grandmother, who lived in a village nearby. We found the village without much difficulty and my grandmother led us into her hut. The villagers had just slaughtered a cow and my grandmother, seeing how hungry we were, gave us plenty of cassava meal and meat. She told us to prepare our dinner and then go to sleep. But after we had cooked our food and eaten, we decided to pack up the extra food and leave right away. We slid off into the forest along a path without saying goodbye to our grandmother. We knew she would have us sleep the night in the village.

We walked on through the night until sunrise and after a short rest we moved on again. About 10:00 in the morning we saw a woman cultivating her field. We asked if she could show us the way to Chinjenge's village. She was not very nice. She asked us where we had come from, then accused us of being children of those who were bringing trouble to the country. We said, "No, we are not. We have just come from my older brother's village. He was arrested by the Portuguese. That is why we are returning home." But the woman refused to show us the way to Chinjenge. We begged her. Finally she pointed to a path leading away from her fields.

We set off, but after walking a short distance we found we were heading in the wrong direction, back toward my grandmother's village. Luckily, while taking this wrong path, we met a man who said he would show us the way. He too was going to Chinjenge and would accompany us on our journey.

The man took us first to Caconge village, then on to Musoloi's village, where my sister lived. She wasn't in the village when we

arrived, but some of the others gave us food to eat. We then continued our journey, reaching the Ninda river at about 7:00 P.M. We wanted to cross and go on to our village, but there near the river we met armed guerrillas. They stopped us and asked us where we were from. I told them, "Mussuma village, and we are heading for Chinjenge." They said we shouldn't continue our journey that night but should go with them to their detachment camp. Tomorrow they would return us to Chinjenge's village.

So we went to the guerrillas' camp, where they prepared us something to eat. They continued asking us questions and we told them the whole story about how I had traveled with my brother to his village, how he was arrested by the Portuguese, and then how my little brother and I had run away and were trying to make our way back to Chinjenge's village. We also told them we heard rumors that Sete barracks had been attacked by guerrillas. We wanted to get home as soon as possible to find our parents. If they fled to Zambia, we would have to follow them.

The guerrillas agreed to return us to Chinjenge's village that same night. I thought it was good we weren't traitors as they might have killed us right there. We had accidentally passed very close to their encampment when we were stopped by the guards.

They took us to the village across Ninda river, to Chinjenge's village. My parents were happy to see us. We found that the barracks had not been attacked, that what we had heard were only rumors. The guerrillas left us at the village and soon we slept, being very tired from our long journey.

The next night Sete barracks was attacked. Some of the guerrillas passed through our village on their way to the barracks. They told us that we should remain there and not go into Sete that night or for the next few days.

Early the next morning Laulindu, a tailor who worked for Monteiro, came to the village and told us about the attack. "The whites told us that the 'bandits' killed five of their friends but that they would pay dearly for their crime." Laulindu then warned us not to leave the village. He said Portuguese soldiers were going around the villages, killing anyone they found in the forest on their way.

Around 10:00 that same morning Portuguese soldiers arrived; about ten of them came in a lorry. They gathered us all together in the village and then their leader said that last night they had

been attacked by terrorists who had killed five of their friends. He claimed that his soldiers had killed 29 of the bandits but that some had escaped. We were then asked if anyone knew where these bandits were hiding. The villagers replied that they knew nothing at all about the "bandits" or where they were hiding.

Then about 30 people, all but the old people and the very young, were put on the lorry or asked to walk behind it. We were taken to Sete and shown where the "bandits" had crawled up to attack the barracks. But we were not shown any of the guerrillas' bodies. They just showed us some blood around in the sand and said it belonged to the dead "bandits."

A Portuguese soldier stood up, a man we nicknamed "Sakafuti" and whose real name was Antonio Cangato. He said. "Look, we've killed many of your friends. I told you that when the bandits came we would not be worried or afraid. As for me, I just take a cigarette out and smoke it. The bandits shoot and shoot, but they really don't know how to handle a rifle. Then I just take up my machine gun and fire a few shots, killing some of them and chasing away the rest."

This man who bragged to us, Sakafuti, was to die a short time later. He was killed in the first guerrilla ambush on the road leading to Sete.

After the talk and warning by the Portuguese soldiers, we were allowed to return to the village. Back in Chinjenge there was much conversation, but most of the people thought they had been lied to by the Portuguese. All we had seen was blood. The soldiers just pointed to a locked hut under guard, saying the "bandits' " bodies were inside. But these bodies, we thought, were probably Portuguese killed in the attack.

A few days later I went with a few others to Sete dispensary, taking a friend of my brother in for treatment. The Portuguese on duty ordered us to return to the village, saying there would be no treatment for Africans that day. On the way out we passed some lorries and looked inside. We saw a number of bodies, including that of Sakafuti. Then a soldier on guard saw us and chased us away. The villagers were very pleased when they learned of Sakafuti's death. He had a reputation of being extremely cruel.

The following day many Portuguese soldiers came to the village. They told us that we should pack up all of our things—goats, pigs,

chickens, personal belongings, etc.—and prepare to move into the barracks. The officer in charge told us that if we remained in our village the *bandidos* would come and kill us. Then the main chief in the area, Limbalambala, said to the Portuguese: "Don't waste your time here at Chinjenge worrying about the *bandidos*. I know very well where they are hiding and will lead you to them." He drove off with the soldiers to where he thought the guerrillas were camped, but when they arrived, they found no one.

Next morning the old chief led the Portuguese to another area, but the guerrillas had been warned by some Chinjenge villagers and set an ambush at the Tulundulu river. When the soldiers reached the place, they were ambushed. Ten lorries went out from Sete and only seven returned. The other three were left where the ambush took place. A number of bodies of Portuguese soldiers were removed to Sete and later taken to Lumbala [Vila Gago Coutinho].

Next day the soldiers came again to our village, this time removing some of the men. They took them to the ambush spot and forced them to put the bloody sand into one of the armed cars. They said the blood was from bandits, that they didn't want it left on the road. At the same time, they tied the damaged lorries onto other trucks and pulled them back to Sete.

The Tulundulu ambush took place on 28 December 1966. A short time later the Portuguese came and ordered all the villagers in the area to prepare to move to Sete or Ninda post. Some of the people were taken immediately to the villages closest to Sete barracks. A few days later, the Portuguese went from village to village ordering people to move to the post or barracks, burning their huts and setting fire to their fields. Old or sick villagers who couldn't move were just put inside their huts and burned alive. Some of the villagers were taken to Sete, others to Ninda and the rest to our village, which was very close to Sete barracks.

Later they came and took one man from our village and three from the village of Chief Limbalambala. These men were ordered to lead the Portuguese to where the guerrillas were hiding. The men said they didn't know where the guerrillas were, but the soldiers insisted, saying, "Let's just go and see!" After walking about a mile from the village the four men were shot.

The soldiers returned and told us to pack our belongings and

head for the barracks; they didn't want us to remain in the village any longer. They gave us a day to make our arrangements and said they would return the following morning. Our village, Chinjenge, was less than three miles from Sete barracks.

We quickly started to prepare our things, but instead of waiting for the soldiers to return the next day, we set out that very night. Once in the forest we slaughtered our animals to eat during the journey. Then we fled, moving continuously to the east and finally crossing the border into Zambia. There were more than 200 of us altogether.

We stayed in Zambia at the villages of Kachamisa and Sikongo for about two months. I stayed there with my parents. We had no relatives in Zambia. During this time, life was not easy. Many of us went around to the neighboring villages asking if we could work for food. There never seemed to be enough food. After two months we had all become very thin. Then in early March 1967 we decided to return to Angola and take our chances with the Portuguese. It was better than starving in a strange land.

Returning, we built our huts in the forest close to our fields. No one went to Sete or to our old village by the river. In less than a week, however, the Portuguese soldiers came, led by a traitor. They arrested ten people and killed one woman. The rest of us escaped, fleeing deeper into the forest.

My parents then decided that we should return to Zambia. We left the following day. There were about 50 of us, including my parents, my older sister and myself. As we approached the border, we saw a column of Portuguese lorries passing by on the road which divides Angola and Zambia. We hid in the bush and they passed without seeing us. It was about 35 miles from Sete to the border and the trip took us several days. Once the Portuguese passed we again crossed the border out of Angola. We went to Sikongo, which was nine miles inside Zambia. Here I was to remain for almost three months.

There was little for us to do at Sikongo. Some of us went to work for others in return for payment in yams. Several times guerrillas passed through and when they did, they would give us talks on politics. They told us we should return to Angola and help them in the struggle against Portuguese domination and oppression.

Life was once again very hard for us in Zambia and at last we agreed with the guerrillas and decided to return to Angola. We went back to the general area of our original village, but this time we built our huts even deeper in the forest. It was now late in May 1967.

Our new village site was about four miles from a guerrilla detachment. The leader of the detachment told us that we shouldn't remain where we were, as it was between their camp and the Portuguese barracks. He advised us to move closer to the detachment. We did this and the very next day the Portuguese came into the bush. They were ambushed by the guerrillas, who had been warned that the Portuguese soldiers were on their way. The detachment then shifted its camp to Chitondo and we followed. This new site was about two miles from the old detachment camp.

There were 15 guerrillas in the detachment. People from about ten villages built their huts nearby. Some villages had 20 people, others 30. They were scattered, with a group of huts in one area and another about 100 yards away. The guerrillas built their camp some 75 yards from the river. About 100 yards farther away the first cluster of temporary huts was built. I stayed with my parents about 150 yards from the guerrilla detachment.

While living near the detachment, I saw many young boys my age joining the guerrilla unit and being trained. I decided that I too wanted to join the guerrillas and fight against the Portuguese. They had brought so much hardship and suffering into our lives. Even when we made our two trips to Zambia and spent those many months there, my heart was back in Angola. But I was afraid to return there alone.

I was told by the older people that in a war many people die but some always live. While in Sikongo we had heard Zambians talking about their independence, and spoke with many of the guerrillas about the struggle to liberate Angola. Even then I thought, "When we return to Angola, I will try to join the guerrillas and play my part in the struggle."

Then one night as we were sitting around the fire with my parents, I told them I was going to join the guerrillas. They didn't object. They just said, "All right, go and you will learn for yourself."

The next morning I went to see the leader of the guerrilla unit. I

told him I wanted to join the detachment, to contribute what I could to the struggle. He replied, saying, "O.K. That will depend on you. You can stay and learn. Then if you are capable, you can go out and teach others of your age in the villages." He told me that I should remain at home with my parents during the night and report to the detachment early every morning. I would stay with the guerrillas throughout the day.

The political organizer [*activisto politico*] visited the detachment soon after I'd joined. He had heard that a young girl had joined the group, and when we spoke he suggested that I go to the main base for training and not remain with the detachment. That very same day, late in the afternoon, we started our journey to Hanoi Center. We slept in the bush that night and the next morning arrived at the Zone C base camp.

I was quite frightened as we entered the base. We formed a parade. There were three rows with 30 men in each. I was the only girl. The political organizer introduced me to the zone commander, Comrade Mundo Real. Mundo told me he was very pleased to have a young girl at the base and with a guerrilla detachment. He then introduced me to the men. A week later, a second girl entered the base as a guerrilla. Soon several other women entered. But I was the first girl to be recruited as a guerrilla in Zone C and brought to Hanoi Center for training.

That first day I was also told that at the base camp there were commanders, chiefs of sectors, chiefs of groups, subchiefs and guerrillas. Commander Mundo said discipline was very important, that we should obey the orders issued by our military leaders. He also said we shouldn't do anything on our own, anything we hadn't been instructed to do by one of these leaders. He told me that as a woman I would have to gain respect for myself and maintain an inner discipline. The rules at the base prohibited entering into love affairs. I was to be considered a regular guerrilla and would receive both political and military training.

After the parade, we were taken down to the kitchen area and I was shown my hut. It was located between the huts of the commander and our *chefe do grupo*. We were then given something to eat.

Next day Mundo called me into his hut and asked if I thought I

was able to work, that is, to function as a guerrilla, remaining in the forest and living as they did. I replied that I could. He told me: "Here in the forest there are many hardships and much suffering. There is little clothing, very little soap, and we don't eat well. There is also much danger. We must always be prepared to move out very quickly and to walk long distances, whether it is raining or not and even at night." I told him that I thought I could stand up to all the hardships and perform my duties as a guerrilla.

"Don't you think you might run away," he said, "when you come up against severe hardships and suffering?" "No," I replied. "I shall work and fight until Angola is free. Whether I live or die, I must struggle against the Portuguese. It is for me a question of *vitorio ou morte* [victory or death]. I know I must do my job well." Comrade Mundo then told me I could go.

I remained at Hanoi Center from May 1967 until May 1968. During this year the normal routine was to wake up at dawn, when the chief-of-the-day clapped his hands. Once awake, we packed and tied our things and hid them in the bush for the day. Half an hour later a second handclapping was the signal for us to report for physical training. We reported to the parade grounds and did many different kinds of calisthenics. Sometimes we ended our exercises by running to the river and back, which was about 100 yards from the parade area. After half an hour of exercises we went to wash ourselves and prepare for breakfast, which was at 7:00. The morning meal usually consisted of *funji* with relish, either fish or meat.

Then at 8:00 A.M. we had to be on the parade ground for the morning parade, called the *formatura.* There we were assigned different tasks for the day. Some would be sent hunting; others on long patrol (which was different from the 5:00 patrol around the perimeter of the camp); others assigned kitchen duties, and so on.

My tasks at first were to grind meal and work in the kitchen. Later, when other girls came to Hanoi, I became their drill leader and trained them in physical education and the handling of weapons.

I used to work in the kitchen with some of the other guerrillas until 2:00 P.M. The midday meal was, again, usually *funji* and relish. At 2:00 I went for military drill and training in weapons, which lasted till 4:00. Then I would return to the kitchen and help prepare the evening meal.

At 5:00 we had the evening *formatura* and at 6:00 P.M. we ate our dinner. About an hour after sunset we went to bed. At 7:00 P.M. there was a clapping of hands for silence. Even if some hadn't finished eating, they had to remain silent, continuing to eat but making no noise. We were to be asleep by 8:00. After a few months, when more women came to Hanoi, ten of us would sleep together in a large rectangular hut on wooden beds with straw mattresses.

As the main base in Zone C, Hanoi Center was very big, with about 300 huts and many guerrillas. What I enjoyed most at the base was making parade and going out among the villagers near the base, joining the people in singing the MPLA songs. I also enjoyed learning how to shoot a rifle and hearing the sound of the firing.

When the professor of the CIR arrived in July, I started classes. I went to school from 8:00 A.M. till noon three days a week, right up to the time I left Hanoi Center in May 1968. Sometimes after eating lunch we returned to the school for an hour or so in the early afternoon. I enjoyed learning.

Since I had never been to school before, I was put into the first class. We learned the alphabet and then how to read and write Portuguese and Chokwe, my language. We also learned the other local languages, such as Luchazi. Besides reading and writing, we learned MPLA songs and dances and had lessons in politics. There were 40 students besides me in the beginners' class, which was called the "subprimary class." Above that, for those who had been to school before or who could already read and write, there were the primary, second and third classes. Altogether there were about 190 students. Our main teacher was helped by a few guerrillas who had already received some formal education.

I was very good at school and I liked it. I worked hard to learn reading and writing. At times it was very difficult for me. Sometimes there were disturbances or attacks and we would have to move, but by the time I left Hanoi Center I was able to read and write fairly well. In my class the students were from seven to seventeen years of age.

In November 1967 I reached puberty. I was sent home, where a Christian ceremony was performed by my parents. I was a Christian

then, and I think I am still a Christian today. I have been told there is a God and I guess I believe it, but I don't know what or where he is. Chickens were killed, *funji* and relish were prepared, and we had a big feast. That was the extent of the ceremony. After a week in the village I returned to Hanoi Center.

On the morning of 24 May 1968 Portuguese planes came over Hanoi, five bombers and three helicopters. They started to bomb and strafe the base and drop grenades. Though Portuguese planes had passed near the camp before, they had never bombed it. This was the first time. The planes came over just after the chief-of-the-day had clapped his hands. We were packing and tying up our personal belongings when we heard the roar of the planes. Those without arms were told to move off into the forest. The guerrillas with arms remained in the camp.

Then the bombing of the base camp started. Several of the bombs fell right into the kitchen area. We ran about 30 minutes from the base. I was very frightened, but I was also very angry at the traitor who had led the enemy to Hanoi Center.

The Portuguese bombed the base on and off for the whole day. Then they returned for a second and third day. The helicopters landed troops, who tried to enter the base. They were ambushed by the guerrillas who had remained behind protecting those who had retreated into the forest. The Portuguese soldiers came on foot, with helicopters protecting them from above, but our comrades ambushed them anyway. Some of the enemy soldiers were killed and the rest were forced to retreat.

On the evening of 26 May the bombing stopped. Those of us who were unarmed set up a temporary camp in the forest not too many miles from Hanoi I. There were about 50 of us altogether.

A few days later I was attacked by scabies. Because of this I returned to Group H near Chinjenge's village, where my parents could look after me. The scabies remained despite various treatments and after a week I was taken to Sikongo for better care.

At Sikongo I went to the dispensary every morning at 8:00 and got medicine. Then I would wash myself, apply the medicine and return to rest in bed, to sleep if I could. For a time I was very sick but finally I began to get better.

When I was fully recovered I returned to Group H near my vil-

lage. This was near the end of June 1968. I spent two days at home, helping pull cassava roots from the fields and soaking them in water to make *mwanza* [cassava soaked in water for about a week and roasted in the ashes of a fire]. On the third day Dino, the political organizer of Zone C, arrived at the detachment camp. He told me I was to accompany him to the new Assembly Camp. I prepared my blanket and a few other things and we began our journey the same day. I was very happy to go. I thought my friends would pass way beyond me in their studies if I didn't return to school soon. I had lost a month while sick at Sikongo.

Whenever we rested on our trip, I asked Comrade Dino questions. We talked about our life in the future, after we had defeated the Portuguese. The morning after leaving Group H we arrived at the Assembly Camp. We were shown places to build our huts. The general routine was the same as at Hanoi Center. The first day we were divided into work groups. Some went for grass, others to cut wattle trees for poles, or to collect a certain bark for binding the wattle poles of the huts, etc. Next morning we began putting up the huts. It took us about two weeks to complete. The First Eastern Regional Conference, which was to begin very soon, would be held here.

After building the huts, we began to prepare gardens. We chose and cleared an area not far from the assembly grounds for cultivation when the rains began. I also did some washing and trained the other girls in military drill.

After spending about a month at the Assembly Camp, some of us were told we would not be remaining there; we would be going to Sector 4 of Zone C to a camp called Angola d'Hoje. On 28 June, before the Eastern Regional Conference began, I left with a group of 20 guerrillas under the leadership of Comrade Pimpo, subdirector of the CIR in Zone C.

The first day, before crossing the Ninda river, we were told that many fish in the river had died from the severe cold. It was one of the coldest dry seasons that the villagers could remember. When we came to the river, we found that what the villagers told us was true. We collected many fish which we cooked in the evening to eat as a relish with our cassava *funji*.

At 4:00 the next morning we continued our journey. We

marched through detachments H and I, and then as we were coming close to the old Hanoi Center, we heard three helicopters approaching. Someone shouted, *"Avião!"* and we quickly dispersed. The area we were moving through had been burned out and we hid ourselves as best we could at the base of the larger trees. Luckily the helicopters passed without seeing us and we moved on, crossing the river Lukilia and going on to the detachment which had been left behind at Hanoi I. There we were welcomed by our comrades and prepared to spend the night. We had very little food for the number of people in the camp. All of us went to sleep with empty stomachs.

Before sunrise the next morning we set out again. We passed detachment J and then, after many more hours of walking, came to detachment L. The *chefe do grupo* told us they had no food. Some comrades from Zone D to the south had just passed through and had eaten what little they had. He said there was a place nearby where we could gather sweet potatoes for our evening meal. It was then about 7:00 P.M. We went to the field, located the sweet potatoes and built small fires from bundles of straw. We dug up and collected the potatoes in a ditch until we thought we had enough. That night we didn't eat the sweet potatoes, we just cleaned them and put them in a pot for cooking the next day.

The following morning we cooked our sweet potatoes, ate them and left. After a long walk we came to a camp called Casanje, where we expected to find one of the guerrilla detachments. We found instead that this group had left. We were met and welcomed by village militiamen who told us they had some millet which had been collected by the villagers for the MPLA. We were shown the millet and took some to grind for our meal. In the evening we prepared our *funji,* which we ate with ground and boiled cassava leaves [*chombo*]. We then packed some of the millet meal for the following day's journey and went to sleep. We went to sleep early as usual, but after only an hour and a half we were awakened by the guards. They had spotted some Portuguese soldiers heading straight for the detachment camp. The enemy had probably seen our evening fires from their own encampment. They opened fire on us while still some 200 yards away. We retreated into the forest and none of us was hurt.

Next morning we set out once again. We had to push on quickly

as we had very little food. If we ran into the Portuguese soldiers we would just have to take our chances. Our group was very poorly armed. We had five grenades and one submachine gun carried by Comrade "Big Brain" Likambuila, Zone C Chief of Operations and Reconnaissance.

After traveling about a mile we saw three helicopters. We watched as they landed in a nearby plain and picked up a group of soldiers who had unsuccessfully attacked us the previous night. We walked the whole day and into the night. At 11:00 P.M. we crossed the Muié-Cangamba road. We were now in Sector 3. At this point Comrade Likambuila left us. He had to go on to detachment M.

That night we camped in the forest. We were unable to move on because some of the women had brought babies who were now crying from hunger. Next morning we started out early as usual but soon we got lost and had to head back toward the Lunge river. Fortunately we reached one of the guerrilla camps later that morning. The detachment was called "Movel" and the *chefe do grupo* was nicknamed "Leo." He welcomed us and we talked for a time. We wanted to continue our journey, but Comrade Leo said we shouldn't, that there was no sense going on being as hungry as we were. He sent two of his men out to hunt and after a short time they returned with an animal. Soon we had plenty of fresh roasted meat to eat. We ate again that night and slept.

In the morning we moved on to Group Avança, where we spent two days resting because our legs ached so from the long journey. Then we set out again for Angola d'Hoje. When we arrived we were greeted by Commander Mundo Real. We stayed at Angola d'Hoje for one whole day, then set off for what was later to be called Hanoi II. We arrived on 7 July 1968, on a Saturday. After spending a day resting, we were told by Comrade Mundo that a guerrilla could never afford to be tired; we should begin building the new base camp right away.

The routine at the new center was the same as at Hanoi I. We started working mainly on the huts. This site had been chosen before we arrived but construction had not yet begun. We were to build it up from scratch. In a month there were many huts as well as the kitchen area, latrine and some trenches for protection against

bombing. The CIR school building had also been started. Helping us in the work was a guerrilla unit camped in this area when we arrived. A short time later another group came to Hanoi II from the Assembly Camp, and they too helped in the construction work.

When the huts were completed, we started preparing our gardens. They were about three miles away along the stream at the bottom of the slope. We continued this work until two large groups of people arrived after the closing of the First Eastern Regional Assembly.

We have built many huts here at Hanoi II. Many of them are still empty, awaiting the arrival of more guerrillas. Altogether now there are about 100 people here.

Life at Hanoi II before the arrival of the two new groups was hard but good. The only military actions were some wild Portuguese bombings near Angola d'Hoje and the killing of some villagers by the Portuguese near the post of Muié.

For the past several days I have been recording my story. I look forward to the opening of the CIR on 1 October, which is next week. This camp is not bad and I want to continue my education at the CIR, but actually I liked Hanoi Center much better. It was placed right among the people, while here at Hanoi II the people are quite some distance away. Also, the river at Hanoi I was very near, about 50 yards away. Water was never a problem. Here the river is a long way off and it is difficult to keep enough water in the camp. Food is also a problem for us. It was even worse at the beginning.

When the MPLA entered this part of the country, many people thought they wouldn't be able to do anything because they were so few. When the guerrillas entered they began to suffer. They didn't have much food and the people didn't like to give them food. They accused them of coming to do nothing. This was because at that time the Portuguese were giving the people their politics. They told the villagers: "Don't give these terrorists any food. If they get nothing to eat, they will die or be forced to return to Zambia."

Many of us didn't agree with this. We thought, "These men are our friends, they are our sons and brothers." So we used to steal food and give it to them.

When the guerrillas came to Moxico, they were few. As time went on they increased, until now we have many hundreds. When

they entered, there was only one commander; now there are many commanders. At the beginning there was only one zone; now we have five zones. From only a few detachments many detachments were created. Then the people began to believe that their brothers had really come to work and to fight, and they started helping them. Then those in the villages who earlier had no confidence in the guerrillas began to realize the truth, and many of them joined the guerrillas. They had come to see how brave and fair the MPLA guerrillas were, and how powerful the weapons and ammunition were which they brought to fight against the Portuguese.

The people of Angola have seen that our struggle is going ahead well. We must learn more. The leaders must bring more weapons to fight with. We must build more schools and hospitals so that our people can learn and be cared for. In the future we shall win our independence and begin to rule the whole country. We will then build enough schools and hospitals for all Angolans to learn and live and work in peace.

When we gain our independence, I want to be a political organizer. Then I will be able to teach the young girls and boys, and also the old people, and in this way help to build a new and beautiful Angola. Even when I get married, I won't give up my political work among the people.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Paulo Candonga

My name is Paulo Candonga. My guerrilla name is "Mawinji." I was born in the village of Samalada on 15 January 1949. This is in the post of Lumbala, which the Portuguese call Vila Gago Coutinho. My father's name is Kamkumbi Sakandonga; my mother is Maria Ngombe. My youngest brother died in an ambush last year. He was seventeen years old. It happened when he went out with a patrol and they spotted the enemy. They set an ambush, and after the attack, when they were retreating, my brother was shot. I now have two older brothers—Sangombe, aged thirty-one, and Swana Mateso, aged thirty-three. Both of them are villagers.

Let me return to my early life. One day I began to crawl on the ground. I used to pick up some little trees or grass. When I touched bad things, like excreta or fire, my mother stopped me. Later on I began to have some knowledge. I began to stand up, then to walk. When I learned to walk, I played with friends, boys and girls in the village. We went in the bush near the village, catching little birds in their nests. Later we began to make small traps. I used to play and talk with my friends at night, sitting around our fire.

Also, during the daytime, we used to make our *mangongo*. When our parents went to their fields and we were left in the village, we would enter our mothers' houses and take out some plates, pots and a little cassava meal. We then went to the forest and built our little huts made of branches. We would divide ourselves—some would become dogs, some chickens, and some people. Then we entered

our houses to sleep. The cocks would crow and we would awake. Those who were chosen to be women prepared our meal, which we ate. Among us, the grown-up boys became our fathers. They took their hooks and went to the river to fish. When they returned with fish they would become angry with us, showing that we were their sons and had to obey their rules. At sunset we returned home.

As time went on I became a full-grown boy. At *mangongo* I took over the rights which the older boys used to have. I was then five or six years old. I visited my mother's and father's parents. They lived at Nengu, in Muyuvu's village. When I was very small my father carried me, but as time went on I would walk on my own. It was a three-day journey to Muyuvu's village. We would stay there one or two weeks, then return to Lumbala.

When young, I was sometimes very happy. I would go into the bush to play with my friends and then, when I returned to the village, I would find my grandparents, who had come to visit us. They would put me on their legs and play about with me. So I was very pleased.

Only one thing made me afraid when I was young. That was when the *cabo* who worked for the Portuguese came around our village. All of us would run to hide in the bush. One day they came and arrested my cousin Munjini. He was seized and forced to join the Portuguese army. Munjini told us, when he returned, that he was taken with some others to the Portuguese barracks. There they were treated badly, being newcomers. They were beaten as they were being trained. Later they got experience and served in the army. After staying in the army for five years, Munjini was told to return to his village. They said he might be called later to serve again in the army. He returned without any money. He had only two blankets and the uniform he wore.

Our village was built along the river Mushuma, about 100 yards from the waters. The houses, made of mud and wattle, had grass roofs. There were about 19 men in the village. There were also 25 women, married and unmarried, and 17 children. The people raised goats, pigs, cattle and chickens. They also cultivated cassava, millet and maize, and some rice.

During that time I was happy. We had plenty to eat. I thought very little and played a lot, because I was a young boy. But we had

very little clothing, and if we became ill our parents used to treat us with African medicines, because we had no modern medicines or hospitals.

The first work I did, when I was five, was to trap birds and go to the river for fishing. Sometimes I collected firewood and drew water for my parents. During these years, before my teeth were filed, I saw Portuguese coming around the village to get men and women for work at the posts. Some were enrolled to work on the roads. My father and brothers, and even my mother, used to be taken to work at the post or on the roads. I was not happy when my parents were taken away and I was left in the village. One day the Portuguese spies came to our village and demanded taxes. My father had no money to pay the taxes. He was then told to dance in the village. The women were called to clap hands for him and watch him dancing. This was done to humiliate him. He was then taken to the post, where he remained three months to work off the unpaid taxes. When he returned he brought no money with him. He brought only a piece of cloth for my mother.

When I was about seven or eight years old, my main work in the village was catching fish. I used hooks, nets, and also made spears for catching the fish. Sometimes I caught only four or five fish in a day, but usually it was around ten. I took the fish to my mother and she would give some to friends with whom she worked.

In the village we used to wake up about 6:00 A.M. My mother prepared breakfast before going to the fields. Some men went to the forest to collect honey, cut trees or do other work. We would be left in the village with food to eat. About noon the parents returned and prepared lunch. Then in the evening other food was made for our supper. At night we sat around the fires. Sometimes the old people would tell us good stories. We would go to sleep about 10:00 P.M. The younger children went earlier, around 8:00 P.M.

Our main food was *funji* made of cassava meal. The cassava was dried, pounded into meal, then boiled in water until it was thick. In the morning, noon and evening we ate *funji* with a relish of boiled fish, meat or chicken. The rest of the things which my parents grew were taken to the post to sell for money; money for paying taxes and for buying clothes for us and themselves. But the Portuguese merchants paid very little for our products and often there was not

enough left after paying taxes to buy clothes. Sometimes there was not even enough to pay the taxes.

In the village I watched some of the circumcision ceremonies. I enjoyed seeing the masked dancers. One day there came to our village a man named John. He came from Zambia with a great mask which danced round a pole. I also used to like watching the old men hearing and settling cases.

At first there were no Christians in the village. Later on there appeared a man who came to preach the word of God to us. Some people then neglected their African beliefs and became Christians. The others believed in spirits and grew special trees which they worshiped as their gods. They carried on with their dances and believed in their ancestors. When someone became ill, he went to the African doctors. These doctors would find that the man or woman had a bad spirit. They would cut little sticks which they painted black, white and red. These were then planted near the house of the sick person. At night drums were brought near the house and a fire was built. Many people gathered and they beat the drums. The sick person then danced. Next morning he or she was given some medicine and treated with herbs collected in the forest. The people believed their ancestors were good, because when drums were beaten and they danced for the ancestors, they would usually get well in three or four days. And sometimes, when they asked the ancestors for rain, it would rain. So the people believed that their ancestors cared for them and were powerful. Sometimes, however, the ancestors did bad things to people. We were told that when maize was grown, it was necessary to brew beer and give some to the ancestors before eating any. The ancestors were close by, in the form of trees planted near the house. If you ate newly grown things before or without giving some to the ancestors, it was believed you would get sick or have bad luck in your work.

In 1956 my teeth were filed. This was our custom. The old people told us that during the night, as we slept, our unfiled teeth would go into the forest and eat excreta and other bad things. They said we had better have our teeth filed so they would stop going out of our mouths and into the forest at night. When we met other boys who already had their teeth filed, they would laugh at us and joke about our teeth going out and eating excreta. So I decided to

have my teeth filed. The morning after I'd made this decision, I went to a nearby village where there was a filer named Lisenga. He gave me a small branch to bite on and made me lie down on my back. Then he took out his knife and began filing. He filed the eight front teeth, making them pointed. It took him about an hour. It hurt. I felt pain as he worked with his knife. But I couldn't cry. If I cried, the girls would laugh at me. So I just lay back and suffered the pain without tears.

When I was about nine I began going with my father to the fields to clear and prepare them for burning and planting. I also started making larger traps and setting them to catch duikers. By that time I knew well how to trap animals. I would kill those which entered my traps and bring them to my father. We all enjoyed eating the roasted or boiled meat.

As I became a fully grown boy, I danced the *kalakuta, mwakoa* and *chilunga.* Many people celebrated and enjoyed themselves at these dances. I could leave the house at night and dance. Sometimes the sun rose while we were still dancing. The dancers were men, women, boys and girls. Our music was drums, the clapping of hands and singing. When we danced *chilunga,* the people brewed beer, which we enjoyed while dancing. The *chilunga* is danced only at circumcision ceremonies, after the circumcised boys are taken out of their circumcision camps. Sometimes dancing lasts the whole night, sometimes as long as three or four days, depending on how much beer there is.

When girls reach the puberty stage they also make *chilunga. Kalakuta* is danced on some occasions when the people are happy. They dance just to enjoy themselves but do not brew beer.

I was happy when we went visiting with friends, drinking some beer with the old men, then singing, dancing and returning to our village at night. What I wanted and enjoyed was just to dance, drink some beer and have some clothes to wear. I had no chance of getting married at that time.

The old people told us stories. One night they told us how the locusts appeared in the country and ate all the people's crops. In that year many people died of hunger. I was worried that this might happen again in my time and that I too might die from hunger.

At night we sat around the fires. The women had their fire at a

separate place. The men, all the men of the village, would gather around one fire. And the young men, when there were no stories, sat at their own fire. But when there were stories we gathered with the men at one place.

The old men told us how the Portuguese came, especially when they reached the area of Moxico. They said: "First of all, before the Portuguese, there came Africans who carried salt to sell to the people. They told our people that this salt had its owners. 'They will come after us and you will see them. They are white and are very powerful.' But our forefathers rejected this, saying, 'When they come, we shall fight against them.' "

The old men said that time passed and later what the salt carriers had told them came true. The Portuguese came, and when they reached Moxico they were very angry and brutal. They fought against the people, who stood and returned their attack. The people took rubber which they had collected and prepared to Africans employed by the Portuguese. These workers sold them pipes from which they made their own guns, known as *tuniungulu*. They also traded their rubber with a few merchants and workers for gunpowder which they stole from the Portuguese. They used this gunpowder with their homemade guns and fought against the Portuguese. But they didn't have enough gunpowder, and when it was finished it was difficult to get more. Many men who worked for the Portuguese were arrested and killed when it was discovered they had sold gunpowder to our people.

In these battles many Mbunda people were killed and many more were captured and taken as slaves. The old men said that when the war ended and the Portuguese took power, they grabbed many of our people to work on roads and at the posts. The Portuguese told them, "We have conquered you. Now you are our slaves and must work for us." "Even today," the old men said, "the Portuguese tell us that when they entered the country our forefathers fought against them, shooting and killing many of their men with homemade guns. They say that our people made Portuguese blood flow in the country, but that we were unable to defeat them, so they took power. 'Your forefathers rubbed dirt on us,' they say, 'and now it is our turn to return the favor.' "

The old men told us that our forefathers were weak, that they

didn't have enough guns or gunpower to defeat the Portuguese. That was why they conquered us in battle and we surrendered. I was not pleased to hear this explanation—that our forefathers were weak because they didn't have enough weapons to defend themselves against the Portuguese. I didn't laugh at them. I just said, "If it happens again, during my time, I think we will defeat them."

It happened that one day the *chefe do posto* from Lumbala came around to enroll people to pay their taxes. After the people were gathered and taxed, he called my father, telling him I was supposed to go to school. My father agreed that I should go to school and that very day I left with the *chefe do posto* for Lumbala. I was eleven years old.

He took me to the mission of the Capuchin Fathers. I saw several of my friends there. The missionaries received me, saying, "You are going to have your education here."

At the mission our routine was like this. Early in the morning we woke up and went to the church to pray. We stayed there about an hour and at 7:00 A.M. we went to the mission gardens to cultivate. At 8:00 we left the gardens to attend classes. We were taught reading and writing in Portuguese, some arithmetic, natural science and geography. Classes ended at noon and we had our lunch. After that we didn't return to classes. We rested an hour and at 2:00 P.M. went back to the gardens, where we worked until 4:00 P.M. Then we went to the church to pray again. At 5:00 we went to our kitchen to prepare food for supper. After eating, we sat around chatting. Those in the third or fourth classes would review with the beginners what they had been taught in the morning. We talked and played about until 9:00 P.M., when we went to sleep.

In the gardens we planted tomatoes, cabbages, onions and other things. But these crops didn't belong to us; they belonged to the church. Though we didn't pay school fees, we worked many hours each week in the mission gardens without receiving any pay.

I was by that time a Catholic. My father became a believer in 1960. I liked going to school and learning, but the treatment there was not good. We were often beaten by the Fathers with a *palmatória* or with whips. At night we were often awakened by the missionaries and ordered to draw water from the river in large drums and to collect firewood. If one of the boys did something wrong,

then the whole class was beaten. Or if we made a mistake in our sums, we were punished. All these beatings were carried out by the Capuchin Fathers. When they didn't beat us, they punished us with hard labor.

One day one of the Fathers asked me if I had been to circumcision camp. I told him, "Yes," and he said, "Let me see." I refused to show him and he became very angry and beat me, slapping me about the head and ears and, when I fell down, kicking me in the buttocks and back. I cried and felt very unhappy. There was no good reason for him to give me such a severe beating. I had only refused to show him my circumcision.

Another time, at about 10:00 o'clock in the morning, we went to the river in a truck with two of the Fathers to draw water. At the river some of my friends took buckets and went to draw water. I worked in the truck, filling the large drums. After a time, one of the buckets slipped from my hands and the boy who brought it got wet. The Father shouted at me, asking why I had poured water on my friend. Then he beat me and threw me into the river. By the time I dragged myself out of the freezing river, the drums had been filled and we drove back to the mission.

I remained at the mission school for three years, completing the second class. Then I left because of the harsh beatings and hard labor. I knew that sometimes the teachers had to beat the students who made mistakes, in order to teach them. But there are different kinds of beatings. At home your father or brother would sometimes beat you, knowing that you had wronged, but at the mission many of the beatings were not just and were very brutal. So one day some of my friends and I decided to leave the school, because the treatment was getting worse. When I returned to the village my parents wanted me to turn around and go back to the school. But I refused because of all the suffering I had seen and experienced there.

I spent the next year at home. Though my parents continued to try to get me to return to the mission, after a time they left me alone. Then they decided to make a circumcision camp for us. One day I saw my father, brothers and other men of the village going out to collect firewood. I didn't think about what was happening. Then at night, after collecting plenty of firewood, they built a fire and

began drumming and dancing. This went on until sunrise, but I still did not understand its meaning.

In the morning I was called out with some of my friends. They told us, "Today you are going to the circumcision camp." Taking us outside the village, they shaved our heads. Then they ordered us to take off all our clothes and said, "Now you are going to the circumcision camp so that you may become men. Don't be frightened."

We were taken to a spot near the village and they began cutting us. We were called out for the operation one by one and the doctor, called *chikenzi* in our language, cut us with his very sharp small knife. After we had all been circumcised, we were led to a hut about 100 yards from the village. We were 13 boys altogether. Though I felt much pain when the *chikenzi* was cutting me, I didn't cry or move.

As I said earlier, when the Capuchin Father asked me if I'd been to circumcision camp I said, "Yes," but then I refused to show him my circumcision. I lied to him because I thought: "He is a man and I too am a man. He wants me to show that I have not yet been circumcised so that he can treat me like a child. But I am not a child."

After we had been operated on, the old people, the leaders of the circumcision camp, told us: "This is our custom. Here there are no blankets; you will depend only on fire for warmth. You will sleep near the fires as did our forefathers, so don't think you are going to get blankets." From then on we lived and slept near our fires, without clothing or blankets.

We didn't work or move around until our wounds healed. We just stayed in one place. The old people brought us water and food from the village. But we had to sing before receiving the food. This continued until we were healed. Then we began going into the forest to trap small animals and birds, and to the river to fish and collect water. The animals, birds and fish we caught had to be given to the leaders of the circumcision camp.

These old men told us that whatever we saw or learned at the camp was secret and mustn't be told to the women when we returned to the village. They then taught us how to make masks. We pulled up certain roots, twisted them into small ropes and sewed the ropes

together to make the masks. They were very nice in appearance and very much in demand. They were all quite large, but there were several different kinds. Some had big heads, some had small heads; some had cotton on the head and others had feathers. The faces of the masks were like the faces of real people; they had ears, noses and eyes, but they were painted in many different colors. This made the people frightened.

We made about 25 masks in our circumcision camp. Sometimes we would go to the village of one or two of the boys. All the masks would enter the village and begin dancing. The villagers would prepare a feast for us, because we told them that the new masks had arisen from the earth or had been delivered by those ancestors who had died long ago. The 13 boys I was circumcised with didn't all come from the same village, but from different nearby villages under the same chief. The masks which we made were kept hidden, to be used again at the next year's circumcision camp. Those which rotted were burned. The masks were very big, made like a suit reaching from head to foot.

At the circumcision camp we were given instructions and taught rules by the old men. They said these rules and instructions had been left for us by our forefathers. We were taught that a man should work hard in order to make his living, that he should think about the future so that he could prepare himself. They told us that it was bad for a person to become a thief; that we should work and earn our own living and not have to rely on our friends or be forced to steal.

We were warned many times that when we went home we shouldn't tell the women how the masks were made or what they were made of. We were also told that when we returned to our villages we should plan for marriage. But we weren't to rely on our parents to get *lobola* [bride insurance] for us; we should work hard and obtain *lobola* through our own efforts. There were also rules about sex. When your mother closes the door of her house, you shouldn't open it. You must never sleep with the wife of the *chikenzi,* or with the wives of any of the older men who were with you at the circumcision camp.

The leaders of the camp told us that we who had gone through the circumcision together should respect each other. The 13 of us, as a

group, were given the name "Katongo," since that was the name of the boy whose parents initiated the circumcision camp. If one of the boys was older than you, you called him "brother"; if he was younger, you called him "young brother"; and if he was the same age, you called him "friend."

So we were given many instructions to follow when we came out of the circumcision camp. We remained at the camp for nine months, coming out in the tenth. I was then thirteen years old; I was a man and had gained much knowledge. Though I still considered myself a Roman Catholic, I believed that I had to go to the circumcision camp because this was our custom. The Catholic Fathers were not pleased when they heard we had gone to circumcision camp. They talked harshly to our parents about it and to us when we returned to the village.

But I didn't spend much time at home. I built my own hut and then decided to learn carpentry at Lumbala post. I worked as an apprentice for Antonio Kakuli, an African who owned his own shop. It was some distance from the village to the post and I found it difficult to go and return each day. So I moved to the post. During my training I made chairs, tables, beds, etc., and sometimes did carpentry work on new buildings. Kakuli did not pay us for our work during training. Sometimes we sold chairs or tables which we made on our own or received small payment when called to work on a building. But I was not able to earn very much, and I was not able to save anything from what I earned.

I stayed there with Kakuli for a year and finished my training. But I had no tools of my own or money to buy them and so was not able to work for myself as a carpenter. I decided to go to Johannesburg and work in the mines. After earning and saving money, I would buy carpentry tools and open my own shop.

Returning to the village, I told this plan to my parents. They were not happy about my going to Johannesburg. I had to explain things to them in great detail. Finally they agreed and prepared some meal for me to eat on my journey. I was not planning to go alone but with a friend, Ntaithi Kutoko, from a neighboring village. We set out early in the morning, heading for the village of Sapato at Chalala post near the Angola-Zambia border. We carried our blankets, clothes, some meal with fish and meat for relish, and plates. We

didn't carry pots for cooking, because we thought we could borrow some in the villages where we stopped to spend our nights. I had 20 escudos and my friend had 50.

We arrived at Chalala village around 9:00 at night. The people welcomed us. We were shown a hut where we could spend our night. The villagers gave us food, so we didn't have to cook our own. It was now 14 October 1963.

We left Sapato's village at Chalala very early the next morning. Before setting out on our journey, we went to the village headman, telling him we were preparing to leave. He agreed and wished us good luck on our journey. We walked four hours and then came to the village of Sagitenga. The people were out in their fields and only the small children were left in the village. We prepared and ate some of our food.

We set out once again an hour later, coming to a spot near the border early in the afternoon. We rested, questioning each other about which route to take to cross the border. There were two ways. One was to pass near the African shops at Bukali village. The other was to cross the Nengo river into Zambia. We spent over an hour discussing the matter. It was now a difficult time, because the Portuguese placed spies along the border. Anyone caught trying to cross into Zambia was arrested and imprisoned.

We finally decided to cross the border by river, through the small harbor of Nyandi. We would cross by dugout canoe. After walking a short time we reached the Nengo. We crossed without trouble. We each had to pay the canoe owners 2.50 escudos.

Once in Zambia, we walked till late afternoon. At the village of Kashasha we bought some fish and used it as relish with the *funji* we prepared. Kashasha was in southwestern Zambia, not far from the Angola border. Around 7:00 P.M. two friends from Luati arrived. They had also left Angola in search of work at the mines. The villagers received and welcomed us, but didn't give us any food. We ate our own, then they showed us a hut where we could spend the night.

In the morning, before sunup, we started our journey to Sikongo, arriving there at 6:00 P.M. We went to see the officer in charge of enrolling people for work in Johannesburg. He told us we were too late, that the office was closed. "Go to sleep," he said. "Tomorrow I

shall enroll you." He gave us some mealie-meal to prepare our *funji.*

At Sikongo we met many Angolan friends who were also trying to go to Johannesburg. The next morning we were called in by the officer in charge, an African. He had a European boss. After we were enrolled, they told us that a truck was coming from Kalabu, bringing *makaisa* from Johannesburg. When it came we could leave for Kalabu. This word *"makaisa"* meant those who had already worked in South Africa and were on their return journeys back to their villages.

The Portuguese didn't like Angolans going to work in South Africa. They said any man or youth wanting to work for wages should go to Mbumbu or some other place inside Angola, but not to Johannesburg. We had in fact escaped from Angola. The recruiting agents knew this, but they didn't care. They told us to wait, but didn't say what kind of jobs we would be doing at the mines, how much money we would earn or how long we were expected to work in Johannesburg or some other town.

That afternoon the trucks arrived with *makaisa.* We were lined up and then packed into the trucks like sacks of millet. Our names were written down as we boarded the trucks and we were asked where we came from. Those of us from Angola were put on a separate list. In our group of 30 men, 19 were from Angola. The rest were Zambians.

We arrived at Kalabu late that night. The 40-mile trip was not long by truck. When we entered the town, the drivers stopped and left us in the trucks while they went to drink African beer in a nearby village.

At Kalabu we again met many friends. Some were from Angola and others were Zambians. There were about 100 of them when we arrived. We were given food and then we slept. Next morning we were lined up and our names were called. They again enrolled us, asking the names of our parents, the posts we came from and the countries. We were also examined. They didn't use machines or inspect the whole body. They just looked into the eyes and mouth. Some of the men were rejected and ordered to return to their villages. "You are not strong enough to work in the mines," they were told.

I wanted very much to earn money and I was happy to be among

those chosen to work at the mines. My three friends were also lucky. Some of the others from Angola were rejected.

We spent two days at Kalabu. The treatment was not bad. We were given food and places to sleep. The rooms we slept in were very tiny, about 30 men in one small room. We slept on the floor and were given no blankets.

Early on the morning of the third day we set out for Mongu. It was a journey of about 25 miles, but we had to cross the great Zambezi river. We went by truck to the Luambimba river, then were put on a big barge. After moving south for several hours, this river flowed into the Zambezi. We were met at the harbor by trucks. It was sunset by the time we were unloaded from the trucks at the Mongu compound. The mining company agents, employed by Winela,[1] told us we shouldn't leave the compound. They said there were sorcerers who would kill us with knives if they caught us in the bush. They also said there had to be complete silence in the compound after 9:00 P.M.

At the Winela compound there was one big building with 11 rooms, plus some small houses for the agents and other employees. We were kept in the big building. They gave us food made of mealie-meal. The morning after we arrived we were put on trucks and taken to Kalangola [Senanga]. The two trucks carried 60 men each. We were packed so crowded there was no room to sit. We carried our blankets—some had two blankets, others had only one. I had only the clothes which I wore from Angola. We had left our food at Mongu. They told us we would be fed by the company.

After four hours we arrived at Kalangola and were taken to the Winela compound, to the houses where we could rest. They gave us the same instructions as at Mongu. Later we were given some *funji* and fish relish. In the afternoon, after we had been lined up and counted, we were taken on foot to the Zambezi river and put on a barge. We reached Nangweshi that night. So far our journey was not too bad. No one was beaten or insulted. But it was difficult being so tightly packed on the trucks and barges. After another day of traveling, by truck and barge, we reached Katima Mulilo, just inside the norther border of Caprivi Strip.

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[1] Witwatersrand Native Labor Association (WNLA), pronounced "winela."

All the newcomers were called out and lined up. They told us some rules. When we went to receive food, we had to line up in two columns. One person would get a plate of *funji* or mealie-meal and the other a plate of relish. The two people would share their food. We were to wake up at 6:00 A.M. Some would remain in the houses while others went to collect firewood. We were not to visit the African location in the town. They told us the women there had plenty of diseases and said if we played with them we would catch the diseases and have to be left behind at the hospital while our friends went on to work at the mines.

It was a Saturday when we arrived at Katima Mulilo. On Monday we were lined up and weighed. We were led into a big building and lined up in two rows. In the first we received an injection in the chest and in the second we were weighed. Our names were called out one by one. Those who were heavy enough had their names written in red ink. That meant you were going to Johannesburg. Those who weighed too little didn't get their names written down. They would be returned to their villages.

The injection was very painful. They put the needle into us as though they were injecting cattle. Those who passed the weighing were examined. We took off all our clothes and they studied our bodies. Anyone who had leprosy or was lame could not go to Johannesburg. After this we rested. Then two doctors, a man and a woman, examined us with their medical instruments to see if we had any diseases. They studied our charts. Those who didn't pass this test were rejected and their charts were torn up.

Then the Winela agents told the rejected ones to wait for trucks which would take them back to Mongu. The rest of us were told to go outside and wait. "When the plane comes," they said, "we'll give you clothes and blankets. Then you'll fly to Joburg [Johannesburg]."

The plane came on a Friday evening in July 1963. It was five days since we'd left Mongu. We were put on the plane and tied to the seats with belts around our waists. We had no passports but were given numbers on bracelets which we wore on our wrists. Mine was 1351. We were not given any food, just paper bags for those who got sick. Many of us vomited. I was very frightened. This was my first time to fly. It was very bad as we left the ground, but when the plane flew higher most of us began to feel all right. When we landed

the plane also shook. Everyone felt sick again and many vomited. I felt very unsure, fearing that we would fall. When I looked down, the trees seemed no higher than the ground, and the great Zambezi looked like a little stream.

We landed in Francistown, Bechuanaland, and were loaded onto trucks. At the Winela compound we were given food and told not to visit the town. A train was coming from Msilikazi bringing *makaisa*. We were to board it, changing places with the *makaisa* and continuing our journey. We were lined up in eight rows to await the train. Some new people from Bechuanaland and Tanzania joined us at Francistown. We were now about 250 altogether.

The train came in the late afternoon. We were each given some bread, plus one shirt and a blanket. This was my first time to go on a train. It was better than flying. We were shaken when it moved, but no one got sick. I felt all right. There was water on the train and we had bread to eat. Some of the friends who had money bought extra food when we stopped at small stations on the way. We traveled for three days, reaching Msilikaza at night on the fourth day. There we met people from many different countries and tribes, all going to work in the mines.

We were taken to the Winela compound and shown where to sleep. They told us to rise at 4:00 A.M. and prepare to go to the mines where we would be working.

In the morning we were sent to many different offices where we found secretaries. Later we were examined by an electric [X-ray] machine. After this we were distributed to different mines and types of job. Our names were then called out. Those who were to work underground at a certain mine were directed to a European leader and taken away. It was the same for those who would work on the mine surface.

I was told to work underground at a mine about eight hours' driving east from Msilikazi. My three comrades from Angola were assigned to different groups. I was now alone with strangers. We arrived at the mine at midnight and were taken to a shower room and told to wash. The water was too cold for us. After washing we were taken to some offices where we slept on the floor. They gave us some food for the morning.

Next morning the mine manager and some other officers arrived.

They called out our names and assigned us to houses. There were several rows of buildings for the mine workers. Then a policeman told us the rules. On a certain day each would be called to go and receive charcoal for our fires. We would also be given some meat and a beer like *chibuku*. He told us not to urinate in the trenches that passed near the houses. We were to use the latrines or go into the forest. Then they collected our old bracelets, issuing new ones made of rubber but with the same numbers.

Each person had asked for the kind of work he wanted and some of us were taken to the Sko Diamond Mine. Some chose to be *mamaishas,* working with a spade or shovel underground. The pay was different for each type of work. I was to work as a trackman for one year, the length of my contract. I was issued boots, a khaki uniform, a hard helmet with a light at the front and a belt to carry batteries for the lamp.

I was frightened that first day going down in the mine. It was my first time to go underground. They put us in a cage, which began to fall. My stomach seemed to go into my mouth and I was scared. I worked at the fourth station, some 3,000 feet down in the mine. When moving around underground, you had to have a lamp to tell where you were going. It was hot down there. I was told to work with my shirt on and not to smoke.

Treatment was not too bad, but many workers were beaten when they made mistakes. During my stay I was lucky enough to avoid such beatings. Each day we entered the mines at 4:00 A.M. We took food with us and ate breakfast below. You could get water from certain pipes which came down into the mines. At 6:00 the work foreman entered and we began working at 6:30. At 12:30 we stopped work and went to the station exit to wait for the cage which would take us up to the surface. Sometimes we had to wait an hour because the cage had to carry so many workers up to the top.

Once out of the mine, we took a bath, put on civilian clothes and went to eat. Then we rested in our rooms. Those who had money went to the beer halls, others went visiting, some went to the stores. Everyone had to be back in the compound by 6:00 P.M. If you returned late, you were punished; If you were injured or killed while outside the compound after 6:00 P.M., you would have no legal case. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays you could visit friends

at a different compound or mine. When we returned at 6:00 P.M. we ate supper. After, some would study, learning how to read and write; others who had sewing machines would sew or teach others to sew. We were not told the exact time to sleep. Some slept at 9:00, others at 10:00. The drunkards often didn't get to sleep until 2:00 A.M. Sometimes they didn't get to sleep at all. They would come in very late and have to go straight to work.

We worked six days a week, and on Sundays for overtime. From Monday to Saturday there were different bosses. One day you might work with a good boss and the next with a bad one who liked shouting and would easily become very angry with the workers.

After my year was up, I signed on for another two months. Some of the men left and others signed another one-year contract. My pay was £5 ($14.00) a month and the company kept £2 ($5.60) for me as savings. So at the end of 14 months I had saved £28 ($78.40). After working 14 months I was very anxious to return to Angola. We went home the same way we had come, except this time we were the *makaisa* changing places on trucks, train, plane and barges with the newcomers. The transportation was paid by the company. But if you were carrying back many things which you had bought in South Africa, then money was subtracted from your savings to pay for the shipment.

Finally, we arrived at Sikongo, where I had signed up with the Winela recruiters. I met some friends from Angola. We were five altogether, footing it back to Angola. We took a route which passed through Ninda post, since some of the friends came from there. We stayed off the main roads, using the forest paths as much as possible and moving secretly. Luckily we didn't meet anyone on the way or run into any trouble.

When I arrived at my village, I was warmly greeted by my parents and friends. The next morning my brother told me the Portuguese were looking for me. He said: "We told them you went to Johannesburg to work at the mines. They forced us to pay your taxes. The *chefe do posto* ordered us to bring you to the post as soon as you returned."

After three days I went to see the *chefe*. He said, "While you were away, others had to do your work for the government. You must now pay £2 to make up for the public work you missed."

I didn't bring all the money I'd saved with me to the post; I brought only a few pounds. When I paid him, he said, "Why do you people like to leave Angola to go work at mines in other countries? Don't you know you have much work to do here for the Portuguese?"

At home I began the work of clearing fields, digging, cultivating, and planting cassava, maize and millet. I gave up hope for the present of becoming a carpenter. I just started to work the land. I used the money I'd saved to become a businessman, selling fish.

I remained at home for four months. Then I spent a year as a fisherman and fish dealer. I was interested in this work because I thought I could make a profit at it. I didn't make much, but I did make a little. This was in 1965–66.

Around the middle of 1966 I started planning to go to Zambia again to work for money. I told my parents and they agreed. I planned my journey alone and left in October, carrying two blankets, some meal and dried meat and fish for relish. I walked to Caumbeo, then to Sachombe's village, where I had some relatives. There I met a friend and he decided to go with me to Zambia. We remained at the village for three days, then footed it to the border, crossed the river into Zambia and walked to Sikongo. During our journey we met no Portuguese.

At Sikongo we went to the house of Kaukongo and found shelter. Next day we visited friends and looked around the town. While stopping at one of the shops, we met Comrade Joaçina, wife of Cristoval Joaçi, with whom I had lived at Lumbala post. She asked us to come to her house, where we could learn about the Angola resistance. There we met many boys and girls from Angola. As we were chatting, I asked her: "When you left Lumbala, where did you go?" "We came straight here to Sikongo," she said. "My husband is working in the Movimento Populár de Libertação de Angola."

Later I met Comrade Dino, a leading *activisto politico* [political organizer], and Domingues. They asked me why I had come to Sikongo. Then they asked Comrade Joaçina if I had, perhaps, been sent by the Portuguese to spy on them. She said, "No. We met at the shop and I invited him here to the house myself." She also explained that we had known each other at Lumbala. Comrades

Dino and Domingues were still suspicious. They asked me to go with some of their people and bring my belongings back to the MPLA house. Because I was from Lumbala, they thought that maybe I was sent by the Portuguese to find Joaçina and her husband, who were also from that post. They wanted to inspect my belongings and see if I was carrying any documents or letters. Cristoval, Joaçina's husband, had worked at Lumbala post as a clerk before leaving to join the MPLA in Sikongo.

We returned to Kaukongo's house and collected my belongings. They searched, but found nothing—only the football which I carried. Later they told me they had had to search my belongings, but that they had found nothing to disprove my story. They said I had done nothing wrong so far as they knew. I was not harmed or insulted. I then left and returned to the house where I was staying.

Next day I went back to the MPLA house, the home of Comrade Cristoval and his wife. I asked why so many Angolans were there and what their motive was. They told me that all the people I had seen were freedom fighters who had fled the Portuguese government and now wanted to help carry out the struggle for Angola's freedom. After a very long conversation, I told them that I also wanted to join the MPLA. I said I agreed with their arguments and saw that many of my friends had already joined the movement. It was in this way that I dropped my plans to work for money and decided instead to join the MPLA. I was asked to leave and return the next day.

In the morning I went back. They began questioning me very seriously about why I wanted to join. I told them I wanted to join with my friends who were struggling against the Portuguese oppression, that I had faced many sufferings under the Portuguese rule. I told them of the beatings I had received when I was young and of the money which was taken from me by the *chefe do posto* when I returned from work at the mines. All these things did not please me. So now, when I was hearing about the fight against the Portuguese, I wanted to join and beat them. They didn't refuse me. I was accepted into the movement and they explained to me why they were in Sikongo and what their work was there. I was very happy.

That same day I went to see Comrade Mundo Real, who later

became Commander of Zone C, and he wrote my name in a book. After spending a week with my comrades at the MPLA house, I was sent back to Angola with two other comrades. This was in May 1966. The two men who went with me, Mbukushu and Livingi, were *activistos politicos* from a different part of Angola. They had already learned politics. Comrade Mundo Real told us: "We are very close to opening the struggle in the Eastern Region of Angola. But it is necessary first that we go into this area and begin giving political education to the people; mobilizing them and letting them know we will soon be coming to start the armed struggle against the Portuguese. If we just enter and start fighting, most of the people will just run away."

My work, he said, was to explain our movement to the people, and to tell them my two comrades were Angolan friends who had come to help them fight against the Portuguese. I would translate what the comrades said for the villagers, because they weren't yet able to speak Mbunda or Luchazi.

It was a three-day walk from Sikongo to Capui, near the post of Chiume. We left Sikongo during the day, but in Angola we moved only at night. We went first to Hangana, where we spent the night. Then, during the daytime, we hid in the forest. At night we started our journey again. The next day was the same. Late at night on the third day we reached Capui's village and went to the house of Mukulu. We knocked at his door and woke him up. He welcomed us, then went around to awaken the other men in the village.

We all went into Mukulu's house, and after food was prepared we ate. Then we began telling the people about the MPLA, that we were Angolan friends who had been in Zambia for a time preparing our return to Angola to fight the Portuguese. We told them other comrades would be coming soon, that they would need support from the people to defeat the Portuguese. "Any time you see us or meet any of our other friends," I said, "you should know that we are comrades."

The people agreed with us in our feelings toward the Portuguese. They told many stories about Portuguese brutality. Later they explained that a few days earlier they had been called to the post. The *chefe* told them: "If you see any *bandidos,* any strangers from another area, arrest them and bring them to me."

The people also told us the Portuguese were trying to form militias to guard the villages against *bandidos*. Some Angolans had already joined these militias and had been seen moving around the villages, particularly the chiefs' villages. They wanted to protect these chiefs, who were now being paid to work for the Portuguese government.

We spent three more days talking with the people of Capui and a few nearby villages. We asked the villagers to prepare food for the comrades who would soon be going to fight the Portuguese. On the fourth day we left Capui for Sikongo. The villagers had been very happy with our visit and news. They didn't go to the post and betray us to the Portuguese. They kept what we told them in their hearts and longed to see us return soon.

We returned to Sikongo quickly, not resting much along the way. There was a danger we might be captured. But the main reason was wanting to report on our mission to Commander Mundo Real, since the time was approaching for our guerrillas to enter the zone. The comrades at Sikongo were pleased to hear what we told the people, and how the people answered and treated us.

We remained in Sikongo for almost four months. Then, in early October 1966, I was sent with the same two comrades back to Angola. This time we went to the villages around Lakes Caumbeo and Chitondo, which were near the post of Ninda. We again talked to the people, explaining the goals of the MPLA as we had done earlier with the people of Capui. On the third day we returned to Sikongo.

After a week the guerrillas arrived. On 15 October 1966, Comrade Dino chose some of us to go to Angola, though he didn't say exactly where. We were driven in a truck about five miles down the road to Kalabu. We stopped in Malondo. Soon there arrived three trucks from Kalabu carrying the guerrillas. We unloaded the things they brought with them. That same night we all walked back toward Sikongo, carrying the supplies brought in the trucks. We walked past Sikongo, spending the night at Kachamisa village. We were still in Zambia, but we slept in the bush. The next day we remained there, preparing ourselves.

On the evening of the 18th we started our journey to the border, walking very slowly with heavy packs. The sun began to rise, so we

stopped in the bush and ate. We remained there the whole day, eating lunch and supper in the same spot. Then at 4:00 P.M. we set out again, crossing the border at 11:00 at night. We were now in Angola.

There were about 60 of us altogether, including the Eastern Region commander, Spartacus Monimambu. We spent our night near Caumbeo, in the bush. We had intended going straight to Ninda, but Commander Monimambu decided against that idea. He said, "At Caumbeo and Sitondo some people know us and others don't. If we pass straight through these places, some of the villagers who don't know us might run to the post and inform the Portuguese. It is best, therefore, that we move on toward Ndombe."

We walked during the daytime, reaching Malombe after six hours. The villagers greeted us warmly. They brought some food—sweet potatoes, milk, and *funji* made from cassava meal. We ate and rested.

The following day we headed for Ndombe, finally reaching the place around 11:00 at night. We stayed in the bush. One of our *activistos politicos* left immediately to make contact with the people of his village. He told them the people they were longing to see had finally arrived. The villagers were pleased and returned with him to welcome us. They brought much food—chickens, pigs and even cows were given to us as gifts from the people. So far in our journey we hadn't come across a single Portuguese or seen even one airplane.

At the village of Comrade Mwekufuna, however, there was a traitor, Chief Mwelekisi. When he saw us he shouted, "I'm going to the post, to tell the Portuguese soldiers to come and chase you away; you have come only to spoil the country!" He started to run away, but we immediately arrested the chief and began to talk with him. We asked him: "What have you been given by the Portuguese? What good things have they done for you? Nothing! Then why do you want to run to them, to have them chase us away?"

He answered saying, "The *chefe do posto* told us to report to him immediately if we saw *bandidos*. I think the Portuguese are good people, and that you wish only to spoil the country."

The chief was questioned and talked with the whole night, but he still kept up his resistance and opposed us. Comrade Monimambu

was very patient, explaining to Chief Mwelekisi what the MPLA was trying to do, why we wanted to fight and defeat the Portuguese, what it would mean for the people. But it was all of no use.

Then, in talking with the other villagers, we found that Chief Mwelekisi was really a traitor. He had been receiving money from the Portuguese to spy and work against his own people.

Next morning Commander Monimambu called the people together and asked them what we should do with the chief. They said he was a traitor, and that he had betrayed all the people of his own village. He had informed the Portuguese about Comrade Kufuna, who was then forced to flee Angola for Zambia. The people decided there was nothing else to do but kill the traitorous Chief Mwelekisi. The guerrillas agreed. Chief Mwelekisi was then executed, hanged by his own people.

On 21 October, in the morning, we were divided into four groups. Two were to attack the post of Ninda. The others would attack the barracks of Sete. I was in one of the groups going to attack Ninda post, about eight hours' walking from where we were.

We arrived at Ninda very late, about 2:00 A.M. We didn't attack right away. First we made a reconnaissance of the post, to see how it was built, how it was organized and where the soldiers were. There were only a few soldiers at the post, but we didn't know where they were.

After the reconnaissance, we approached closer to the post. Then we took different positions. One group would attack the *chefe do posto* and another the soldiers and merchants. At 4:00 A.M. we opened our attack. I was in the group which went to attack the Portuguese soldiers and merchants. At first I was very frightened; this was the first time to hold a gun in my hands and fight. But my fear did not stop me. I thought, "They have their guns and I have mine; the one who shoots first has the best chance."

The chief of the mission, Comrade Pietro Mandandi (nicknamed "Independéncia"), told us: "You will hear the fire of a shotgun, but hold your fire. Wait until you hear someone shout 'MPLA,' then begin firing. By that time you will see the Portuguese soldiers come out and run to the post."

We obeyed the orders, and when the signal came we began firing. We fired machine guns and carbines and threw some fire grenades. The attack lasted 15 minutes. Those who had rifles loaded three times. We succeeded in burning down the shops of Chilengenya. Five Portuguese soldiers and two African "spies" [*cabos*] were killed. In our group, one comrade named Kambembe, now an *activisto politico,* was wounded in the shoulder. I picked up his gun and the other things he carried. After the signal to stop firing, I began retreating with him. He could walk but needed help.

We retreated but didn't go far. Soon the other group arrived. Many of us wanted to go back for a second attack. But the leader said, "No." It was then daytime, nearly 6:00 A.M.

We left the area and returned to our detachment camp. One group was told to go ahead quickly and prepare food. The other would wait for a time, then move slowly, carrying the wounded comrade. Those who went ahead prepared food at the detachment camp and some was brought back for us. We regained our strength and carried the comrade back to the detachment.

Next day those comrades who had gone to attack the barracks of Sete arrived. They had killed 11 Portuguese soldiers, two African "spies" and one traitor. On our side, one of the group leaders, Comrade Giondakwegi, lost his life. It was now 23 October 1966.

When we reached the village of Comrade Mweukufuna, Mwemulaga's village, we found another traitor. His name was Chief Masambo. He saw where we were and, after our attacks on Ninda and Sete, ran to the post to tell the Portuguese where we were camped. They believed him and telephoned Lumbala. Three planes were sent to attack us—two bombers and one reconnaissance plane.

At 7:00 A.M. on the 27th they arrived and started bombing our camp. The traitor was in the reconnaissance plane, directing the Portuguese. None of us was hurt in the enemy attack. The villagers who lived near our camp also escaped without injury. Commander Monimambu said we should move the detachment to a different place immediately. Our attacks had been a signal to the Portuguese government that the war had now come to this region.

We moved about half a mile away, but didn't set up camp; we divided ourselves into four groups, as before, to take positions at

strategic points. I was in Comrade Likambuila's group before, but now I was put into the group of Comrade Mivuva. His assistant [*subchefe do grupo*] was called Baladrata.

We were sent to the post area of Chiume, near Capui, to set up our detachment camp. There we met the villagers, who welcomed us and then asked about the noises they had heard coming from Ninda post and Sete barracks. We explained that we had attacked these places. We didn't bother to hide in the bush. Group Leader Mivuva [Alberto Paulo] called the people together and talked to them. He told them that we were MPLA guerrillas and that our mission was to liberate Angola from Portuguese rule and oppression. He told the people that from now on no one should go to the Portuguese post.

We then moved around to other villages, explaining to the people what we had done and why. At the same time, we prepared for another attack, this time on the post of Chiume.

On 3 November we set out on our mission to Chiume. On the way we were drenched from head to foot by heavy rain. There were 13 men in our group. We went to the road and prepared an ambush. By 4:00 in the morning of the 4th we had taken up positions. At 7:00 A.M. the Chiume *chefe do posto* passed our ambush heading toward Cunjamba. We let him pass and shifted our position, moving quickly to the Cunjamba-Chiume road. We were in good position when the Land Rover carrying the *chefe,* his secretary and four soldiers arrived. They fell nicely into our ambush. We killed all but one soldier, who escaped and ran back to the post. Our attack lasted five minutes. We wanted to advance and capture the weapons and ammunition, but we were very near the post, and the Portuguese, hearing the fire fight, immediately sent out trucks with more soldiers. We had to retreat before capturing any weapons or supplies.

Returning to our base, we met the comrades who had remained behind. None of us who had taken part in the ambush were wounded or killed. After our attack, the Portuguese at Chiume sent a telegraph message to Gago Coutinho telling them that the *bandidos* had come and asking for help. Eight trucks were sent from Gago Coutinho to Chiume. Four went directly to the post and four went off toward the village of Chief Mbukushu at Capui, near where we were staying. On the way they were ambushed by a group of our comrades under

Gishigishi. Three trucks were destroyed; one escaped. Our comrades pulled back and didn't capture anything from the trucks. Later another Portuguese force came to take back the damaged trucks. They didn't try to continue their mission to Chief Mbukushu's village. We set another ambush for them, but they just returned to the post. In the earlier ambush 48 Portuguese soldiers were killed or wounded. On our side there were no casualties.

We remained many days without seeing any Portuguese movements. The four trucks which came from Chiume to pull back the damaged ones just remained at the post. We waited and watched the post for many days, but the Portuguese didn't move.

Then on 20 December 1966 some Portuguese soldiers were sent from Chiume to Capui. They went to the village of Sakanyombo, about one and a half hours' walk from our detachment camp. There they killed Chief Sakanyombo and a small child. We had no guerrillas near the village, but, hearing the shots, we were gathered in formation and immediately set off toward the village. Our scouts discovered the Portuguese returning on foot along the path to the village. We set an ambush about half a mile away. The Portuguese, however, left the path and cut through the forest to their trucks on the Chiume road. When we heard the sound of motors, we ran to cut them off at the road, but we were too late; they had already passed. This Portuguese attack on the village was carried out by infantry. At this time they didn't move troops by helicopter. They just used motor vehicles.

The soldiers had been led to the village by three traitors—Jose Maliachapoya, Caravalvu and Funa Vihemba—who returned to the post with the Portuguese after their mission was completed. Since they had come once and not found us, we thought the Portuguese would probably return soon. For their safety, we sent all the Capui villagers to Liamoya. We remained at Capui and set an ambush on the Ninda-Chiume road, near the Capui river.

We remained in our ambush positions for 15 hours. Then six trucks arrived from the north heading for Chiume. This was 28 December 1966. It was 8 o'clock at night. The trucks fell into our ambush. We hit the last two in the column and destroyed them. This time we captured some mortar shells, ammunition and grenades. We even took some chickens the Portuguese were carry-

ing and the boots from a fallen soldier. The attack lasted three minutes. By this time the lead trucks had turned and begun firing machine guns and bazookas at us. There were only 17 of us in the ambush group, not enough to advance.

We retreated with the things we had captured and returned to our detachment. We arrived singing. The comrades were pleased and the villagers welcomed us. They were frightened when we showed them the hand of a Portuguese soldier blown off in the action. None of our comrades had been killed or injured.

We remained at the detachment camp resting. Three days later two of the traitors came back from the post. They came secretly, wanting to take their parents and wives back with them to the barracks at Chiume post. They were captured by some villagers, however, and brought to our camp. They were put on trial and judged to be guilty of betraying their own people. They were sentenced to death. Our guerrillas killed them because they were enemies. We are not fighting against whites or against skin color, but against the enemies of Angolan liberation, against those who side with the Portuguese tyranny. So these African traitors were as much our enemies as the Portuguese soldiers. They had betrayed us and helped the Portuguese kill their fellow Angolans and villagers. They thought only of themselves. They were hanged. Traitors are always hanged. There is no use wasting bullets, which are better used for fighting against the Portuguese troops. The parents of the traitors remained loyal and friendly to us. Before the traitors were killed, we called all the people together and they decided the case. Even the parents were there and they agreed that their sons were enemies of the people. I felt the same and had no sympathy for the traitors. They had caused the death of a good chief and a young child. They would have to pay the price for their treachery.

From that time onward, the Portuguese didn't move on the ground; they used only airplanes to transport their men, food and other supplies. The one exception to this was in early January 1967. At that time six trucks came from Gago Coutinho through Ninda to Chiume. Their mission was to rebuild the Capui and Mulai bridges, which our guerrillas had earlier destroyed.

We were on patrol early in the morning and heard the roar of truck motors. We went down toward the river Mulai, near the road.

The six trucks were on the other side of the river. We watched as they unloaded equipment.

After a short time, we ran back to the detachment and reported to the group leaders. The *chefe do grupo* sent two men to another detachment located near Lake Dambe. They returned with reinforcements from Lake Dambe at midnight. We then went and talked with the villagers, telling them they shouldn't move about because the Portuguese were at the bridge and we didn't know exactly what they had in mind. We thought they might enter the forest on foot.

That night we didn't sleep. We went to the bridge where the Portuguese had parked their trucks. We swam across the Mulai to where the Portuguese were staying. The distance from the place we crossed to the bridge was about a mile. The group leader decided that we shouldn't attack right away. Instead, we took up positions around them. At ten past five in the morning the Portuguese woke up. They called in the guards, intending to have others take their places. As soon as the guards withdrew, we opened fire. About ten minutes later two planes arrived and started dropping bombs near our position in the bush. We retreated. None of our comrades were killed or injured. The Portuguese lost 60 or 70 men, but we didn't capture any weapons or supplies.

Later that morning the Portuguese pulled out. They loaded their dead and wounded onto the trucks and returned to Ninda post. They had failed in their mission to rebuild the bridges. In fact, to this very day, these two bridges are still not rebuilt.

We remained for two months at Lumwoya without any contact with the Portuguese. We made patrols, had military training, continued our political education and carried out other duties around the camp. Many people from the nearby villages were recruited to the guerrillas. We explained many times about the MPLA and our struggle to liberate Angola from the Portuguese. We taught the villagers many revolutionary songs, which they enjoyed singing, and talked with them about their difficulties and problems.

I was very happy at that time. I felt we were really fighting and winning, and that we would surely free our country under the leadership of the MPLA. Even now, as I am speaking here in Zambia, I would be happy to return to Angola. When I am ordered back to Angola, I will go happily, to carry forward the struggle—

setting ambushes, attacking the Portuguese posts and barracks and working to educate our people.

In April 1967 some of us were transferred to a new detachment. The *chefe do grupo* was Comrade Chitendu. We moved south about two days' walk from Lumwoya and built our camp at Lukolwe, along the Cuando river. There were just nine of us, including the group leader. We didn't carry any food on our journey to Lukolwe; we were fed by our "fathers and mothers," the villagers.

At Lukolwe the people we first met were very frightened. When they saw us they ran away and hid on the small islands in the great Cuando river. Some of them, those who had already been to places where guerrillas were active, welcomed us.

We set up camp about 50 yards from one of the villages. Later the people who had run away began to return. Many were afraid at first, seeing Africans carrying such guns. After many days [of our] talking to them about politics at meetings and in the villages, the people became accustomed to us and began to understand our aims. When they saw us making patrols, they would stop and chat. They had gotten used to our presence. They never ran away again or went to the posts to report us to the Portuguese.

There were many people in the Lukolwe area, but the village near our detachment had only eight men, 14 women and ten children. It was the village of Chief Mboma.

We didn't carry out any ambushes here. The road from Chiume to Lukolwe had been cut by our comrades and the Portuguese never passed there. They used their air force, flying over the Cuando and landing at Lukolwe. A detachment of soldiers from Lukolwe was stationed on Dima Island. Our *chefe* decided one day that we should attack them. We took up positions on the riverbank just opposite the island. Then, just before nightfall, we opened fire. Next morning the Portuguese soldiers withdrew, going back to the post at Lukolwe. This was in September 1967.

In October we crossed the Cuando, a three-hour journey by canoe. A traitor by the name of Samujutu lived on the other side. He was well-known for telling the Portuguese about our activities and movements. We learned of his deeds from villagers who crossed the river to visit relatives, so we decided to pay him a visit.

It took us a day to reach the village of Samujutu. Once in the village, we called all the people out. Most received and welcomed us warmly, but a few ran to the post to tell the Portuguese. Our visit was short and hurried. We arrested Samujutu and spoke briefly to the villagers. There was a Portuguese merchant's shop nearby and we took all his goods and loaded them in our dugouts. We put Samujutu in another canoe and started back.

When we reached the middle of the river, near a small island, Samujutu asked us to stop, saying he wanted to relieve himself. We agreed but watched closely as he walked a short distance and disappeared behind a clump of bushes. We waited a short time, but he didn't return. We searched for him, but he wasn't there. We looked all over the small island but failed to find him. Perhaps he had a secret hiding place. In any event, we didn't find him. Fearing the Portuguese might catch us in the middle of the river, we soon had to stop searching and resume our journey.

While still on the river we heard shooting from the village. The Portuguese came as soon as they were called by the traitor. They started firing machine guns, mortars and bazookas toward the river. But we were already far away by then and they caused us no damage. When the Portuguese entered the village, they found we had burned the shop to the ground.

Back at our camp we told the *chefe do grupo* of our mission and about how the traitor Samujutu had escaped on the island. We weren't punished because it was very difficult to prevent. Everyone, even the group leader, was amazed at how Samujutu had managed to escape on that small island.

For the next two months we remained at the detachment camp, working, learning guerrilla tactics and other military things, and also politicizing and mobilizing the people in nearby villages. We didn't carry out any other attacks or ambushes because, as I said, the Portuguese never tried to open and use the road to Lukolwe. They didn't even use the river for transport. A few times villagers reported seeing Portuguese foot patrols on the path next to the river, searching and making reconnaissance. Sometimes Portuguese reconnaissance planes would pass over the Lukolwe area. Then some bombers would wildly attack the forest.

On 14 November 1967 we were called to join another detach-

ment located at Rugamlai. When we arrived we were told that 11 trucks would soon be passing along the road to Chiume. The *chefe do grupo* said, "We have called you here to help us prepare an ambush. We know of these Portuguese plans because one of our people works at Chiume post. The trucks have just delivered supplies to one of the barracks and will soon be returning to Chiume."

We arrived at the ambush site early in the morning and remained there in position until 2:00 in the afternoon. Then we heard the trucks approaching. They were accompanied by two small bombers, one in front and one behind. The detachment chief decided we should fire at the planes. O.K. We prepared ourselves. When the planes passed near, we opened fire. They started bombing. The trucks just sped by, continuing their journey as fast as they could.

Though we fired at the planes, our bullets didn't down them. So the trucks went on to Chiume and the planes bombed us until 5:00 P.M. We retreated, tired after running to escape the bombing. None of us was killed or wounded, not even a scratch, and we lost no weapons. We didn't destroy the trucks or capture supplies, but we had gained our first experience in attacking Portuguese planes.

Back at Lukolwe things remained the same. We kept a close watch and were always prepared to set an ambush. The only action was from Portuguese planes, which came to bomb the old deserted villages and forests. They would bomb places they thought we might be, places where the forest cover was thick. But the enemy caused us no damage in their wild bombings during the time I was there.

Food was brought to our detachment by a chief of alimentation. One villager was chosen by the group leader to be responsible for our food. The people would collect some of their crops and bring them to him. He would then deliver these to our detachment camp. This man had a brother-in-law who worked in Lukolwe whom he told about the work he was doing for us. But this brother-in-law was not reliable. He informed the Portuguese. They didn't come with troops on the ground; they just sent bombers to attack our camp. None of us was injured, but we were forced to shift our camp to another place. The villagers told us about how the alimentation chief had spoken to his brother-in-law when he visited the village. We didn't punish the man, but did send him to another sector, where he is now.

In January 1968 seven of us were selected from the detachment to go for further training. We joined the detachment at Tundombe, the base camp of Zone C, known as Hanoi I. We stayed there, very happily, carrying out our training, going to the posts, making reconnaissance and going on patrols.

Every morning at 5:00 A.M. we would wake by a signal of clapping hands. We folded our blankets and other things and hid them. This took about 15 minutes. Then we went for physical training, which lasted 30 minutes. At 6:00 we prepared for breakfast and had a short rest. At 7:00 we ate breakfast and talked and at 8:00 we were called to *formatura* [general parade]. Different jobs were assigned for the day. Some were sent on long patrols, some would go to deliver messages, others were given work in the camp. The *formatura* lasted about 15 minutes; longer if something of importance had to be discussed.

At noon all the comrades, except those on guard duty, returned for lunch. We ate and rested for an hour, then went for military training, political education, or general studies. Many comrades were illiterate; they went to learn reading and writing. The classes lasted two hours. At 4:00 P.M. we made another *formatura.* Guards for the night and the next day were chosen. If there were missions to be carried out, these would be discussed. If there were any problems or other matters to be considered, they were also discussed.

After *formatura* we prepared for supper and ate. Those who returned from long journeys could eat later, but not after 8:00 P.M. We entered our huts and chatted, not loud, but speaking in low voices. At 8:00 P.M. the signal for silence was given by clapping hands.

In February we were transferred to Group H. This detachment, under the command of Comrade Katanga, was near Hanoi I. We stayed there, but could be called to the base and get there in a very short time. Our orders from the Zone C chief of operations were to set up ambushes and carry out reconnaissance of the Portuguese posts and barracks. Groups would go to the roads and remain there in ambush position for four or five days; then other groups would come to replace them.

At the end of March we were again transferred; this time to Kakuve, about 35 miles from the Zambia border and a three-day walk from Hanoi I. We worked very hard at Kakuve, though wait-

ing to go for training. Our main task was carrying supplies from Sikongo to Hanoi I.

At Kakuve and the other places I was happy. I was pleased to carry out all my duties. I believed that no one else could do our job for us; we had to liberate our own country. We all worked hard bringing supplies in quickly so that others, who would remain in Angola, could carry on the fight better. We were not forced to work hard; we wanted to. When someone got sick, as happened to me a few times, he would remain in camp. Only the healthy ones would carry on the work.

On 10 May, after two months at Kakuve, we were called to Sikongo, about 200 of us altogether. We were divided into three groups. Mine had 60 comrades, another had 100 and the other 40. We waited a few days, but when the trucks came my group was ordered back to Angola. There wasn't room on the trucks for all of us. The other two groups drove to Kalabu, then to Lusaka and other places. My group returned to Group H.

One day in June we went to the Ninda-Sete road and prepared an ambush. We stayed there four days. On the fifth we intended to return to the detachment. That night, around about 10:00, ten trucks arrived from Ninda post heading for the barracks of Sete. Their mission was to transfer soldiers from the post to the barracks. Six of the trucks were loaded with Portuguese soldiers. Three others carried food and supplies. An armored car, with mortars and bazookas, led the column.

We were 28 guerrillas altogether, from four different detachments—H, J, F and G. When the trucks arrived at 10:00 they were ambushed. Those at the back of the column received much fire and were destroyed. The two trucks in front and the armored jeep started firing at us with machine guns, mortars and bazookas. My unit had no time to capture anything. But others at the rear of the ambush position captured eight rifles and some ammunition and grenades. My unit had to withdraw because of the heavy enemy fire. Two of the Portuguese soldiers fled to the forest and made their way back to Ninda post.

In the morning Portuguese helicopters and bombers arrived. Other trucks came to take away the casualties and damaged vehicles. Our attack had lasted 30 minutes. We used all of our seven

grenades plus most of our ammunition. We killed or wounded many Portuguese soldiers; I don't know the exact number. One of our men, Comrade Kasengwa, was wounded in the buttocks. A grenade fragment entered his flesh and was removed. Comrade Kasengwa was in the group chosen to go for training.

While waiting in our ambush position, we felt very hungry after four days. We were tired and without water, but we decided to wait another night. Our thoughts were only to fight against the Portuguese oppressors. So we remained in ambush, thinking the other group coming to replace us might have better luck.

In our detachments the *chefes dos grupos* would select guerrillas to go for ambushes. Those not chosen for a particular ambush were always unhappy. To sit around the camp with little to do was not pleasant. It was our job to fight. Those chosen to go on an ambush would often joke with us about having to remain behind.

At the end of July we were again called to Sikongo. This time, after a short wait, we were driven to Kalabu. Then, in August, we went by truck to Lusaka. It is now 17 October 1968. We have been waiting one and a half months to go north for military training. I joined the MPLA in 1966. We have been working well and I see with my own eyes that the struggle is going forward. I believe we will truly win the victory. The MPLA is fighting and struggling for the independence of our country, Angola, and in unity with the people we are sure to defeat the Portuguese tyranny.

CHAPTER NINE

Kufa: MPLA *Chefe do Grupo*[1]

My name is Kufa Kua Angola ["To Die for Angola"]. I was born in Mwangoma's village, Coemba Post, Bié District, on 24 March 1944. My father is August Kambelela Ngeve. The name "Kambelela" means that he was a hunter and killed many animals. My mother is Teresa Ngeve. My oldest brother is Alumeta Razovo; my second, Jeremiah Vitori, and third, Abilio Chinjobelela. My sisters are Elisi and Lariuda Rebesa. "Kufa" is my guerrilla name. My real name is Salamão Augusto.

My village, Mwangoma, was a large one, about 500 yards in diameter. I can't remember the exact number, but about 300 people lived in the village. There were many young boys and girls. The river was a couple of hundred yards from the village.

My father was over five feet tall, black in complexion and fat enough. He was quiet and very sensible. He was liked by others and used to work very hard both in the fields and in the village. He sometimes made chairs and tables, and sometimes he was a hunter and a blacksmith. He was loved by all the people in the village. I liked my father, I loved my father very much. When I was young, I thought him to be a cruel man. He used to tell me bad things when I made mistakes and sometimes he beat me. Now that I am older, I like him because he was my teacher; he taught me many things which I find useful now.

Teresa Ngeve, my mother, is brown in complexion and is about

[1] This story was recorded in Lusaka, August 1969.

five feet tall and thin. She is very social in everything. She could receive visitors with a smile. She would never sit and do nothing. She taught us so many things. I like her very much and miss her.

When I was a child I was healthy enough. I used to play with the other children in the forest near the village and sometimes on the road. We played *mangongo* or pretended we were *makish* and wore leaves around our waists. We used to punch and whip the children younger than ourselves. *Makish* is traditional, mostly played in the old villages of Angola. The *makish* are spirits of the people who are dead and who have risen up again. When young boys are taken to circumcision, the *makish* come out and the boys play with them; they are made of rock, sometimes cotton, in the form of a man who's been dead some time, but in a different shape. We played *mangongo,* a game of pretense. Sometimes we would pretend to be animals or snakes or people—many things.

One thing I remember when very young was going with some friends to play in the forest. We tied a rope to a tree for a swing. My friends stopped their swinging, but I went on and the rope broke. I lost all my teeth, both uppers and lowers. I cried very much. My mother came for me.

The thing I most enjoyed at that time was to stay with my father while he repaired shoes. I used to be with him the whole day, except when I went for lunch. I used to like seeing him work on the shoes and disliked being sent away for firewood or water.

When I was a young boy of six, I used to see a white missionary who came round the villages in a *chippoya.* A *chippoya* is like a chair, carried by two men. The missionary was carried from village to village and would preach gospel to the people. We always used to see him being carried this way. The missionaries near our village were also surprised at this *chippoya* missionary.

I remember the first time I saw a white man. I feared and shivered. I thought he was an animal or sick. The man, Lazaros, was a Protestant.

My family became Christian before I was born and I was baptized Christian. When I was young I used to sleep in the hut with my mother and father, but by the time I was six or seven I moved into a separate hut with my older brother.

In 1950 my father decided to leave Mwangoma for another vil-

lage. The village headman used to quarrel with my father often. He was jealous. My father was successful but the headman was poor and lazy and had nothing. There were 12 children in my family, but six were killed, witched by this old man. My father felt it would be safer to move to another village.

We knew and even proved that the headman was the one who had killed my brothers and sisters; we were told by other witchdoctors and sometimes the headman himself boasted that he would kill us. Some of the children used to say they were being witched by this old man's magic. He would come in invisible ways, difficult for us to know.

I also believed in witches. They could tell you the day you were going to die. I was afraid of the old man. He had killed my brothers and sisters and I thought he was going to kill me. So in 1951 we moved to Sinai near the Missão Esperança, some nine miles from Mwangoma, in the same post. It took us about three hours to walk.

We were very few when we left that village. Later nearly everyone left Mwangoma, fearing the old man. Sinai was built in three rows. It was given its name by the missionaries. The houses were rectangular with thatched roofs. Most were made of brick, but some were mud-and-wattle. A few of the houses had tiled roofs. The villagers got this tile from Portuguese merchants in exchange for coffee. Most of the people who lived in Sinai were Christian.

My father was a peasant. He cultivated enough for our family and only rarely had anything to sell—perhaps 15 bags of millet a year.

When I was around seven and eight, I often went to hunt with my father. Sometimes I traveled with my brother, who had become a tailor, to the post of Coemba. I also used to collect water for my mother. My father used to wake us early in the morning—about six o'clock. My mother would give us breakfast, a cup of coffee and sometimes porridge. From there I went to work in the fields with them to help weed. My father grew some coffee which he sold to Portuguese merchants. We worked only in the morning. We ate lunch between 12:00 and 1:00—usually hard porridge or potatoes. In the evening, about 6:00 or 7:00, we had supper of hard porridge, sometimes with meat or fish or potatoes. After supper we gathered around the fires. The children would listen to stories told

by the old men, or to our older brothers, who sometimes told stories about clever and daring young animals.

My father used to tell us the history of the Portuguese, when they first came to Angola. He said they weren't so cruel at first as they are today. They were friendly and seemed to be good people. But later on they changed; they started demanding. They demanded food and other products in exchange for their things. Later they insisted that they couldn't walk and had to be carried in *chippoyas*. Then they demanded rubber, beeswax and other things and we came to be oppressed in our own Angola. Soon the Portuguese started demanding people. They killed many and many more were taken away as slaves. This our father used to tell us.

In 1951 my father and others in the village decided to make a circumcision camp for us. We were 17 in number. At the camp, which was about a mile from the village, we were told all the traditional things. We stayed there for six months and were taught many things: how to trap birds and other small animals, how to fish, to dance, to behave, etc. We were told not to reveal these things to the women and not to sleep again at our mother's house. Discipline was very important.

We were taught many songs, and before we went to sleep we sang. We learned how to make things to wear for dances and other special occasions. We had a few muskets at the camp, but could not use them.

At first we feared being away from our parents, especially our mothers, but later on we became accustomed to this. At the camp I led in many things. I'm not boasting. I was asked to supervise others.

To explain the circumcision itself, it is the cutting of something from the private part of a young boy. It is very painful and done without any doctor's instructions. The operation took place in the morning, between 10:00 and 12:00. During the whole night before, there was dancing. Then, when the time came, the man who specialized in cutting began his work. I tried not to make any noise. I didn't want my mother to hear me crying. They beat drums and sang songs, but it was very, very painful and I cried and shouted inside until they finished their work. The drums and singing was for the mothers, so they wouldn't hear the cries of their children. My

tears didn't alarm my father and mother, for everyone knows that one cries from that painful experience.

I was only seven years old; some of the boys being circumcised were even younger, but most were older, ten, twelve or even fifteen. The circumcision took place during the first few days at the camp. It took me about a month to recover from the operation. When we left the camp five months later, life was much different. We were now considered full-grown people, people who knew about private matters with the other adults. We were no longer allowed to remain with our mothers or sleep at their houses.

When I was eight, in 1952, my brother and I went to our field. My father had a very good dog and this dog followed us. When we reached the field, the dog left us. He found a duiker and they fought. The duiker had our dog by its horns and the dog screamed. We ran and found the dog dead. The duiker was lying there, wounded. We killed the duiker and brought both home. Our father was angry and we were very sad, for that dog helped us much in hunting.

Another thing happened in 1953: the wife of one of my brothers died in another village. My father and I were chosen to attend the funeral. On our way I found a piece of cloth in the road; it was tied in a knot and had something inside it. My father wanted to know what I had discovered. As we looked at the knotted cloth, both of us felt our arms become numb. We walked a bit and they became paralyzed. We then threw the cloth away in the forest, thinking that it was witched. A short time later our arms returned to normal. We went on safely to the village, where we attended the funeral. This is something that I remember, something I can't forget.

I started schooling in 1955 at the Protestant Mission, Monte Esperança, when I was eleven years old. The school was run by Americans. I attended the school for four years. We were taught arithmetic, hygiene, and reading and writing Portuguese. Sometimes we worked in the mission gardens. I was a day student because my village was near the mission. There was also boarding for those who lived far away. I paid school fees of ten shillings [50 escudos or U.S. $1.50] for the first year, 20 for the second, 30 for the third and 40 for the fourth. I liked the school and learning. Both boys

and girls attended. When we made mistakes, the teachers punished us. Sometimes they thrashed me on the buttocks or gave me work to do—digging a ditch or collecting firewood, but it wasn't too much. The teachers liked me.

We were about 100 students, counting both boarding and day. The beginners usually studied from 8:00 A.M. till noon. Grades two, three and four started at 1:00 P.M. and worked until 4:30. There were differences between the day students and the boarders. The day students' work was sweeping, cleaning up, etc., but the boarders did much more work in the mission fields because they had food and lodging to pay for. The missionaries were two families: four teachers in all. One family had three children, the other, two. While at school, I continued helping my father during the morning in the fields and at his crafts.

My family lived fairly well until 1957, when life started getting difficult. It happened this way. Somebody came saying he was sent by a *cabo* to collect taxes from my brother, so my brother gave him £1/10. The man used this money himself, to buy food, beer and other things. He didn't take the tax to the *cabo*. The *chefe do posto* found that my brother hadn't paid his taxes that year and sent a *cabo* to find out what happened. My brother told him that he had already paid, but he was taken to the post and questioned. My brother again explained and finally the man who had collected the tax money was arrested, tried and found guilty. He was beaten many times on his buttocks with a *palmatória* and put in jail for three months. My brother was released.

I left school because the Portuguese *chefe* was after us. He didn't like our staying in our village; he wanted to send us to do forced labor. My brothers and I decided to leave the village and look for work. My father was against my going. He needed me to assist him in his work. But my brothers and I decided that I should go. We convinced my father and he finally allowed me to leave. When he asked how long I would be away, I told him that depended on the kind of work I got. My brothers went to Novo Lisboa. I set out for Luanda with a friend who had been one of my classmates at the mission school, where I had just finished the Standard Four. We started out by bus. I enjoyed the trip, though it was bumpy and dusty. My friend and I talked about our troubles in the school and

what the future might be like for us. The bus driver wasn't very good. He often stopped for drinks and would return to the bus drunk, then sleep; sometimes he just stopped to talk. After four long days we reached Luanda. The bus went only as far as Ndondo. There we caught a train and traveled to Malange, then took another train to Luanda.

I was born and brought up in the remote areas of Angola, where there are only small shops, missions, etc., and I was very surprised in Luanda seeing those huge buildings, loading docks and heavy traffic. We stayed at a guest house near the railroad station for a few days. Then a friend of ours from Bié, an Umbundu man, took us to his house. We stayed there while we looked for work. One day our friend took us into town and we went into a bar for beer. A policeman demanded our passes. We had none, so he took us into detention, where we spent the night. The following day we went to court and were asked how we came to Luanda. We explained; then the Umbundu man said that we were his relatives who had just arrived and were looking for work. We were found guilty and fined £1/10 each. Our friend helped us pay the money. The police than gave us passes to stay in Luanda.

After a few days we found work. I was hired by a shirt and trousers factory. My friend was employed in a bar as a barman. The pay in the factory wasn't too good, £2/10 per month. Later on, after several months, the pay was raised to £3. I worked six days a week, from 6:00 A.M. till 5:00 P.M., with an hour off for lunch.

When I first started, the work seemed very difficult, though somebody instructed me. I found the work difficult because it was my first time in a factory. When we made mistakes, they would deduct from our pay, so at first I earned very little money. Later on I learned the job and did it very well. I was even commended by the manager. My main job was making buttonholes in the shirts and trousers and then putting on the buttons.

Every week we got a ration of food. The company paid no allowance for housing. My friend and I continued to sleep at the house of the Umbundu man, who got his place free as part payment for his work. He didn't ask us to pay rent.

At first, being a stranger in the town, it was difficult for me to

find my way about. I just used to go from the house to the job, then back to the house again. Later on, when I had friends, we would go into town for a beer, and sometimes to the cinema and other places.

I had no difficulty at work. The workers and bosses liked me and I knew my job very well. I left, however, because the pay was so low. Friends told me that some jobs paid properly. In October 1960, while I was working, I was also hunting for another job. A friend told me about a job for the Benguela Railroad, on the Luanda-Malange line. I was accepted for this job and gave one day's notice at the clothes factory. While I worked there I had pooled some money with my friend and we bought a small hut, but we still ate lunch and supper with our friend at whose house we first stayed.

The pay on my new job was £4/10, but I was also paid a traveling allowance; sometimes it would be £5 or £6, depending on how much traveling by train I did in a month. I worked with a man for two months, going to and fro, selling tickets to the people. I was taught how to make change and to keep and check money, and so forth; after two months the man left me and I worked alone, except for the train foreman. The job was very good; it wasn't a tough job. I liked it very much, though sometimes I would work days and nights.

The routine of the job was, for example: we would leave Luanda on Monday at 6:00 A.M. and go until 8:00 P.M., then drop off when we reached another station. Other sections would join the train and go right up to Malange. It used to take, coming and going, three days. When there was a layover at a station, we would be put to work cleaning other trains.

Prior to 1960 Luanda was quiet. The Portuguese would detain those who were not working and there was some talk of troubles in the remote areas from time to time. There wasn't much racial discrimination toward those who were "civilized" or educated—they drank together with the Portuguese in the bars. But things changed in 1960 when Lumumba took over the government in Congo (Kinshasa). That's the time when the Portuguese soldiers and policemen arrived in large numbers and made arrests in Luanda; many people were stopped and checked; but prior to this, things were calm.

Even though there wasn't much trouble before 1960, I had no love for the Portuguese government. As I've already mentioned, the *chefes do posto* forced people to work for nothing, and the treatment while at this forced labor wasn't good. Even in Luanda you could see the Portuguese mistreating people. People worked very hard and were paid very little money. The Portuguese regarded themselves as the "first people" and the others were the "second people." So, although there wasn't much trouble, I did not like them.

While in Luanda I learned many things. I found people living in many different communities: sections where poor people lived and others where rich or educated people lived; these people were called *assimilados.* Of the *assimilados,* I found that they didn't like their fellow African people coming to their houses and thought of them as brutes—primitive people. The *assimilados* were qualified to be Portuguese in everything, though they were not fully like the Portuguese people. At different places on the Benguela Railroad I found people who were living different lives. Life for me was not difficult as I had friends, most of them Umbundu people from my homeland.

While I was in Luanda I had a girlfriend named Elizabeth. We walked together, joked and played and so forth. While I was with Elizabeth, things were better. I felt at home. She used to comfort me. Elizabeth was not of my tribe. She is Kimbundu from Luanda. I was with Elizabeth for nine months. I miss her very much because I loved her and she also loved me. When I was leaving Luanda, she insisted that I remain, saying that the troubles would soon stop, but I feared they wouldn't and that the Portuguese would take and kill me, so I left against her will. In the future, if God will help, I would like to meet her again.

On 4 and 5 February 1961 strange things happened in Luanda. It was my first time to see and hear such things. We never suspected it would happen in Luanda. About 3:00 or 4:00 A.M. it happened. There was some trouble, then gunfighting, then screams and cries from everywhere. When we came out, we saw people running, saw fighting between black and white on the streets and everywhere, and we locked ourselves in the house and stayed there the whole day, not talking loudly, not even coughing; just remained there.

Late in the evening the trouble started again. There was smoke here and there—guns all over. There were so many troubles—people were hiding children, climbing trees, running away. Many people were killed. So many were killed that to this very day we don't know the exact number: children, men and women. People ran away and even after this time we don't know where they have fled or if they were killed. Families were separated. Fathers might run in one direction and the mothers perhaps in another. The children would be left in the middle, in the houses, in the towns. . . .

On 4 February, when the trouble began, I can't clearly remember how I felt except that I thought I was dead and that it has happened, heaven has opened. I never thought I would survive. I thought the fighting was for no good reason and the world was coming to kill me straightaway. I couldn't shout or talk or even throw myself under the bed.

We saw the people running from the soldiers and police, and from our window we could see smoke from the town. When we went out in the evening we saw roadblocks. People were not moving. Only soldiers and police were moving. We saw them picking and sorting through corpses, sorting the black from the white. The trouble started on 4 February and there's been no peace in Luanda since that time.

We were two in that house, and we whispered to each other about what is happening today and what would happen to us. The next day our foreman, a Portuguese, came for us. He brought us to his house. He also was afraid. He asked us if we knew what was happening. When we didn't know, he told us that there is trouble in this country and that we don't know what will happen. He told us to bring our blankets and so forth; we were to go with him to his house. When we arrived, he told us to guard his house—*to protect him.* He told us that if we saw people coming, we should inform him. He gave us some food and we stayed there for the day.

The next morning, when we were outside watching his house, while the foreman had locked himself up in the house, policemen came and asked us what we were doing there. We told them we were guarding the house of our foreman. They asked if there was a white man in the house and we told them there was. They knocked on the door, but there was no response and they couldn't

knock open the door. They began beating us, claiming we were lying and we were the terrorists, killing white people here in Luanda. We cried out for the foreman to open the door, calling him by his name, knocking on the door. Finally he came out, producing our passbooks, which he gave to the policemen to prove that we worked for him. After that, the policemen let us go. This was after we had been beaten. The friend who stayed with me was in the house, guarding the foreman from inside. We did the outside guarding in turns, with two outside at a turn. There were seven of us. The foreman had us guard him and his house because we worked for him and he trusted us. The soldiers and police were busy protecting government buildings, prisons, top officials and the wealthy people, so there wasn't much protection for people like our foreman. And there was fear between black and white.

There were extensive inspections and searches which not only affected Africans, but also whites. Missionaries, Protestant and Roman Catholic, were also searched and some were taken into detention. Educated people were taken for questioning by the army. Very few people weren't questioned. The trouble was everywhere, in the country and in the town. Men and women were taken away in large numbers and those who were suspected were killed. Some were sent to prison and other places.

After a few days the situation became quieter, but it was not normal. There was still trouble, but we began work again. I asked the foreman for permission to leave the job, but he told me it would be impossible to leave at that particular time and that the soldiers would shoot me on my way. Even the foreman was afraid; he thought of leaving Luanda.

Bad things happened. Among our people there was one man who complained at the end of the month that his pay was too low. The foreman reported him to the authorities and the soldiers came. "Why are you complaining?" The man answered them, saying, "My salary is very low; it would be much better if it could be higher." Then the soldiers said, "We have found one of the terrorists. You are complaining because you think Lumumba is coming to Luanda. You are a Lumumbist." So that man was tried in our presence and was shot dead, and then we were told to bury him, telling us that anybody else who complained about the salary or anything else

would be killed straightaway. Then they gave us shovels and we buried our friend. This happened at the railway station called Mseki. The man who was killed was a good friend of mine and had the same name as mine, Salamão. He was a good man and we had trusted each other. This event occurred in April 1961.

After 4 February the situation was very bad for the people. Even our foreman changed his character. He treated us not like workmen, but like slaves. We worked very hard, with no complaints and sometimes no pay and no food. We were not allowed to move about in the town or even to the bus stop. We were told to leave our houses and live at the railroad station. It was very difficult. We were shouted at and beaten, and we lived in fear. We were transferred from Mseki to a station called "Forty-eighth Station." We went with our old foreman. This station was 48 kilometers north of Luanda.

There at the Forty-eighth Station I decided I would first wait and see the situation, but things were not changing so I thought of leaving, running away to my home. One day, early in the morning, we woke to discover a big trunk left near the railway station. Two Africans who worked there found the trunk and were talking to each other about who had left it. Where did it come from? Yesterday there was no train from Malange. Where are the visitors? Who has abandoned it? With all the difficulties, maybe people who were running away just left it. Or these people who have been sent by Lumumba, maybe it was theirs. Now as these two men were talking about the trunk like this, the station master was watching from his house and he overheard the name "Lumumba." The master went to the men, saying, "So this trunk has been left by the Lumumba people." The men said that they didn't know where it came from, but the station master went on questioning them, "So you know Lumumba?" The two Africans said they didn't know Lumumba and didn't even know where he was from. Now that white man went to his office and sent a cable to Luanda, saying, "THE LUMUMBISTS ARE HERE AT STATION 48."

Seven jeeps full of armed soldiers were sent from Luanda. They arrived at the station the same time a train from Malange arrived. The first cars were whites and *assimilados*, then the Africans who were in the rear cars. People getting off at that station saw that there was trouble, but it was too late and they were in the middle of it.

Whites were ordered to stay in the train. When the Africans got off, the Portuguese soldiers began shooting, killing people.

When the train arrived, I was not working, but had gone to see some people who were going to arrive on that train. Before I reached the station, the Portuguese had opened fire on the people. I ran away to hide myself in the bush.

Some time after the Portuguese stopped shooting, later in the evening, I went to my house. The railway foreman was there waiting. He told me to go with him to the station. When we got to the station, I was terrified; I thought he was going to hand me over to the Portuguese soldiers. When we reached the station, we found the people who had been killed still on the ground—children, women and men. The soldiers saw me coming with the foreman and wanted to know who I was. The foreman told them I was his servant. The soldiers were fully armed, standing by their jeeps waiting for something. I was very frightened.

There I saw the man who had mentioned Lumumba's name. His arms were tied behind his back; his head was twisted, tied to a tree; when he cried, he was beaten. He was horribly tortured and I was afraid to look at him.

The fate of the other man was that he was taken to another station and was judged guilty. Petrol was poured on him and he was set afire. He was burned alive. This was told to me by people working at the place, people who saw him burned alive. This happened in May 1961.

My work during June and July remained the same. I would ride the train as a ticket taker from the Forty-eighth Station to Mseki and back. In July we were transferred to Canyoka Station and found ourselves in a worse situation. We learned there were "terrorists" working in that area. One day a Portuguese man was attacked on his farm and was shot in the chest with a muzzle-load gun. The man ran to the station master, who reported it to the Portuguese soldiers, who came with lorries full of soldiers.

The soldiers arrived; on their way to the farmer they captured a man and beat and tortured him, and this man led them to where the other men were—to the forest where the others were in camp. Some of the people were captured; others escaped. The captured people were told to dig their grave, one very large hole. While they were

digging, a tractor came and the people were told to get out of the pit, and the tractor finished digging the hole. Then the people were told to lie down in it and were shot, but some were buried alive. These, I believe, were freedom fighters.

The Portuguese, after they had captured these people, collected villagers from nearby and had them watch. Then the Portuguese told the people, "We have killed these people because they are terrorists. They have come to make trouble in our country of Angola. They are not Angolans; they're from some other country." So they killed them in the presence of the people, but the people knew that those were their relatives and countrymen.

The station where I worked was a small one between Luanda and Malange. During that time when I saw the Portuguese torturing my fellow people, and at the same time mistreating me, not regarding me as a human being, I wished I had a gun to fight and kill them. But, lacking the gun, I felt that I was in a very bad position. I was not happy to see my people suffering that way, nor was I happy being treated like an animal.

One day it happened that the African girlfriend of the station master (a man by the name of Aluçino) visited us at our house and stayed for a long while. This house was near the station. Eight of us lived there who worked for the railroad. The seven others were Kimbundu from the Luanda area and were friends and relatives of the station master's girlfriend. When the girl left us, the master asked her where she had been. She told him that she had visited us. The next morning when we were at work, the master called me into his office and said, "Tell me what you are doing with my girlfriend." I explained to him that she was our home girl—that she was Kimbundu from the same region and that she came only to talk with us about nothing especially important. We had no private affairs with her. My master was very annoyed. He said many things. I feared that one day soon he would report me to the Portuguese, so I decided to run away. I packed my things, made some plans and left without saying a word to him. Some of my belongings I gave to friends and then left Canyoka Station for home.

I made arrangements with a driver who was delivering mail to farmers in the area. We knew each other and he charged me only a little money. That's how I managed to escape—on the very day that

the master questioned me. This was in November 1961. We drove to Kapakupa Station, where I caught a train for Coemba, where my brother was working. We went together to see our parents in Sinai village. We feared that the trouble had spread as far as Coemba post and wondered about the fate of our parents. When we reached home we found they were all right. Both my father and mother were surprised to see us back, especially me. They had heard of the trouble in Luanda and never thought they would see me alive. They thought I had been killed and were very happy and excited to see me. They killed a chicken and we had a feast. My friends were called. It was something of a ceremony, with everybody in the village.

Everyone, relatives and others, asked me to tell them what had happened in Luanda. I explained how I went there, how and where I stayed, how the trouble started, how I was transferred and why I decided to run away. I rested in the village for a month, living with my brother.

I then decided to build my house, for my brother had a wife. So I made the bricks and so on. But the *chefe do posto,* when he heard that I had arrived, sent for me. I went. The *chefe* told me, "You refused to work contract labor, but went instead to Luanda, but now you've come back so I think I'll send you to the army." When I told my father this news, he was disappointed. I also was not happy. I told him that I would rather go to South Africa to work than to join the Portuguese soldiers.

Before I left, trouble happened in our village. There were rumors of a man who had came from Congo or somewhere and there were rumors that this man came to our village and this rumor went as far as the *chefe do posto,* and the *chefe* sent a message to Kapakupa.

In April 1962 lorries full of soldiers surrounded our village early in the morning; all of the houses were searched for this man. They said that they were looking for a man who had been sent from Congo to make trouble in the country and, "We know that this man is in your village!" The village headman explained to them that we had never seen this man. They didn't find him but they did collect a few old guns. The Portuguese said that if they had found this man, they would have killed all of us.

Some of the guns they found were authorized, guns which were

used for hunting. At my father's house a pistol and a musket were found. My father repaired guns. The guns found in my father's house were licensed and were not taken. The Portuguese returned the other guns after fines and licenses were paid.

The Portuguese gave orders to all the villagers that if they saw any stranger, they should arrest him—and bring him to the post—he would be punished or killed straightaway. After this, people were forced to pay more taxes, making all sorts of difficulties. Before the war people had to pay £1/10, but after the trouble started the people were told to pay another £1, making taxes £2/10.

I set out on the trip to South Africa in June with my brother, Abilio Chinjobelela. We were four in number before we left. My brother had £8 and I had £5/10. The others had £3 and £4. This was ration money for our journey to South Africa.

We decided not to tell the people of the village that we were going to South Africa, but rather that we were just going to Mualango. We went individually to get our passes, which we needed as far as Mualango since there would be many soldiers and we would certainly be checked. We caught the train for Mualango together, but sat apart. When we reached Mualango, we thought that no one noticed us, but as soon as we stepped away from the train a *cabo* caught us and took us to the Mualango post. The *chefe do posto* questioned us. He wanted to know where we were going. We told him, "To South Africa for employment." He wanted to know who gave us permission to go. We told him that we didn't have it but were going to South Africa for work because our women and children and parents needed help and that we had to find work. Then he asked who among us could write Portuguese. All of us could speak and write Portuguese. He asked us if we had ever seen any *Portuguese* men leaving Angola for work in South Africa. We answered: "It would be difficult for us to know this, but we do know that most Portuguese have employment here so it is not necessary that you leave Angola for work outside."

The *chefe* wanted to know who among us had been to South Africa before and my brother answered that he had. Then he was asked how much money he had been paid, how much he had brought with him from South Africa. My brother answered him, saying, "I have been in Angola for a long time but have gained

nothing from my motherland, but when I went to South Africa, I stayed only 16 months and came back, not with much money but with a sewing machine, a bicycle, two gramophones and a wireless, which were taken away from me. The *chefe do posto* at Coemba told me that an African was not supposed to have such things as a wireless or a gramophone."

The *chefe do posto* wrote all the answers down to send to Coemba. My brother told the Mualango *chefe* that he needed money as his wife and children and other people depended on him. His children needed school fees. He said that he had been employed as a tailor but the pay was too low—only £2/10 a month—and his family was large and more money was needed.

Then the *chefe* turned to me and I told him I wanted to go to South Africa for money for clothing for me and my father and mother. I didn't mention the Portuguese army. The *chefe,* after he had listened to us all, said, "So you are all going to South Africa in order to buy sewing machines and bicycles? Do you think that sewing machines are only sold in South Africa? That we don't have sewing machines in Angola? I have a machine at my house. You bring the money, I will sell you the machine." I answered, "If we had the money, we would buy your sewing machine, but the problem is the money. There are things in the stores, even in Coemba, but we lack the money." He then asked if that was the only reason we wanted to go to South Africa, to get money, and we told him it was.

Finally the *chefe* stopped his questions and told us that he had no authority to let us go to South Africa. The passes we had did not mention South Africa, only Mualango. "Give me all the money you've got," he said. "I'll put it in an envelope and send it to the *chefe do posto* at Coemba. After he sees you, he will let me know whether to allow you through Mualango."

We told him we had no money, but he ordered his *cabo* to search us, saying that he thought we were lying. The *cabo* searched us. My brother had only three shillings in his pocket and I had two. I had hid my money in my underwear. My brother had his hidden in his shoes. But the other two, their money was in their pockets and was taken.

The *chefe do posto* said to us, "So you are going to South Africa with no money!" We told him that we were going to share the money

of the others and that we were all going on foot. The *chefe* told our friends that they were guilty of helping us go to South Africa and the two said, "No, we didn't ask them to come with us, we only just met them and we didn't know how much money they had." The *chefe* didn't believe anybody and said we were to be given five *palmatória* strokes. As he was being beaten, one of the men laughed and the *chefe* became very angry. He said to the *cabo,* "Now look, I've told you to beat these people and you're only playing with them. Ten more! Each of them." So we were given ten more strokes. "Take them away! I'll send them back to their post tonight."

In the evening we were on the train for Coemba, accompanied by five *cabos*. When we arrived, we found the *chefe do posto* with soldiers waiting for us. That same night we were taken to the post and tried. We were asked the same questions and someone was typing our every word. The statements were sent to the Civil Court, where the final judgment would be made. The four of us were not frightened. We answered just as we had before. Each of us had to sign our statements.

The *chefe* then said to us, "Do you think you will be treated better in South Africa than you are here in Angola?" My brother told him that South Africa was not a good country and that the jobs we could get there were not very good. The work was dangerous, sometimes we would be beaten and might even be killed, and the pay was not really good. But they *did* pay us, and with that money we could buy clothing and some other things we needed. "It is difficult there, but here in Angola we are given a job and we do the job, but we are not paid. When I was in South Africa I bought a wireless; when I left, the South African government didn't take my property, and when I passed through Rhodesia they didn't take my property, and in Zambia [which at that time was Northern Rhodesia] they didn't take it either. But when I got back home in Angola, you took my property yourself and paid me nothing, not a cent."

The *chefe* asked, "When I took your wireless, were you annoyed? Aren't you happy about that? And that's why you are going to South Africa again?" My brother said, "Yes, but I won't buy a wireless again for you to take."

Each of us was questioned and afterwards the *chefe* said, "It

seems that you are very arrogant. And you spoke to the Mualango *chefe* in the same way. You show no respect, and must be punished. I will let you know who I am. I am Kalundungu, Coemba *chefe do posto.*" (In Umbundu *"kalundungu"* means "hot pepper.") "Today I'm going to make you eat pepper and you'll see how nasty it is." He had accepted this nickname because he liked people to fear him. They called him "Kaldung-Kaldung" because they knew him to be a brutal man.

After he questioned us, he called two of his *cabos,* giving his whip to one and the *palmatória* to the other. They started beating my brother. He was whipped more than 40 times on the back, and was hit an equal number on his hands with the *palmatória.* After my brother, I received 20 *palmatória* and 30 strokes on my buttocks. The men on whom they found the money were given 50 *palmatória* and more than 50 strokes. All of us were bleeding. It was very late.

The *chefe* told us: "Take your blankets to the prison. You will be brought back to begin work at sunup." We told the *chefe,* "We are feeling much pain. We can hardly move and won't be able to work in the morning. If it pleases you, it might be easier just to kill the four of us." We were taken to the prison and the next morning our parents came. When they saw our condition, they cried for us. While our parents were visiting, the *cabos* came to take us for work in the fields. "We are unable to work," we said. "The pain is too great; we can't even move." They left us in the prison for four days and on the fifth we were given tools to work. We collected small stones for the gravel roads near the post. We were given quarters and told to stay there; we were not imprisoned, but the *cabos* guarded us.

We did this work for a week and then decided to tell the *chefe* that we wanted to go home. We said to ourselves that those of us who were cowards should not go, but those who were brave should. We all went and told his cook to call him. The cook said to us, "What do you want, you four people?" We told him we wanted to talk to the *chefe.* The cook wanted to know why, but we told him that our business was with the *chefe.* The cook went to get him. We could hear the *chefe* shouting, "What are they doing here? What do they want?" and so forth. We were quiet. When he came out he said, "I don't want you here! I don't want to talk to you! I want you back at work!" We told him that we didn't want to work; we wanted

to go home. We told him that we had committed no crime. We only wanted to go to South Africa to look for jobs and he himself knew that there were no jobs here. "The *chefe do posto* of Mualango beat us, then brought us to you and you also beat us, but what crime have we committed? We want to go home. We can tell you now that if you don't release us, we shall go on our own accord, we shall go anywhere we like."

When we told him this, he was quiet for at least five minutes, then said, "All right. Follow me to the office." When we reached the office, he gave us things which they had taken and had each of us sign our names and our father's name. Then he phoned the Civil Court. He said to them, "What shall I do with these people?" He didn't tell us what they answered, but told us we must go home and that he knew our home very well; that we had coffee, olive trees, lemons, mangos, bananas, rice, millet, everything. "I want you to improve your farms. I don't like hearing that you want to go to South Africa. If you go to South Africa, you improve South Africa, not Angola." We didn't answer him. We didn't want to answer him again so we left silently. The money the *chefe do posto* in Nuango took from us was used to buy tickets to ship us to Coemba.

Our two friends didn't even go back to their village. They caught a train for a place near the border, planning to go from Zambia to South Africa. We gave them the money for train fare.

My brother and I stayed in our village for a couple of days, then started our journey on foot on 12 July. We had been detained a month, all totaled. We left Angola for South Africa and made no reports to the *chefe do posto.*

When the *chefes* of Mualango and Coemba detained us, we were made to feel as slaves, not even as human beings. I thought about Lumumba, but didn't even know where or who he was. "If he came," I thought, "I would be the first to join him, or if I knew where he was, I would get him and bring him back with his men to fight the Portuguese and free our country."

Before we left I told my parents, "I'm going and I don't think I will return." I told my father, "If I find the people who are fighting for their freedom, I will join them; I'm going to treat the Portuguese to the same kind of treatment we've gotten from them and multiply it twice."

We also went by way of Zambia. I carried food. My brother car-

ried our blankets. We passed through the post but did not see the *chefe*. We told the people who saw us that we were going to buy beeswax.

After we left the post, we approached the Coemba river and stopped at a small village where we were given food and shelter. The next day we traveled until we reached a second village, which was all Christian with a Protestant church. They also asked us where we were going and where we came from. "From Sinai and for beeswax." The reason they wanted to know was that the Portuguese had told all villagers they must report all visitors—where they were from and where going.

Our travels were in July, when it was cold. We would wake up about 6:00 A.M. to avoid the coldness and would walk until we reached another village late in the evening. Sometimes we would have to spend the night in the forest—especially when we knew of village chiefs who were spies for the Portuguese.

One day we came across a lion, a very angry lion. When he saw us he came toward us, and we climbed a tree. Luckily enough we had some meat which we gave the lion; he took it away and we climbed down and started our journey. After that, we had a fear of spending nights in the forest. We decided to risk staying in the villages rather than be eaten by beasts in the forest.

A couple of days later at a village, the headman approached us after we had spent the night and said that he must report us to the *chefe do posto,* but to avoid this we might give the village a gift. "If the Portuguese find out you've been in our village and we don't report it, we'll be in trouble so you must give us something, like money." The headman brought out a chicken, a small chicken, and said, "I'm selling this chicken and I hope that you will buy this chicken and this chicken will cost you ten shillings. Failing that, I'm going to report you."

Well, we said that we had no money and couldn't afford to buy such a small chicken for ten shillings. Then the village headman said, "If you don't buy this small chicken, I'm going to take your things by force and I'm also going to report you." When he saw that we were still not going to take his chicken, he called his people. They gathered around us and he told them, "We are taking these two to the *chefe* because they are rude chaps. They don't want to

buy my chicken, and I can't allow them to pass through like this, without my chicken."

We asked his people to show us the way. The headman said, "Before anybody shows them the way, they must give us a gift." Well, we wanted to leave, so we gave him five shillings and he let us go.

After this, we decided to take our chances again with the wild beasts in the forest. We went on with our journey and passed near the village of a chief named Sapato, whom my brother knew to be a cheat. Due to the thick forest we came too close to the village and some of the people saw us. That night we slept at the village. The next day a man named Kachongo told us that he too wanted to go to South Africa and that he would help us carry our things. He brought his mealie-meal, adding it to ours, and carried the load. We carried our own blankets. When we had walked a few miles, he told us, "I want to go see my uncle who lives just over there. I'll join you ahead if you don't move too fast." So we went ahead, then stopped and waited. But the man never appeared. We went back to the village where his uncle was supposed to be, but they said there was no such uncle and no such man. We waited a bit, but feared he might have gone to the Portuguese. So we left in the afternoon and slept in the forest, without food.

The next morning we continued with our journey, but were hungry. We reached a village and found a man who had killed a deer and bought some meat. We also bought some mealie-meal.

We walked on the roads, but when we approached a village we would cut into the forest, circling it. We decided to rest in the daytime and walk at night. We did this because a man told us that people in the area were likely to report us or arrest and take us to the *chefe do posto*. After a few more days we approached the Zambia border and arrived in that country after 20 days' journey. We had walked about 400 miles. We crossed the border early in the morning with no difficulties, no gates, no police. A few miles inside Zambia there was a village and we were welcomed and treated well. After we had rested and eaten, a man took us to Winela after we had told him that we were going to South Africa. This is the Nguvu Winela in the Balovale district. At Winela we were signed up. We met a man called Ratio, an African, who was the captain there.

There were 73 people; 45 had left South Africa and were returning to Angola and the other 28 were just leaving Angola.

At Nguvu Winela we were interviewed by the captain. We had to sign some forms which were in English. Those who didn't know how to sign had to make fingerprints. We were issued clothing and some other things. We stayed there for two days; on the third day we left, heading south for Katima Mulilo by water barge on the Ngevu river. We reached the Zambezi and went as far as Lukulu, where we spent a day.

When we reached Mongu we were given medical examinations and were told the Winela rules: hours we could move about, when to be in camp, mealtimes and so forth. In Mongu we filled out more forms, with more fingerprints. After a couple of days we left for Senanga, then from Senango we were taken by lorry to Katima Mulilo. By the time we reached Katima Mulilo we were very dirty; there had been no way to wash for several days. We were given more medical examinations and inoculations. We were given traveling documents, but some were refused, told they could not go to South Africa because they were too unhealthy. Four people were given this bad news and were sent back to Angola.

At Katima Mulilo we were told we would go by airplane and were instructed to remain seated. They gave us envelopes for our vomit. When told we would travel by plane, I was happy, because it was my first time to fly, but when we were in the air, I felt that we would certainly crash, because it was very bumpy; people were getting sick and there was a lot of noise. I didn't feel very safe. When we landed, we thought our ears were broken because we couldn't hear properly. I thought I was permanently damaged, but after a couple of days my hearing became normal. There were 40 of us in the plane, a four-engine airplane.

We were interviewed at Umuzikas to determine which kind of work we would do in the mines and who had been to South Africa before. We were then assigned to different mines. I was sent to the Rondress Mine in Johannesburg to work as a drilling boy.

Before being taken underground, we first went to the mine school, where we were taught to use certain machines. We were trained for two weeks, then taken into the mines and given jobs. We worked very hard. They worked us very hard to find out

Agostinho Neto, speaking at the Eastern Regional Conference, August 1968

MPLA Commander Spartacus Monimambu

MPLA Commander Janginda

Anibal de Melo, Eastern Regional Director, and Deloloa, Director of the Center for Revolutionary Instruction

MPLA leadership at the First Eastern Regional Conference. From left: Commanders Janginda and Toka; President Neto; Commander Monimambu; Eastern Regional Director de Melo; Commander Masinda Cota

First Eastern Regional Conference

Roy Harvey

Villagers

Don Barnett and two MPLA guerrillas

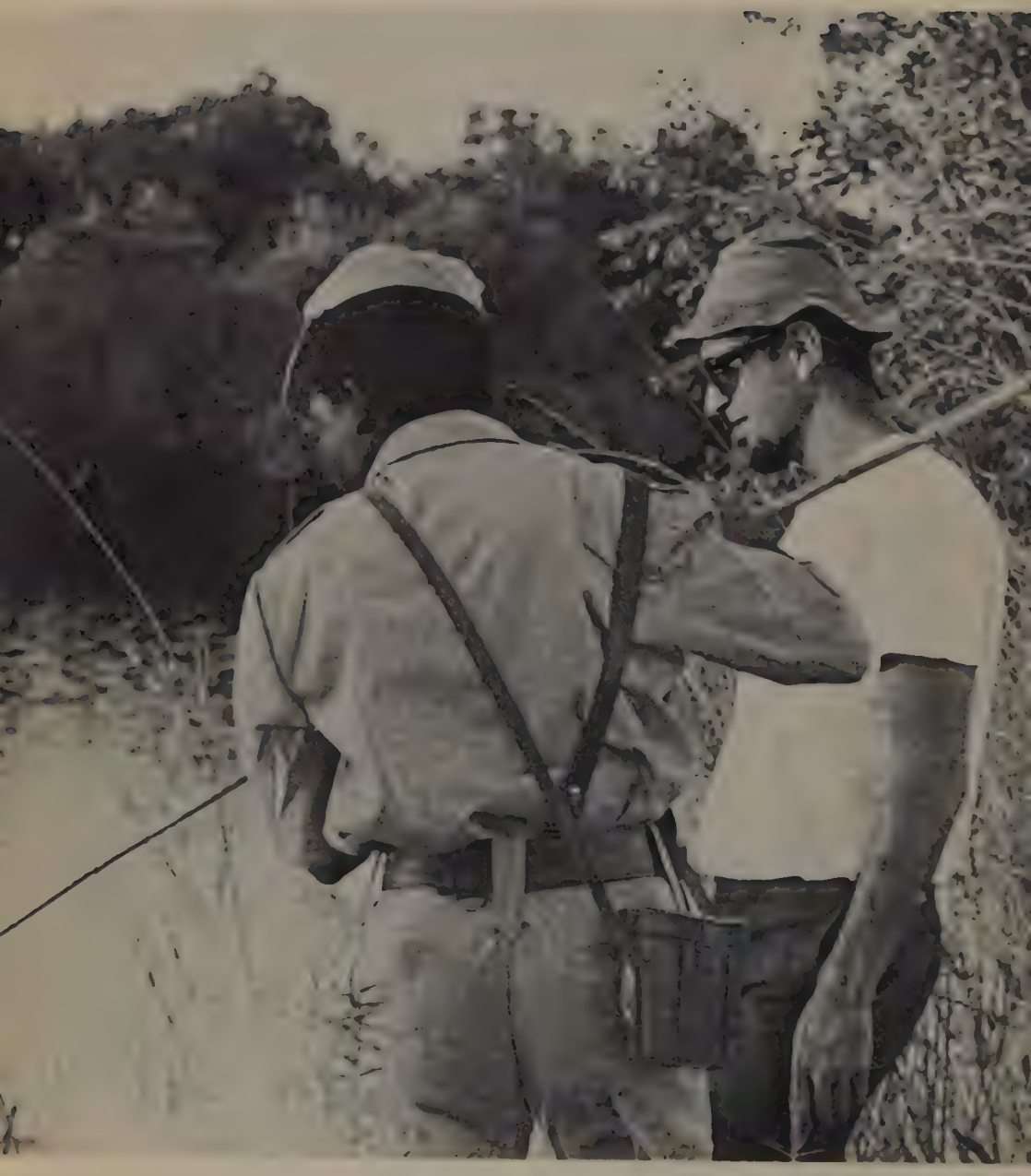
SITTING: *Eastern Regional Commander Toka (left); Dr. Americo Boavida (right)*

SITTING: *Eastern Regional Commander Toka (left); Dr. Américo Boavida (right)*
STANDING: *Masinda Cota (right)*

Don Barnett at Conference camp in Angola, August 1968

Don Barnett

Don Barnett fishing with MPLA guerrilla



Daniel Chipenda, Comité Director member

Commander Spartacus Monimambu in Angola

who was suitable to work underground and who would work on the surface. Some of us would faint and had to be taken outside and awakened with water or injections. After two weeks I was selected for underground work and was given a drill.

We descended into the mine by elevator. I worked at station 27. There were 43 stations in all. It was a very deep gold mine. Out of the 40 workers, only 17 of us were selected to work underground. We were assigned different stations. I was the only one of us working at the twenty-seventh station.

We woke at 3:00 A.M. and would go to the lines in the kitchen for food. Sometimes we would get a cup of coffee with bread, other times porridge. After getting these things, we would carry them in our small container to the main station, where we would wait for the elevator car. We worked until about 11:00 A.M., then would surface.

The first four months my salary was £4/10 per month; money was deducted from our pay for the clothing and blankets we were issued in Nguvu. After four months I was paid the full pay: £8 per month.

Sometimes I worked the morning shift; other times I would start work at 6:00 P.M. and quit around 2:00 in the morning. In South Africa all the responsible positions—the main jobs—are held by whites. Some Africans are promoted to boss boys to oversee regular workers, but there are no Africans allowed to become managers or engineers.

My main job was drilling small holes, many small holes. My boss would come and put a mark to indicate where I was supposed to drill: "Two here and one there . . ." and so forth. So I would drill. After drilling, I would leave and another group trained to use dynamite would come. They put dynamite in the holes I had drilled. The rocks would be blown apart.

Working the mines is a dangerous job. Sometimes it is impossible to stand and the job must be done lying down. Sometimes it becomes so very hot that you faint. There is not sufficient air, just enough to keep people alive. It is a very dirty job; the dust turns to mud with the sweat. Breathing this dust causes certain diseases. When starting work each day, we would pour water on the ground to reduce the dust we would have to breathe. You had to be very careful under-

ground. Before I started drilling I had to check all the old holes for unexploded dynamite. If I drilled the unexploded dynamite, or even near it, many, many people would be killed.

We worked Monday through Saturday, but on Sunday we were free. We could go anywhere within the mining area. Sometimes we would go see friends working in other mines. We could go to the shops or attend football games. There were other games within the compound and traditional dances by people from Malawi, Tanzania, Angola, etc.

Within the compound we were grouped apart: Angolans, Tanzanians, Malawians, Zambians—but the people from Mozambique and South Africa were grouped in a different place altogether. The reason, they told us, was that we could understand our own people, but might fall to fighting with workers from other tribes or countries.

One thing that pleased me in South Africa was the bonuses. If we worked overtime or did especially good work, we would be given a bonus. Out of this money I could buy the things that I wanted. Also I could sometimes go to a film.

There is not much difference between the Portuguese and the South African whites. We were supervised more by Africans than by whites. If a white man saw that you made a mistake, the African had to beat you—the same arrangement as the Portuguese had in Angola. We were told that these mistakes embarrassed our bosses. While at work I myself didn't have much trouble with the Europeans.

There were many accidents underground, but I never got more than a small cut. I worked at the same mine until March 1965. My contract was for one and a half years and I completed this time underground.

While there, I bought a bicycle, sewing machine, gramophone, wireless and a suitcase full of clothing. I also bought two torches [flashlights], one for my father and one for myself. When I left South Africa I brought £26 with me. My other money, £32, was sent to me in Katima Mulilo. The company paid for my transport to Katima Mulilo, but my things had to be posted. I spent many days waiting for them. While I was waiting, I wasted the £26 on pleasures.

I spent the money buying beer, playing with women, giving money away. I was foolish. I was with a friend in Katima Mulilo—José Mlanda, whom I came with from South Africa. There at

Katima Mulilo we had no idea of returning home. We thought of remaining there. But later on, home came to my mind and I decided to proceed with my journey. I had left only the £32 which the company had sent me. I spent eight weeks altogether in the town.

The company transported us to Mongu. Now that we were in Zambia, they said, our contracts were terminated and we were free to go. We asked for transport to Nguvu, where we were hired. After a few days, they agreed.

Reaching Nguvu, we found many people who had fled from Angola. They told us it would be bad for us to go into Angola. "There is much trouble," one man said. "Someone named Savimbi has stolen many cattle from the Portuguese and they are looking for him. They have already killed 40 people from his group and are shooting all strangers found in the villages. If they see you coming with these things, they will catch you, take your things and then kill you."

We met the people who told us these things near the border. We then decided to return to Nguvu. There we met a militant of the MPLA and he told us of the movement that was trying to liberate Angola. They had a camp in Balovale, and there were others working in Angola. He said that Angolans were needed in this movement to liberate our motherland. We agreed to join and go with this man to Balovale. I had many things with me and paid someone to help me carry them.

The comrade we met in Nguvu is named Mario. His nickname is Kapwepwe. When we left Nguvu, Mario gave us a letter of introduction for the MPLA representative in Balovale. We traveled four days and then reached Balovale, where we met comrades Ngonga and José. After they read the letter, they said we would have to wait for another MPLA representative. The next day Comrade Alfonso arrived and we were introduced to him. We told him who we were and where we came from and so on. Comrade Alfonso told us why we were fighting for our Angola and about politics. He told us that we were not fighting the Portuguese, but that we were fighting Portuguese colonialism in Angola. "Other people say that we are fighting to kill Portuguese, but this is not our aim, to kill all of the Portuguese in Angola; but we will destroy the Portuguese government in Angola. We will tear it out and build our own Angola!"

Even before I joined the MPLA, my chief aim had become to

fight the Portuguese. Life in Angola was impossible. To return meant to fight back. So when I found a movement that was prepared to fight the Portuguese, I was prepared to join it. When Comrade Alfonso told us about the MPLA and fighting the colonialists, I was convinced. I was happy and I joined without hesitation.

We were 113 at the camp, including women, children and men. We had no regular houses but we built many small huts. There were two camps: Chaguma and Balovale. I was first stationed at Balovale. We stayed there a long time. At first we had nothing to eat or drink, so I sold my wireless, my bicycle and my gramophone and we bought food. The money I brought with me we also used for food. We shared this food amongst the Angolan comrades in the camp.

I remained at Balovale camp from June 1965 until October 1966. We stayed there the whole time, but occasionally there were vehicles which came from Lusaka with materials; about five of us would join the vehicles and go right up to the border, unload the materials and then return.

We waited to be sent for military training. While I was there I saw many refugees fleeing Angola. We would get information or war communiqués that the Portuguese were being killed by our guerrillas. The war in the Eastern Region started in the middle of the year 1966.

At the end of 1965 we had trouble with some people in the Balovale area. There was another movement, called UNITA, led by Savimbi and others. The people of UNITA hated us very much. They were angry with our progress there, so they made many bad reports to the authorities in the Balovale district. In the middle of 1966 a Zambian provincial official came to the camp, telling us that he didn't like the camp where it was. "I want all of you to leave. You can go to Lusaka or back inside Angola, but you can't remain here. If you stay, the Portuguese will surely come and bomb this area and people will be killed. All of you except the young boys and girls must leave. The boys and girls must go to the refugee camp and remain there." One of the young boys stood up and said, "I don't want to go to the refugee camp. I want to go with my parents. I want to see where they will be killed and be killed with them. I won't stay in a refugee camp."

Comrade Alfonso had given us orders not to move around in the villages. We did not go anywhere, but instead did jobs and made preparations. The work at Balovale camp was difficult, but it was shared. Some had duty cooking food; others building, washing, making bricks; some were sent to collect poles from the forest, to draw water, build irrigation ditches, latrines and so on. Before I sold my machine, I used to mend the clothing of the comrades in the camp. We were not given military training because of instructions from the Zambian government.

We started our work around 8:00 A.M., but before work we would exercise at the parade grounds, then play football. We went to school from 1:00 to 4:00 in the afternoon. Two or three days a week there were meetings conducted by Comrade Alfonso. The meetings began after 3:00 and would last until 5:00 or 6:00 and sometimes 7:00. The constitution of the MPLA would be read and the politics of the movement discussed. We also received instruction on how we should do political and military work in Angola.

Everybody went to school, beginners to the more advanced, studying mathematics, Portuguese, geography, natural science and so forth. I continued with grade three. Grade four in Angola is not the same as in Zambia. In Zambia primary education takes six years, in Angola it is four years.

Comrade Alfonso taught us liberation songs. We sang when we were about to finish our work in the evening. We also had parades around five o'clock. After parade, people would wash themselves in the river; others would collect firewood or remain in the camp, playing, or would sing songs or tell stories. The children would go to bed early, around 8:00, and the others at 10:00. We were told not to have sexual relations with the women in the camp, unless it was with our wife.

I loved the life in Balovale camp. It was like this: there was much understanding there. There were no problems, or if there *were* problems, we sat down and discussed them until we came to an understanding. If someone went naked, he was given clothing or a blanket. We shared everything and helped each other. If somebody was sick, we looked after him; so I loved the life in the camp.

When we were ordered to leave Balovale camp, in October 1966,

some of the comrades were sent into Angola. Most of us were sent to Lusaka so we could be sent abroad for military training. When the vehicle sent from Lusaka reached our camp, it remained there. There was no petrol. At that time getting petrol in Zambia was very difficult, even if one had the money. A government official wanted to know why the vehicle was there and who owned it. He was told that the vehicle belonged to the MPLA and then he found out who authorized the camp. Further investigation and he found people who reported that we were making trouble. He then ordered us to leave that camp. After this, we got the petrol and left by our vehicle for Lusaka.

We bought petrol in Balovale. It was rationed if we had the money. When we were ordered to leave, the comrades sold their things which some had brought from Johannesburg—the bicycles and so forth. Comrade Alfonso said that if we had money we should buy petrol, and when we reached Lusaka the movement would refund our money, which it did. We left Balovale about 3:00 in the afternoon and spent the night in Cavompo. The next morning we traveled till late in the evening into the copper belt, and then all night. We reached Lusaka the next morning at 8:00 A.M.

In Lusaka we met Comrades Anibal de Melo and Spartacus Monimambu. We were instructed by Comrade de Melo not to move about in Lusaka. We would remain where we were for a few days, then be sent elsewhere. We rested a day, and the following morning Comrade de Melo conducted a meeting. He explained political things to us, the reasons we were to remain where we were. He said that the MPLA hoped we would work very hard where we were going, that others had been there and had conducted themselves very well and given a good name to Angola, and that he was sure we also would come back with a good name.

We stayed only three days in Lusaka, then were sent outside of Africa for military training. I was trained in the military techniques of war and in radio operations. The training lasted seven months. After the training was over we were given exams. We all passed and were then sent back through Zambia to Angola.

The trip abroad helped me very much. I liked being trained and was very happy. The military training we were given would help us to liberate the motherland. On our way back we met some diffi-

culties, especially here in Zambia with the immigration officials, but I was not worried, because I now had the skills to help in the liberation of Angola. The problems that happened were not on the borders but close to the big towns, inside Zambia. We were detained for a day or two and they sent telegrams to find out if we were the real freedom fighters or not. Top officials of Zambia responded well, with telegrams ordering our release, so we were released to continue our journey. These difficulties occurred three times.

When we reached Balovale, we reported to the authorities: "We have come back and are going inside, but we would like to buy some food at the stores." We were told that we should not remain in Zambia very long. We had permission to buy food, but if we remained any longer they would detain us. This was August 1967.

I don't remember our exact number but there were 35 to 40 of us, two groups. We bought our things in Balovale and were picked up by a lorry which took us to Chavuma. We arrived late in the evening, about 7:00, and spent the night there. Early the next morning Commander Cuidado arrived with other comrades. There were about 30 of us who went with Comrade Cuidado into Angola. Just after we arrived, Commander Cuidado told us: "You are now in Angola as soldiers of the MPLA. You must know that we could meet the enemy at any time." We moved like guerrillas, in ways that we had been trained.

When we entered Angola, we had no arms. Those who came to escort us had weapons. We got arms when we reached the camps. Most of our marching was done at night to avoid meeting the enemy. We reached a place where people were and were welcomed. They brought us water to wash ourselves, and food. These were villagers living in the bush, not guerrillas. This was my first journey as a liberation fighter in Angola.

Most of us were not accustomed to traveling such long distances through sand and at such speed with heavy loads. Some of the new guerrillas became very tired and could not wear their shoes, their feet hurt so bad. Some were so tired they couldn't even walk. We were all exhausted. It wasn't a long journey—only about 30 miles from the border. We had started very early in the dark hours of the morning. When it got too light, we rested, taking off again very early in the evening and walking far into the night until we reached the

village. The next day we left at 7:00 A.M. and reached our military base at about 10:00 A.M. That was in the zone where Comrade Cuidado was commander, Zone B.

At that base we met Comrade Matandi and other commanders. We could get almost all of the work we were trained for at that base. There were many of us. Some were sent to other sections, different groups. I and a few others remained there. There were not many huts and we were asked to build more. During that time we were not promoted but did all sorts of jobs. We sometimes went with the women to collect cassava, to guard, sometimes with the women to fish, sometimes to the villages for food. We dug trenches and caches. We didn't work much in the fields. The Portuguese were bombing the villages and the fields very often, nearly every week. We ourselves had small gardens. We named this Zone B base "Camp Sequeira I" after a comrade by that name who had been killed in action.

One day the Portuguese came, spending a night near the village where we had stayed when we first came into Angola. They were discovered when a villager went hunting and crossed their path. He found an empty tin of fish and took it to the villagers to show as evidence that the Portuguese were near. Some villagers weren't convinced, saying the tin might belong to the comrades of the MPLA, but others insisted that it was Portuguese. The next morning Portuguese soldiers approached this village. A shot was fired, perhaps accidentally, and the people escaped. One man who ran away, however, went back as he had forgotten some things at his house. He was caught by the Portuguese.

When they were a safe distance into the bush, the villagers sent a man to report to the MPLA what had happened. The man feared running straight to our camp as there were no trees, so he made a large circle. When he almost reached our base, the Portuguese, who were also heading in our direction, saw and followed him. The man arrived to report, but by this time the Portuguese had approached our outer guards, who fired, warning us of their arrival.

That was a difficult day for us; we weren't prepared for an attack. We were about 30 armed guerrillas in the base. The Portuguese were also about 30 in number. We were taken by surprise but we

stood our ground. We divided up, some to attack them from the side, some to defend the base and some to remove our personal things from the base, hiding them deeper in the bush.

When the firing first started we fought in fixed positions, but they advanced and we retreated, but not all of us. Some of us fought from the trenches, others from behind trees. We fired and killed several of them. I was one of the guerrillas who went into action, armed with a sub-machine gun and a hand grenade.

The Portuguese made every effort to overcome us, but we fought very hard and at last they backed off and ran away. The fighting began at 6:00 in the morning and by 7:00 it was over. We heard them shouting, "Let's go back! Pull out!" Then they retreated. They ran away. Later we went to survey their casualties. We found weapons, bullets, blood everywhere. On our side no one was killed or wounded.

When the Portuguese retreated, we didn't follow. We feared an ambush. Instead, we began preparations for moving our base in case they would return. The Portuguese pulled back with the dead and wounded to their camp near the village, where helicopters came to pick up their wounded.

When we first heard that the Portuguese were coming, when our guard opened fire, I myself nearly fainted. I felt like running away. But when the Portuguese arrived and the fighting broke out, I couldn't think of running. All I could think of was fighting them. After this attack the people who had hidden our things in the forest returned, and we remained at the base. This was in December 1967.

About a month later the Portuguese sent out a larger force. They hadn't abandoned their temporary encampment. In January 1968 they sent 27 lorries, four groups, each consisting of about 100 soldiers. On their way to our area they made camp and were discovered by one of our patrols. The Portuguese parked their lorries on one side of a small river. Some of them camped on the river beside the lorries, some crossed to the other side.

There were eight guerrillas in the patrol that spotted the enemy soldiers, but they only saw the smaller Portuguese encampment, which they attacked. Their fire was returned from both sides of the river. This took place at 1:00 A.M. None of the comrades in the

patrol was injured. After they attacked the Portuguese, these guerrillas returned to report. Commander Cuidado chose about 12 guerrillas to go attack the Portuguese. I was one of the 12.

When we reached them it was daytime and we decided not to attack them right away. They were clever, standing guard here and there, looking for us with patrols. So we waited until late in the night.

Before we had a chance to attack, we heard firing from the direction of our base. At 2:00 A.M. we attacked the Portuguese encampment. We first threw hand grenades, and then fired. We sustained our fire for five minutes, then pulled back. None of us was injured.

The Portuguese patrol that had drawn fire from the guards at our base didn't attack or return fire; they retreated to report our position. When this patrol heard the firing from their own camp, they returned in a hurry. We met them as we were returning to the base. In the fire fighting one of our men, Comrade Cabili, was injured. Some of the Portuguese were also injured, but how many we didn't know. After regrouping, we again headed for the base.

When we arrived, we reported our actions to Commanders Cuidado and Monimambu. We told them we were sure the Portuguese would launch an attack against our base. They sent patrols out to the east and south. Four groups were sent in different directions. I remained with the commanders and other guerrillas at the base. The next morning around 8:00 four groups of Portuguese soldiers approached the base. They stopped near a huge anthill less than a mile to the west. They took up positions and started firing. There were about 30 of us left in the base, all armed. We took up positions in the trenches around the perimeter of the camp. When the Portuguese opened fire, Commander Monimambu ordered us to hold our own fire until they approached closer to the camp. Mortars fell near and around the base; the Tugus [Portuguese] didn't know exactly where we were. None of the shells fell into the camp itself. They continued this firing until 11:00 A.M., then stopped.

As soon as they stopped firing their mortars, three planes flew over and began bombing the area. This attack continued until 1:00 P.M. Several of the bombs fell within the perimeter of the base, but fortunately none of the comrades were hurt. The bombers withdrew,

but a small reconnaissance plane came back around 2:30 and circled the base. Commander Monimambu told us that this was a sign the Portuguese were about to attack and that we should be ready.

This was my first time to be in an air attack. When the mortar shells and bombs came near my position, I thought I might be killed. Though frightened, I remained in my trench ready to fight. The small plane circled the area for about half an hour but didn't spot us. Our base was in the forest and they couldn't see us through the trees from the air. Apparently they thought we were all gone or dead, so they ordered their troops to move into the base to burn our huts and see what they could find.

Our patrols had observed all this action and followed behind the Portuguese forces as they approached the base. When the enemy soldiers were about 100 yards from our trenches, we opened fire. The Portuguese took cover and returned our fire. In the meantime, the guerrillas who had been following them decided to set an ambush as they thought the Portuguese would retreat and fall into it.

When the Portuguese advanced, Commander Monimambu and his unit were guarding the approach the enemy had tested in their first attack. I was with Commander Cuidado and the other comrades who were in the line of enemy attack. As the Tugus took cover and started firing, they shouted, "Forward! Don't retreat! Advance and burn their huts! Kill them all!" We also shouted: "Come ahead, we're ready!"

Comrade Monimambu and his men remained in their position. The Portuguese shouted many abuses at us as they moved forward. Some of the guerrillas, this being their first combat, were afraid and started to run. Comrade Cuidado quickly moved to get additional men from Monimambu's group, and some of the men who had started to retreat returned. The Portuguese now approached our farthest guard position and were about 50 yards from our trenches. When they heard the approaching guerrillas—Monimambu's men returning with Cuidado—they thought it was a large force and panicked; they started to retreat. The Portuguese had been shouting, calling us names, "Bandits," "Terrorists," "Monkeys," "Dogs," but now they retreated. The Portuguese commander ordered his men to advance. But some replied that this was a strong group of

terrorists and that they were running out of ammunition. So they disobeyed their commander and continued their flight. Four units, each with 45 enemy soldiers, ran away from us.

Commander Cuidado ordered us to return to the trenches, saying that sometimes the Tugus used this tactic, pulling some of their men out but leaving others behind in ambush. This battle lasted about half an hour, from 3:30 to 4:00 P.M. When it was over, Comrade Cuidado sent five guerrillas to follow and make sure the Portuguese didn't circle and attack us from another direction.

During the battle one of our comrades, one who had become frightened and fled, shot himself in the leg. That was our only casualty. On the Portuguese side there were many wounded and dead. We later saw the blood and tracks where they had dragged their fallen comrades and heaped them in a pile. The Portuguese managed to collect their weapons and we didn't capture any arms or ammunition.

As the Portuguese retreated and reached a point about a quarter of a mile from the base, we heard firing again and knew that it was our comrades ambushing them. Later they told us they had overheard the retreating Portuguese ask if the helicopters were coming to pick them up. It was then that our men attacked. The ambush took only three or four minutes. The first two groups of Portuguese fell into it. The other two groups circled behind and tried to counterattack, but our men saw them and quickly broke off contact. When those of us in the base heard the shooting from the ambush, we knew that we had won. Some of the comrades started shouting, "Hurrah! Hurrah!" Hearing these shouts, the Portuguese fired a few shots toward the base but did no harm. We knew we had won the victory. The comrades who had set the ambush remained awhile in the forest, then came back to the base. We all reassembled in the camp at about 5:00 P.M. Just then another reconnaissance plane came and started circling overhead. Comrade Monimambu ordered us to shoot at it. We fired, and it soon pulled up and away from the base. Commanders Cuidado and Monimambu said that we too should abandon this base and set up another in the forest, but as we had a lot of war material and weapons to guard, it was decided that we would remain there and stay awake the night guarding the base.

The Portuguese soldiers in the attack had come from different

barracks and posts. Some came from Luso, some from Lumbala, some from Cazombo and other posts in the area. They concentrated their forces in order to attack the base but they were defeated anyway. This gave us confidence and increased the morale of all the comrades.

Early in the morning Monimambu sent a patrol to follow the tracks of the Portuguese forces and see what they were up to. These men returned to report that they followed the tracks to a plain where helicopters landed and picked up the troops. The large helicopter had to make about four trips to remove all the soldiers, dead and wounded. Not all of the troops were removed; some moved off to their encampment where they had left the trucks. From there they went back to their barracks and posts.

After the scouts had reported, the commanders decided that we would leave the base and set up a temporary camp some distance away, sending patrols back to see what the Portuguese were doing at their encampment. If the Portuguese didn't attack, maybe we would move back to the base later. The camp we set up was a temporary one. A few guerrillas were left at the base to patrol it, but we removed all equipment and war materials.

Those who went to guard the old base were rotated, and over the course of the next few days I also went on patrol at the base. After this battle I felt very happy. I had suffered my first bombing and the first mortar attack and had been in considerable fire fights. I lost most of my fear. That battle proved to me that we could win a victory. We could liberate Angola from the Portuguese.

In November 1967 I had been appointed *chefe do grupo,* and while at the base the men in my group and myself prepared our own detachment camp some distance away. My group was named *"Grupo Fronteira,"* since we were to set up our camp near the border and patrol the frontier. As it was under my command, this detachment was also called *"Grupo Kufa Kua Angola."*

In each section under the Zone B Military Command there were three detachments, but ours was an independent group which patrolled the frontier. The section of frontier where my group was stationed was close to a Portuguese post which sent out patrols to guard the border and prevent "terrorists" from moving in and out. Our job was to ambush these Portuguese when they went on patrol

to prevent them from blocking the movements of our people and supplies.

After we had remained at the temporary camp for two or three weeks, Commanders Monimambu and Cuidado decided against returning to the old base. The Portuguese might bomb it at any time, since they knew its location. We made the temporary base into the new command post of the zone. This was February 1968. In this same month Commander Monimambu was called to Lusaka[2] and left the Command to Comrade Cuidado. I was sent to assist Comrade Moni in reaching the border. There were four of us in my group: the assistant *chefe do grupo,* two guerrillas and myself. The *subchefe* of my group was named Lingadate, which in English means "What can I do?"

We were first sent out to patrol the area through which Monimambu would pass. He was being escorted by another group. We were told to go ahead and scout the way to the border. If Moni didn't come by sunset, we were to cross and spend the night on the Zambia side of the border. When we left Monimambu, my group split up, taking two different routes to the border. We arranged where to rendezvous. Our instructions were that if we saw any Portuguese and met or suspected trouble ahead, we should report back to Commander Monimambu. Later that evening, when we met at the border, the other two guerrillas in my group told me they had seen the tracks of a Portuguese patrol leading toward Monimambu's unit. There was a chance that they might meet. When I heard this news I was very worried. Commander Monimambu was the Eastern Regional commander. He was wounded and might meet the Portuguese patrol and be killed. When the comrades had a bite to eat, I decided we should cross back into Angola, get our weapons and check on Comrade Monimambu. Later that night, at about 8:00 P.M., we met Moni and his group. They had had no contact with the Portuguese. We were very relieved. We escorted Comrade Moni and his group across the border and into a Zambian village. There we spent the night.

Next morning at 6:00 *Grupo Fronteira* crossed back into

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[2] Commander Spartacus Monimambu was called to Lusaka for the treatment of a wound he had received on 23 October 1967. He was hit by a bullet which lodged under his skull. This incident is briefly recounted in the Monimambu interview (Chapter Two).

Angola. We moved along the path that Monimambu had taken, expecting to find Portuguese footprints. But we didn't find any. The Tugu patrol must have turned back before they reached the path. We then returned to our new encampment, picking up tracks of the enemy patrol on the way. We didn't pursue the Portuguese, because we were too few and our arms too light. From the footprints it looked as though there were about 30 Tugus and we were only four. When we reached our camp, I sent one of the men back to the base to inform Comrade Cuidado and ask him to send us more men. The guerrilla returned with eight men. The next morning we left the camp to follow the Portuguese footprints. About 11:00 A.M. we spotted the enemy force crossing a plain. There were 45 of them altogether, five behind, one of whom carried a radio set. They had been sent out from Lumbala and were heading south toward the Zambia border. We were moving along a forest path when we spotted them. Moving quickly, we went ahead to set an ambush along a forest path. But we waited in vain until nightfall. The Portuguese stayed just inside the plain and didn't proceed into the forest.

After waiting some hours, we went to see what the Portuguese were doing. We found that they had pulled back, so we hurried ahead to try to set another ambush. We circled around behind them and set up an ambush on the other side of the plain. But they had discovered a path they thought we used in moving to and from Zambia, so they set an ambush for us within a small forest patch in the plain while we, several miles away, were waiting for them in ambush. We waited in our ambush position for four days, but the Portuguese didn't come.

On the evening of the fourth day, at 8:00, we were sleepy and very hungry so we decided to return to our camp to sleep and eat. We had little to eat at the camp. We shared what we had and at 3:00 A.M. returned to our ambush position. We found that the Portuguese had already passed. This disturbed us greatly. We were anxious to carry out the ambush we had waited so long for. So we decided to follow them to see if we couldn't find another place for attack. But by the time we reached the Zambezi, we heard a motor barge and arrived to see the Portuguese leaving downriver by boat. We were disappointed and decided to return to the camp.

What we didn't know at the river was that the barge which had

taken the troops away had also dropped off a new patrol and that they were heading toward our area. We had decided to try to collect honey on the way back and had found some root bees. As we were collecting the honey, I felt uneasy and told the *subchefe* to divide it quickly so we could return to the camp. I didn't like the idea that we were all standing there together, eating. I told the *subchefe* to have the men hide themselves in the bush while they ate. It entered my mind at this time that the barge we had seen might have brought other troops and that we shouldn't be standing around talking on the paths.

We had only moved about 120 yards from the Zambezi and were in a small thicket. Ahead of us toward the west lay a plain which we would have to cross. As we sat there, we saw the Portuguese force crossing the plain. We could see them clearly and count their number. The same as the others, 45 with five behind and one radio operator. Six were Africans. The Portuguese soldiers carried their food and had many weapons with them.

I told the men that though we were hungry, we had to remain there and set an ambush to capture their weapons and supplies. In a matter of minutes the Portuguese walked right into our ambush. I opened fire, giving signal to the others, who also opened fire. The enemy troops were about 12 yards from me when I began firing. They had fallen perfectly into our trap, with their whole column exposed to close-range fire from the flanks for several minutes, maybe as many as five minutes—it's hard to remember. At the end we had killed 28 and wounded nine. The five at the end of the column, plus three others in front of them, ran away as soon as we had opened fire. They moved some distance away and started firing bazookas into our position. This frightened most of the comrades in my group and nine of them retreated, leaving only three of us to continue the attack. We fired at the bazooka position, but I soon noticed that there were only three of us remaining. I gave the command to pull back. We left the area and looked for our comrades, finding them along the Zambezi some distance away, where they had gone to drink water.

When we found them, I was very angry and thought they should be punished. I had not given the order to retreat and had not wanted to retreat. They told me the reasons they retreated. First, they were too hungry and weak to engage in a long battle; and second, they

feared the bazookas might kill us all. "We did a good job in the ambush," they said, "but if we had tried to take weapons, we would certainly have been shot."

As it was, only one man was wounded. The end of a finger was blown off by fragments of a bazooka shell. I understood the excuses of the men but couldn't accept any of them. I told them: "Sometimes we have to risk our lives to carry out the struggle. You shouldn't have retreated without my command, even though we were being fired on by bazookas, and even though you were hungry; I too was hungry." We had eaten almost nothing for five days.

We remained at that spot near the Zambezi to see what the Portuguese would do. Later in the afternoon a helicopter came, circled the area and landed in the plain, apparently to move the dead and wounded. At sunset another helicopter came and also landed. That night we headed back toward our camp. We came across a cassava field and dug up some roots for a meal. We couldn't build a fire and risk disclosing our position, so we peeled the cassava and ate it raw. Next morning the men wanted to return to our camp, but I thought we should return to the site of the ambush to see if the Portuguese had left anything. As we approached the plain, we heard another helicopter. We watched as it landed and picked up the remaining dead and wounded. The soldiers who remained went back to the Zambezi and boarded a launch and left, so that none of the enemy troops remained on our side of the Zambezi.

Before the helicopter left, it fired three bazooka shots and a burst of machine-gun fire, perhaps in honor of the fallen Portuguese. They also left a note for us on the spot, saying that though we had killed many Portuguese soldiers this time, they would be back for revenge. The letter read something like this: "You terrorists! What do you think? That your President Neto is going to come and liberate Angola? We think that your President Neto is a man who makes clay pots, not a man who can liberate Angola." They meant that President Neto was just a poor African peasant, not a person capable of leading a successful liberation war in Angola. The note ended with a message to me, addressed to the *chefe do grupo:* "Leader of this group, keep in mind that we are going to return and when we do, we won't kill you. We will capture you alive so that we can torture you. Then you'll see."

We found empty bottles which the Portuguese had used for

transfusions, and torn packs and uniforms. We came to learn that 28 of the Portuguese had been killed because remains were buried in the plain in separate graves. The intestines of the men were buried there; their corpses were taken away in helicopters. The practice of the Portuguese with their dead is to slit them open, remove the intestines and then pack the corpses with salt so that they won't rot.

We left the area and returned to our camp, spending one night on the way and arriving the next day around noon. It was then March 1968. The eight men who had been sent by Comrade Cuidado returned to the Zone B Post Command. *Grupo Fronteira* continued to patrol the border area.

In April there was little to do. I used to visit and speak with people in the villages or *destacamentos* [bush camps]. On 12 April I and my group returned to our camp. We prepared shelters; I and a comrade built a shelter together, which we shared. I also built a shelter for an old woman who had lost her two children from the Portuguese bombings.

In May I received an order from Commander Cuidado that I and three guerrillas go meet some comrades at Karipande, to work among the people. My *subchefe do grupo,* Lingadate, was on patrol and I couldn't leave right away, so I sent a message to Comrade Cuidado. Four days later Lingadate and the other guerrillas arrived. That same day four of us left for Karipande, leaving the *subchefe* at the camp.

We traveled four days and three nights, arriving at Karipande very early in the morning. Comrade Cuidado was awaiting us. We were told to meet people and explain to them what had happened in our area. We found that people were upset because of the death of Comrade Commander Hoji ia Henda.[3] They thought the Portuguese soldiers were very powerful, that we had no chance and that most of the guerrillas would retreat to Zambia or Congo. We told them

[3] Commander Hoji ia Henda was killed in combat when his command attacked the Portuguese base of Karipande. Hoji ia Henda ("Lion of Love") was the *nomme de guerre* of José Mendes de Carvalho. Commander Henda, twenty-six years old at the time of his death, was a member of the Central Committee of the MPLA and the coordinator of the Military Commission. April 14, in honor of Commander Henda, is celebrated as Angolan Youth Day.

that we of the MPLA are bound by our slogan: "MPLA! VICTORY OR DEATH! VICTORY IS CERTAIN!" We told them that as long as MPLA members were alive, nothing would stop us from fighting the Portuguese soldiers. I also told them that the death of Comrade Hoji ia Henda would cost the Portuguese thousands of soldiers.

The whole month of June we had nothing to do but prepare new ways of attacking the Portuguese. At this time both Commanders Cuidado and Monimambu were away for the National Conference, held in Zone C of Moxico District. They had left earlier in order to prepare for the conference.[4]

In the second week of July we prepared to attack Karipande post. We were 20 in number, plus our subcommander, Kambembe. Before we attacked, Comrade Kambembe sent five guerrillas to scout. On their way back the patrol was spotted by a Portuguese guard who fired three times at them. The comrades returned safely; we at the camp feared they had been ambushed. Our plan of attacking that same night was postponed for a week.

In the third week of July six guerrillas were sent to do reconnaissance at Karipande; they returned to report that they had found the Portuguese soldiers drinking beer at their barracks. That same day, at 5:30 P.M., we attacked them. I was asked to give the signal. We were about 100 yards from the barracks. This area was open, but we managed to get very close. Most of the trees had been cleared away, and the grass wasn't very high. I counted the trees; there were 41.

After giving the signal, I shot one of the Portuguese who was leaning against a pole. He leaped in the air and fell down and died. It was difficult for me to tell if he was an officer or an ordinary soldier, because he had on only short trousers and was bare-chested. There was heavy firing from our side before they were able to return fire. The Portuguese never knew we were so near. They aimed far behind us, thinking we were 200 yards or more away. There was screaming nearly everywhere from their barracks. I heard one of them calling for help, "Antonio, Antonio, come and carry me—my legs are shot off!" The answer I heard from the other side was, "Don't shout! Don't you know that most of our people are

[4] Cf. "First Eastern Regional Conference," Chapter Four.

lying dead! Even our commander is dead or wounded. Just shut up and fight!"

When I heard this screaming, I knew our attack had succeeded. I shouted to my comrades, *"Avança! Avança!"*

The fight lasted half an hour. I signaled to stop firing but to remain in position. There was no firing from the enemy's side. Someone was crying on my left. When I crawled to him, I found a comrade seriously wounded. I ordered a guerrilla to carry him away. On his return, he brought the sad news that our comrade had died. This made me angry. I told my group not to fire, but to remain still in position. I asked two comrades to carry the corpse to our camp.

We now numbered 17. We remained in position until 4:00 A.M., when we heard a whistle from the Portuguese barracks. I asked the guerrillas to be ready. About 5:00 A.M. the Portuguese soldiers grouped together for instructions. I gave signal to fire. There was heavy firing from our side with machine guns and a favorite weapon known by the guerrillas as *pepecha.* We fired for three minutes and also threw hand grenades; then we withdrew, as we were in an open place. We left for our camp. At 11:30 we saw two helicopters and four planes. These flew back and forth, trying to spot us. Later, for the rest of the day, the helicopters and planes carried their wounded and dead to Lumbala post. In the afternoon we buried our comrade. Six shots were fired to honor him.

In August 1968 we had little to do. We sent reports to Lusaka. There was silence for the first two weeks; then in the third week, on a Tuesday afternoon, we saw four planes and three helicopters land at Karipande. Comrade Kambembe sent me and three others to find out what these planes brought. When we arrived near the barracks I took one guerrilla, Comrade Kayinambwa, ahead with me. We saw many soldiers, mostly newly arrived ones. We then returned to our camp, an eight-mile march from Karipande.

After reporting, Comrade Kambembe summoned us to the parade ground; it was about 10:00 P.M. We decided to attack that very night. At 3:30 A.M. 19 guerrillas, subcommander Kambembe and I attacked the Karipande base. We first shot bazookas and machine guns and threw hand grenades. There was heavy firing, much outcry from their barracks. I heard one of them shouting to the other soldiers, "These are the bandits you have been talk-

ing about; you better fight hard, else we'll all be killed." Comrade Kambembe also shouted: "You are now in trouble; you should have stayed in Portugal!" With a loud voice he told us to advance, *"AVANÇA AVANÇA!"* The fight lasted for at least an hour and a half; then we withdrew.

Next morning we saw smoke from the base, indicating that some of the buildings had been destroyed. In the afternoon three large planes and one helicopter landed. All four went to and fro, carrying their dead and wounded away. We didn't know what their casualties were, but later received information from Lumbala that in the two attacks many Portuguese soldiers had been killed and many others were being treated at the Lumbala hospital.

The month of September I was sick, suffering with my legs—the ligaments were very swollen. At this time I was in Zone A. I received some treatment from the clinic in the camp, but this didn't help me at all. Being a guerrilla, it was difficult to remain in bed for a long time. By the end of September I was much better. I asked the comrades if they would let me go with them on some combats. They refused, stating that I was still too weak. In the middle of October I recovered, but still didn't feel as I used to.

One day a villager reported that two groups of Portuguese had arrived from Lumbala. Each company had 45 soldiers and they were moving in the area of Mandume III. I sent *subchefe* Lingadate and three others to scout. They returned to report that one enemy group was heading toward our camp and would reach us at any time. I called the comrades, asking them to prepare for combat. At this time I had eight additional guerrillas from another camp, so we numbered 16 in all. We prepared an ambush a few miles from our camp. At 1:30 the Portuguese arrived, but not at the spot where we expected them. They were heading directly to our camp, as if somebody were leading them. Among the 45 soldiers, five were African. It was difficult to tell if these Africans were Angolans or Congolese [Tshombe's ex-soldiers].

We thought the enemy might soon leave the forest for the open area, so we hurried and managed to set an ambush on the other side of them. We fired at them heavily; some ran away, firing at us as they ran. In that encounter we killed 28 white soldiers and four African soldiers. Six Portuguese were seriously wounded. One of

our comrades was also wounded in the chest, but not badly. Fearing that enemy helicopters would soon attack us, we captured only eight guns. In this fight I felt very weak because I had gone four days without food. We were running short of food at the camp.

We carried off our wounded comrade; he was taken straight to Zambia for treatment. This comrade, whose name, "Vyakulutwe-Vyetu," means "All Things in the Future Will Belong to Us," recovered after staying in the Balovale hospital for three months.

I suffered very much in the month of November. My legs were swollen nearly twice their normal size. There were many rumors that more Portuguese soldiers had arrived at Kazombo, Lumbala and Lumai. When I heard this, I had my comrades remove me from the camp and build a small hut for me in the thick forest. I asked them to make many patrols. The group was led by my *subchefe*. Everything was done according to my instructions. I was guarded by two comrades for at least a month. I feared that if the Portuguese came to that spot, it would be my last day. I was very weak. I couldn't run, could hardly move. When I felt a bit better, in December, I decided to join the other comrades and resume my duties.

The first day after returning from my illness, I accompanied my group on patrol. After two days we came across the tracks of Portuguese soldiers who had passed very recently. We followed them a few miles, then came upon them only a few yards from us. I thought sure they had noticed us, but they hadn't. They were eating lunch noisily under a large *muthuvi* tree. We went ahead and made an ambush. We waited about an hour, then the soldiers arrived. All were in our ambush. My *subchefe* gave the signal. There was heavy firing from both sides. Ten enemy were killed and eight wounded, eight ran away. We suffered no casualties.

There was no action in January and February. There was heavy rain and it was difficult to move. We found it hard to live because the flood was everywhere, even in the camp. When it stopped raining in March, I sent two groups on patrol. The group led by Comrade Mwono-Wambala returned to report that a company of Portuguese soldiers numbering 35 was heading toward Lucuse. I decided to attack. On our way we spotted another group of Portuguese soldiers, who later fell into our ambush. There were 20 of

them. After the clash with them, 11 enemy were dead, with no casualties on our side. Most of the soldiers were shot by my comrades. I was not in a good attack position—I was too far away and would have wasted bullets. It is easy for the guerrilla to know whether his shot has killed or not.

In the middle of April I received a message from Comrade Commander Monimambu that I and two other comrades should go to the Zambia border. We went, finding many other comrades. Within the day, to my surprise, I saw our leader, the president of the MPLA, Comrade Dr. Agostinho Neto, with some members of the OAU Military Commission from Zambia, Tanzania, U.A.R., Congo (Brazzaville) and Algeria. We soon went off together for a journey through our motherland, Angola.

At this time I and other comrades escorted the President to Zone B. We traveled for three days and on the fourth were at Sigueka base. Our national president held meetings with the people and guerrillas.

The following morning we resumed our journey, stopping at many camps within Zone B. Our visitors were very impressed with the MPLA. They never thought that we controlled such a large area with so many people. The first ten days they were in Angola, they seemed to be afraid, but later they lost this fear. They could even laugh loudly. They left Angola with full confidence that the MPLA controls a very large area and that the Portuguese could never win the war.

Within those days I was asked to return to my camp. I and two comrades left the place as well as our president and the liberation committee visitors.

I had one more encounter with the Portuguese before leaving Zambia. In July 1969 I and my comrades were on patrol; we came across a company of soldiers, 25 in number. They fell into our ambush and six were killed. We retreated without casualties.

After this ambush I asked for permission to go for treatment. I was sent to Lusaka for treatment of rheumatism in my legs. Now, while being treated, I am also receiving training as a medical aide.

CHAPTER TEN

Report of the MPLA to the U.N. Committee on Decolonization[1]

THE POPULAR MOVEMENT for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) hails the United Nations Committee on Decolonization for its anticolonialist stand and its desire to contribute to our country's liberation, and warmly thanks the Government of the Republic of Zambia for having invited the Committee of 24 to hold its working sessions in this city of Lusaka.

It is evident to everyone that underdeveloped little Portugal would never be able to wage three colonial wars without massive support from the imperialist powers.

A few figures and facts will amply demonstrate the backwardness of fascist Portugal: a yearly income of 360 dollars per inhabitant, a 40 percent illiteracy rate, 400 kilowatt hours of power per annum per inhabitant, half the active population employed in agriculture, a virtually nonexistent heavy industry, low labor productivity, and emigration increasing by leaps and bounds.

The imperialist powers are taking advantage of this state of affairs to penetrate the Portuguese economy at their ease. It is true that after the Methuen treaty of 1703, Portugal became dependent on England. But it was the Salazarist fascism set up in 1926 that created a situation favorable for heavy investment by the big monopolies, which had at last found every guarantee for the safety of their investments.

Even before 1961, it was estimated that two-thirds of the capital

[1] Main sections of a document presented in Lusaka, Zambia, in May 1969.

invested in Portugal was directly or indirectly linked with the big international monopolies.

When the armed struggle of the Angolan people was launched on 4 February 1961, the imperialist powers came to the relief of their "surest ally," Portuguese colonial fascism, by making heavy investments in Portugal and the Portuguese colonies and by granting substantial credits. In its issue of 30 March 1968, the French high-finance review *Entreprise* quoted some Portuguese figures which, although obviously far below the real figures, were nevertheless striking: "Whereas in 1959 only one percent of the foreign capital imported on a long-term basis went into private investment, by 1965 it represented 20 percent of the total. The authorities decided to encourage foreign capital investment in order to develop the financial resources which determine and encourage technical and social progress throughout the Portuguese territories (Decree No. 46,312 of April 1965)." The situation therefore worsened in 1965. According to Economic Intelligence Unit No. 3 (1968), from the end of 1965 to the end of September 1967, the total value of investments in Portugal had doubled.

Although it is true that Marcelo Caetano's coming to power has in no way changed the fascist and colonialist character of the Portuguese state (nor could it be otherwise), it is no less true the situation has become still more favorable for non-Portuguese capital, and particularly for North American capital.[2]

The Portuguese public debt, which up to 1960 was kept very low (a "point of honor" for Portuguese fascism), has now soared up to 33.6 thousand million escudos [1.3 billion dollars], almost half of it representing credits from abroad. The public debt is, so to speak, twice as high as the ordinary receipts of the 1968 state budget.

By playing the game of the bankers of the Portuguese colonial-

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[2] On 28 September 1968 the newspaper *Le Monde* made a highly significant statement: "Dr. Marcelo Caetano is also, and this is not a negligible fact, the favorite candidate of the officials of the United States Embassy in Lisbon." This, in no small measure, is related to growing U.S. corporate interests in Angola. Cabinda Gulf Oil Company, for example, produced 30,000 barrels of crude a day in 1968, and by 1973 this figure should reach 150,000 barrels per day, or 15 million tons a year.

fascist regime, the imperialist powers are actually financing the colonial war. Hence it is they who are really responsible for the monstrous crimes perpetrated by the Portuguese Hitlerites. And they need not come and tell us—as the World Bank has done—that the loans are earmarked for infrastructuring development in Portugal. Facts are stubborn things: all the aid given to colonialist Portugal decisively helps to prolong the colonial war, for in economy there are no watertight compartments and there is no evidence whatever that all or a large part of the credits have not been diverted to military purposes.

Despite the U.N. resolutions calling for an economic boycott of Portugal and its colonies, for the discontinuance of aid from international banks, foreign investments and the supply of war materials, the imperialist powers maintain a flourishing trade and all sorts of other relations with the "escudo zone."

Yet ONE YEAR OF ECONOMIC BOYCOTT WOULD STOP THE WAR. What, then, is the U.N. waiting for to have its decisions respected? What use are pious expressions of good will?

In 1968 a small underdeveloped country like Portugal threw 9,790,900 contos, or 320 million dollars, into the chasm of military expenditure, that is, 43 percent of the budget or eight percent of the gross national product. Very few countries in the world have reached that figure.

Expenditure always exceeds the estimated figures. Thus, in 1968 the estimated 8,290,000 contos were widely exceeded. *Le Monde* wrote on 30 December 1966: "In 1966, military expenditure reached 4,370 million escudos, i.e. 57 percent more than the amount estimated."

In 1969, with Marcelo Caetano and his frenzied desire to put an end to the war, military expenditure is soaring. If to this one adds the military budgets of the colonies as well as expenditure on the secret police, the "regular" police, the "national guard" and the colonial militia of the OPVDCA, the figures are 13 or 14 million contos [460 to 500 million dollars].

Obviously, even these data are a fabrication, for it is not in the interest of the colonial state to publish the true figures. A great many sections of the budget, like "General Expenditure," conceal large sums earmarked for the army.

The so-called Third Development Plan of 1968–1973 gives the following sources of financing: 36 percent from the state and 64 percent from the private sector, 34 percent of the latter representing foreign loans. That does not mean that the remaining 30 percent is of Portuguese origin (as fascist propaganda would have us believe), because—as we have seen—international finance capital has rotted these companies from inside.

According to this "plan," the investments are 2.8 times higher in Portugal than in the colonies, while in the colonies as a whole there are more people than in Portugal.

The fascists' latest hoax lies in plans for establishing a "Portuguese economic area." A national liberation war was necessary before the Portuguese government remembered that Portugal and its "overseas provinces" should form part of the same economic area. There is no "common market" between Portugal and its colonies, nor can there be one. The Portuguese themselves admit that the strictures and degrees of evolution differ too widely in Portugal and the colonies. For example, any lowering of customs which does not conform with the interests of the big Portuguese industrialists and latifundists is immediately offset by a rise in indirect taxes: the problem of the free circulation of capital does not even arise in practice.

Portuguese wine exporters, among others, benefit by the reduction of some customs charges in the colonies, so that a new exporting company, the Sociedade de Navegação de Transportes de Vinho, has been established.

The chronic deficit of the Portuguese balance of payments is systematically covered and amply exceeded by the surplus from the balance of payments of the colonies with other countries (apart from Portugal). This explains the large gold and foreign currency reserves of the Bank of Portugal (more than one thousand million dollars), but it also explains why the alleged "stability of the escudo" is a further hoax, since the Portuguese escudo is in fact a *colonial escudo*. Portugal's position as a colonizing and at the same time dependent country makes clear the nature of its "imperialism on credit."

Emigration, and more particularly clandestine emigration, is so serious a phenomenon that the Portuguese leaders never stop dis-

cussing it. The fact is that there is nothing they can do about it, because recently the essential cause of this movement has been the flight from the colonial war.

Lastly we come to a key section. As a backward country, Portugal is included in the OECD so-called Regional Project for the Mediterranean. Under this project, Portugal should increase its expenditure by 13.2 percent every year, until it reaches 4.4 percent of the gross national product in 1975. The increase has been so small that in 1964 education accounted for only two percent of the gross national product. The *Journal Portuguese de Economia e Financas* wrote on 15 January 1968: "As has been incisively pointed out by David Nasser, whose friendship for our country cannot be questioned, the University of Coimbra, the most renowned of all Portuguese universities, is eight centuries old, but since it has come into existence not a single discovery has linked its name with the history of science."

One can never lay too much emphasis on the present state of Angola's economy. Angola is an extremely underdeveloped country, where industry and construction represent only 11 percent of the gross national product, where 89 percent of the active population is employed in agriculture, where there is 90 percent illiteracy and where wages are the lowest in Africa. The Portuguese set up the most brutal and backward colonial system, based on forced labor (which they call *contrato* [contracted]). In spite of all the demagogy since 1961, the colonialists have not abolished forced labor, for that would lead inevitably to the collapse of the system.

The Portuguese fascists are doing all they can to avoid appearing to the world as racists, as if it were possible to have a colonialist and fascist regime of which racism was not an essential component. Moreover, the whole system of *white settlements* which exploit the best lands is the most patent form of racism.

When the armed struggle was launched, the Portuguese government threw the doors of Angola wide open to all manner of capital, so that the war might interest all imperialist sharks while the Angolans themselves paid for the colonial war. Decree No. 46,312 of 2 April 1965, which established a new investment code, was very generous and endowed the new orientation of Portuguese colonial policy with a legal mantle.

So the "old" American, British, Belgian and South African capital of the Diamond Company, the German capital of the Lobito Mining Company and the Belgian capital of the Petroleum Company have been joined by the other capital. The list is so long that we shall confine ourselves to mentioning the more recent and important contributions.

In 1967 a company with a capital of ten million escudos [350,000 dollars] was set up at Dondo for the production of aluminum.

In 1968 the Nippon Mining Company (Japanese) undertook to exploit the Uige copper deposits owned by the Portuguese monopoly, CUF.

A series of small processing factories were established, mainly in Luanda, with the financial and technical assistance of big international monopolies such as Nestlé (Switzerland), Coca-Cola (United States) and Hitachi (Japan).

In January 1969 South Africa and Portugal concluded an agreement under which the South African monopolies are to provide the 1.8 million contos [64 million dollars] required for the construction of dams on the river Cunene. In exchange, a large proportion of the power produced is to be supplied to Southwest Africa.

In January 1969 agreements were signed between Angol and Texaco, on the one hand, and Petrangol, Angol and Texaco, on the other, for the extraction of the Zaire petroleum deposits.

In February 1969 a concession of 107,200 hectares [41,372 square miles] was granted to Tenneco-Oil, a United States concern, for the prospecting and exploitation of sulfur and gypsum.

In March 1969 the German banks Deutsche Unionsbank and Hamburgische Landesbank and the Bankers Trust Company, a United States bank, decided to grant a credit of 80 million marks [22 million dollars] to the Lobito Mining Company so as to enable it to increase the exploitation of the Cassinga mines.

The so-called Third Development Plan 1968–1973 provides for investments of around 25 million contos [890 million dollars] in Angola, 59.7 percent of which is to go to the mining industry, 14.5 percent to infrastructure, 9 percent to agriculture and 5.6 percent to power.

These figures clearly show the outline of the politicoeconomic trend: the shameless looting of mining riches, while there is still

time for that, and infrastructure development of a military nature. It can be seen that agriculture, which provides work for almost 90 percent of the population, is only entitled to nine percent of the credits! That nine percent will in no way relieve the African population, because it is definitely meant for equipping white settlements.

The military, political and moral support which the imperialist powers are giving the Portuguese colonial-fascist regime is so important a feature in the context of our struggle that we cannot fail to make reference to it. Allow us to repeat that without the massive support given colonial-fascist Portugal by the imperialist powers in the military, economic, political and moral fields, the present Portuguese regime would be unable to survive. Despite all the U.N. resolutions condemning the Portuguese regime, the demonstrations of support by the important powers are becoming ever more numerous and open. We are not referring to racist South Africa and Rhodesia, which are the subject of a special study. We mean the NATO bloc powers, and in particular the United States and the Federal Republic of Germany.

The fourteenth meeting of the Atlantic Treaty Organization (ATO) is of symbolic value in this respect. Moreover, in one of its resolutions is specified that in the event of danger, "overseas Portugal" could count on the countries of that organization (*"O Seculo,"* 19 October 1968).

FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

In October 1968, for the first time since the Second World War, a German chancellor—Kiesinger—visited Portugal, thus highlighting the traditional friendly relations established between the Salazar government and Hitler's Third Reich. Kiesinger declared *inter alia:* "I rejoice with you, Mr. President of the council, over the splendid relations existing between our two countries in every field, and over the feeling of friendship that has linked our peoples for so long." On 25 October, the *Suddeutsche Zeitung* predicted: "And thus the Lisbon talks will deal not merely with the future development of the mother country, but also with the consolidation of the Portuguese presence in Africa."

Four months later, on 17 February 1969, Vice-Chancellor Brandt

passed through Lisbon, talked with the Portuguese Minister for Foreign Affairs and told journalists: "It is a great joy for me to visit the marvelous capital of a country with which Germany is united through links of friendship with NATO." And again, "German-Portuguese friendship is also expressed by close economic relations."

Everyone knows that Bonn is selling war material to Portugal[3] and that the Luftwaffe has been assigned the Beja air base (in the Alentejo) and also the Alverca base (in the Lisbon region). The 15,000 or so German army men in Portugal provide solid support for the fascist regime, which therefore finds that its own troops are free to carry on the colonialist wars.

UNITED STATES

In September 1968 Henry Ford was received by Portugal's President Tomas. Ford went to Portugal to make an on-the-spot study of the possibilities of increasing the capacity of the plant operated by his subsidiary Ford Lusitania. In November 1968 Secretary of State Dean Rusk passed through Lisbon and had talks with Caetano and Nogueira about the future of the Azores base. Caetano, in turn, went to Washington for Eisenhower's funeral. Nixon and Caetano met to concert their common policy.

The Americans have long had a military base at Lajes (Azores). The greater part of the equipment of the Portuguese army is of American origin—PV2 and P2V5 Lockheed planes, and North American F84 and F86 jets.

FRANCE

Antoine Pinay, a former French president, visited Portugal and Angola in 1967 and made statements of unconditional support

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[3] According to *Der Spiegel* (No. 6, 1962, p. 21), in 1962, 10,000 automatic pistols, which the Bundeswehr had bought from Israel, were delivered to the Portuguese army in Angola and Mozambique. According to the West Berlin newspapers *Tagesspiegel* and *Kurier* of 17 and 18 February 1965, respectively, 60 F86 fighter planes which West Germany had bought from Canada were resold to Portugal and, of course, used in Angola and Mozambique.

for the Portuguese colonialists' criminal policy. French shipyards are building submarines and other war vessels for the Portuguese navy. Each year the Portuguese army is becoming better equipped with Alouette helicopters, the main instruments for the massacre of the civilian population in the liberated areas of Angola.

France has a satellite tracking station in the Azores. The immense sums which the Portuguese government is receiving for leasing military bases are a sure and steady source of income for use in the colonial war.

Portuguese armed aggression against independent countries in Africa is a flagrant violation of international law and has been repeatedly condemned in the United Nations. Under the pretext of destroying "terrorist bases" in countries adjacent to Angola, Mozambique and Guinea (Bissau), the Portuguese colonial army is launching attacks on the peaceful populations of independent African countries. Yet the true purpose of the Portuguese fascists is very clear: to try to create an atmosphere of mistrust, and even of hostility, toward the liberation movements in African independent countries. In particular, the Republic of Zambia has been the object of constant Portuguese attack. While it is committing these acts of armed aggression, Portuguese colonialism is training and arming African traitors who are nationals of countries neighboring on Angola, such as Zambia, to carry out acts of terrorism against their fellow countrymen. This has been severely condemned by President Kaunda (*The Nationalist,* 3 December 1968).

The colonialists' plans to sow discord among liberation movements and independent African countries have been thwarted by President Kaunda, who in April 1968 commented as follows on the dastardly Portuguese attacks:

> Today I want to say that NATO—and not Portugal, South Africa and Rhodesia alone—is at war with Zambia. NATO is at war with justice. NATO is at war with freedom and independence. NATO does not play a significant role in Europe's security, but is playing a big role by increasing tension between the races in southern Africa. NATO is fighting beside Nazism, which is raising its repulsive head in this part of the world. NATO is at war with the United Nations' principles of self-determination,

equality and respect for human rights [*Zambia Mail*, 12 April 1968].

We have now come to one of the more special aspects of the Angolan problem. We have to stress it constantly, for it concerns the most unholy and retrograde alliance in the present-day world.

Southern Africa and Guinea (Bissau) are today the last colonialist bastions on our continent. Through a dialectical process, the two most powerful liberation movements in Africa have emerged in these regions. In an attempt to face this nationalist rising, South Africa, Portugal and rebel Ian Smith's Rhodesia have formed what has been rightly termed an "unholy alliance": a political, military, economic and social pact. The Angolan war is today an excellent training ground for South African troops, just as the Algerian war provided training for a great many Portuguese army men.

ECONOMIC PACTS

South Africa has become a fairly industrialized capitalist country, anxious to find foreign markets for its manufactures, the sources of raw material it lacks, such as hydrocarbons, and new investments for its capital. It was therefore quite natural that the first objectives of South African expansionism should be racist Rhodesia and Portuguese colonies, and that it should therefore ally itself with the Portuguese colonialists. At a later stage, South African policy would tend to push Portugal away from southern Africa. This is the meaning of the "Southern African common market" proposed by Pretoria.

But the struggle for hegemony in southern Africa must be seen in the imperialist context. If Portugal is somewhat dependent on the imperialist powers, South Africa itself cannot be regarded as an independent economic power. A United Nations survey concluded that foreign investments in South Africa had yielded 362 million dollars in profits, 175 million of which had gone to the United Kingdom and 101 million to the United States. Foreign property in South Africa had in 1965 amounted to 4.8 thousand million dollars, 70 percent of which was shared by the United Kingdom and the United States. It is quite possible that the survey is far from exhaus-

tive. The contradictions between South Africa and Portugal therefore show all the signs of competition between monopolies. This is not always easy to see, since the trusts are divided or linked by a complex interplay of interests.

Because of the nationalist forces, however, they have been forced of necessity to relegate this economic struggle to second place. We now see a merging of interests and the signing and implementation of a large number of economic agreements. Yet we must not forget that competition continues to exist and that South Africa always takes the lion's share in these agreements. For that matter, South African capital is penetrating the Portuguese colonies and even Portugal itself, while Portuguese capital in South Africa is negligible.

We shall go on to see that the military aid given to Portugal by South Africa is assuming vast proportions. Portugal is therefore becoming increasingly dependent on South Africa. It is even possible that one day it will be unable to oppose Pretoria's dream of setting up a "southern African common market."

Despite considerable development in the last few years, trade relations with South Africa are at a very low level. Nevertheless, the colonialists expect a substantial rise as from 1970, with exports of petroleum from Angola to meet southern Africa's fuel requirements.

But the situation is different with regard to Mozambique and Rhodesia, because South Africa is a traditional trading partner of these countries. Today the second place in Mozambique's imports is held by South Africa, directly after Portugal. South African capital has long occupied a preponderant place in Mozambique, especially through Oppenheimer's Anglo-American: petroleum prospecting, diamonds, mineral ore in the rich Tete region, fishing, mahogany, tungsten extraction and the marble industry.

In Angola, too, the links are manifold. A great deal has been said about the Diamond Company of Angola (DIAMANG), founded in 1917 and essentially under American, British and Belgian control. But Oppenheimer is also a member of the board of directors, which goes to show the high percentage of South African capital involved. DIAMANG, for its part, has penetrated a great

number of firms in Angola and grants credit to the colonial administration year after year.

We have recently seen the emergence, among other predominantly South African companies, of the Angola Exploration Company, for diamond prospecting; Angola African Oxygen, for chemistry; South Africa Angola Investments, for fisheries; and also projects to link South African petroleum companies with their counterparts exploiting Angola.

The giant Anglo-American monopoly has associated itself with other big trusts, such as AEG and Siemens (Germany), Alsthom (France) and ASEA (Sweden), in forming the international consortium ZAMCO, which is to construct the Cabora Bassa dam on the river Zambezi in Mozambique. The banking aspect of the affair is in the hands of the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, the Deutsche Bank, the Banca Comerciale Italiana, the Bank of America and the Portuguese Banks Totta-Aliança and Pinto & Sotto Mayor. Altogether the investments must amount to 320 million dollars. The dam should furnish 18 thousand million kilowatt hours, three-quarters of which would be exported to South Africa, Rhodesia and Malawi. This is the most striking instance of collusion between the colonialists and racists, on the one hand, and the imperialists on the other. This fact alone makes nonsense of all the big "humanizing" speeches delivered by Western delegates from United Nations rostrums.

In Angola, too, the South African racists propose to construct dams on the river Cunene which are to supply one thousand million kilowatt hours of power. The 64 million dollars needed would be financed by the South African government and by South African monopolies. A large proportion of the power would be channeled to Southwest Africa, as is already happening in the case of the Matala dam. The weakness of Portugal's resources is so evident that even the renewal of the water conduit in Luanda, the capital of Angola, is to be done by the South African Bondcrete company.

On 7 June 1963 Portugal and South Africa signed an air agreement. Airlines were established linking Lisbon, Johannesburg, Salisbury, Windhoek, Luanda and Lourenço Marques. Recently, coasting vessels have been serving the ports of Angola, Southwest

Africa, South Africa and Mozambique. A good share of the foreign trade of South Africa and Rhodesia has for a long time gone through the Mozambican harbors of Lourenço Marques and Beira, which are connected with Johannesburg and Salisbury by railway. Moreover, the South Africans propose to construct a railway line between Malawi and the port of Nacala in Mozambique. A tarred road was recently opened linking Luanda with Windhoek and Johannesburg, and subsequently with Lourenço Marques; its military nature is quite evident. A pipeline starting from the port of Beira, in Mozambique, and serving Rhodesia, has for a long time been operated by the English company, Anglo-Portuguese Lonrho. Its strategic function need hardly be stressed.

As from February 1969, telecommunications are being ensured by a submarine cable between South Africa and Portugal. The closing of the Suez Canal vastly enhances the military and economic importance of the Cape route. South African banks set up branches in Southwest Africa, Rhodesia and Mozambique a long time back. Three years ago the Portuguese bank Totta-Aliança, which belongs to the CUF monopoly, associated with the Standard Bank, a South African bank, to found the Totta-Standard bank in Angola and the Standard-Totta Bank in Mozambique. Together with South African interests, the Banco Portuguese do Atlantico and The Bank of Angola founded in South Africa the Bank of Lisbon and South Africa, which incidentally is always in the red. The only Portuguese bank which grants medium- and long-term loans, the Banco do Fomento Nacional, recently benefited from a loan from the Industrial Development Corporation of South Africa.

REPERCUSSIONS IN THE SOCIAL FIELD: FORCED LABORERS

The convention of 11 September known as the Transvaal Agreement, signed between South Africa and Portugal, governs the annual "sale" of Mozambican workers to South African mines and farms. Similar agreements exist between Portugal and Southern Rhodesia. In 1960 there were more than 400,000 Mozambican workers in South Africa and Rhodesia. In 1961 one-fifth of the budget receipts of the colonial state of Mozambique was accounted for by "supply

of labor abroad," according to official reports. Although on a much smaller scale, a good number of Angolans were also sent to work in the mines of South Africa and Rhodesia, before the MPLA opened the Eastern Front in Angola. "Social cooperation" between the racists of southern Africa has therefore become an accomplished fact.

THE POLITICAL ASPECTS OF THE "UNHOLY ALLIANCE"

In his speech of 27 November 1968, Marcelo Caetano, the new dictator, defined as follows his policy of alliance with South Africa:

> There is often talk in the United Nations General Assembly of a secret alliance between Portugal and the Union of South Africa and Rhodesia. Needless to say, there is no alliance whatsoever, either secret or open, linking these three countries. In any event, we practice different racial policies and the extent to which we are committed to pursuing and perfecting our policy of nondiscrimination and good relations is well known. *However, in many respects our interests in southern Africa coincide, in that we are convinced that progress in that part of the continent requires the stable presence of the white man,* who establishes roots, adapts and becomes attached to the African land and is associated with the native there. That is why, for example, *we cannot remain indifferent to the destiny of Rhodesia, whose principal outlet to the sea is the port of Beira.*

Everything is there. The meaningless phrases about "different racial policies" cannot conceal the collusion of interests between the exploiters, or even the virulent racism of the fascist Caetano, who wishes at all costs to defend the omnipresence of the white man in Africa.

THE CROWNING OF THE "UNHOLY ALLIANCE": THE MILITARY PACT

It is common knowledge that almost all the armament used by the Portuguese army is manufactured by the imperialist NATO coun-

tries. As in South Africa, there are Mirage IIIC fighter bombers equipped with Nord AS-30 air-ground missiles; B-12 Canberras, MK 6 Sabres, FIAT G91 fighter planes, British warships and French Alouette helicopters. With imperialist technical and financial assistance, South Africa has no qualms about producing highly lethal and atomic bombs.

"Professor Le Roux, Vice-President of the Council for Scientific Research, stated that researchers in the South African Ministry of Defence were working on lethal gases which could produce mass devastation comparable to that of an atomic bomb" (*Alger Républicain,* 9 November 1963).

South African newspapers are always letting it be understood that their institutions are making great progress in the field of nuclear energy. According to the South African Minister of "Defence," South Africa will soon be setting up rocket-launching bases 120 kilometers from the Mozambique border. South Africa is hastily preparing for general war. Not only is its military equipment being constantly modernized, but, aware of the fact that its shortage of fighting men is a serious handicap, the Pretoria government is creating a foreign legion.

South Africa's expansionist aims are constantly revealed by the South African papers. After visiting the combat fronts in Angola, Al Venter, a journalist working for the magazine *Newscheck,* wrote on 12 July 1968 that the frontier of South Africa begins on the river Congo, which means in the far north of Angola. There are already South African soldiers in the Mozambican province of Tete, where the Cabora Bassa dam is going to be built.

In Angola there has already been fierce fighting between MPLA guerrillas and South African racists on the Eastern Front, especially in the district of Cuando-Cubango and, recently, also in Moxico. At the end of 1968 a large South African base was established in the district of Moxico, in Luatamba, near the district's main town. In addition to men, Pretoria supplies Portugal with a great quantity of war material, especially helicopters. The South African bases in Southwest Africa give considerable logistic support to the Portuguese forces operating in the south of Angola. We have at your disposal [here] a photostat of the flight documents of an Alouette III helicopter belonging to the Rhodesian army, which was shot down by our guerrillas in October 1968.

SOUTH AFRICAN EXPANSIONISM

South Africa is today caught in the net of its own contradictions. If it wishes to maintain its regime of ultra-exploitation and apartheid, it needs to cross its frontiers and attempt to occupy neighboring countries so as to create a "political vacuum" around itself. History provides many examples of this policy and of the results it ultimately leads to.

The South African government can buy mercenaries, but they can never be sufficient in number to subjugate the many peoples in the southern part of Africa. Whatever they do to expand their frontiers, the racists forget that they will always come up against the resistance of other peoples, as happened with the Roman Empire. All this goes to show that South African expansionism is insatiable and has reached a point of no return. It therefore constitutes a danger to the whole of Africa.

The minority regime in South Africa is dispersing its forces increasingly. Southern Africa occupies an area of five million square kilometers and has a population of 36 million inhabitants. Dispersal is weakening the colonialist forces. Despite their show of power, one comes to the conclusion that the racist state of South Africa is rather vulnerable. The peoples of southern Africa have risen up. The racists are trying to drown the heroic struggle of our peoples in blood. But the greater the repression, the higher will the consciousness of the people become, and they will end up by driving out the oppressors.

This adventurism of South African imperialists has as its accomplices the great imperialist powers, who modestly cover their eyes, ears and mouths, so as to see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing. But much more than mere accomplices, they are really the guilty ones, since it is they who finance, arm and give political support to the South African and Portuguese fascists.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Daniel Chipenda: Member Comité Director[1]

QUESTION: In February 1968 the MPLA announced its intention to move its headquarters from Brazzaville to Angola. How much progress have you made since then toward achieving this objective?

CHIPENDA: We have already moved our Steering Committee from Brazzaville to Angola; but not to one particular place. We are fighting in five large regions and still face great difficulty in coordinating our activities. We have not yet solved all the problems of communication. So, while all Steering Committee members are now inside the country, they are separated, working in every region.

In addition, we have formed a Presidential Commission made up of the president and three deputies, including myself and Comrade Monimambu, who are responsible for coordinating MPLA activities in all regions where our forces are operating. To do this we have to move around, both inside and outside the country. Right now President Neto is in Cabinda, and Commander Monimambu and myself have just returned from the Eastern Region.

QUESTION: As of March 1968 MPLA guerrillas were operating in three regions. How much progress in the military sphere have you made since that time?

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1 This interview with Daniel Chipenda was taped in Lusaka, Zambia, on 28 August 1969. Mr. Chipenda is currently a member of MPLA's Comité Director (Steering Committee) and one of five men on the recently formed Politico-Military Coordinating Committee. He is responsible, among other things, for Information and Publicity.

CHIPENDA: We have opened two new regions: the Fourth, including Lunda and Malange districts, and the Fifth, including Bié, Huambo, Benguela and Cuando do Sul. Both these new fronts are very active and important in the overall struggle. They are of great economic importance for the Portuguese and their imperialist partners. Lunda, for example, in northeastern Angola, contains the rich foreign-owned diamond mines (DIAMANG); and in Malange there are many plantations and an important railway linking this area to Luanda on the coast. The Fifth Region is also very important. It is rich in agriculture and the most heavily populated region in Angola, with many Portuguese settlers. Our military activities are sure to make the life of the colonialists there very difficult.

In the First Region, in northwest Angola, our comrades have made good progress, even though they still can't get supplies from the outside. The Portuguese admit they have suffered serious losses and recently they have been very embarrassed by our activities. This is an important coffee-growing area and MPLA guerrilla operations are preventing the settlers from maintaining high levels of production. Our forces are attacking the economic base of Portuguese colonialism and, despite difficulties, have become almost completely self-reliant.

In addition to progress in the countryside, comrades in the First Region have succeeded in organizing clandestine groups in the city and today we have many strong units in Luanda. The recent hijacking of a Portuguese plane by three of our militants is some indication of the level of clandestine organization we have achieved in Luanda.

In the Second Region we have also made progress, but we face certain difficulties there. Most of Cabinda is mountainous tropical forest and the population of 60,000 lives mainly near the coast. They are not as bad off as people in the rest of Angola and the Portuguese have had some success with the traitor Taty—who used to be a minister in Roberto's GRAE—in building a counterrevolutionary puppet movement. Nevertheless, we have recently destroyed several Portuguese posts, such as Niconji and Mgonji, which the enemy has been forced to abandon, and have developed the struggle in Cabinda beyond what it was last year.

In the Third Region we have reached a new stage. In Moxico and Cuando-Cubango we control large areas where the enemy has

virtually stopped moving on the ground. The Portuguese stay in their few posts and barracks while we consolidate our position and organize the people. Our objective is to force the Portuguese out and establish a fully liberated base area. This will be very valuable for us in other regions, where we are still in the first stage of struggle.

QUESTION: Isn't another region, the Sixth Region, being opened in the southwestern districts of the country?

CHIPENDA: I can't say that we have already opened this Sixth Region, but it is our intention to do so in the very near future.[2]

QUESTION: In how many of Angola's 15 districts are MPLA guerrillas now active?

CHIPENDA: MPLA detachments are now fighting in ten of the 15 districts.

QUESTION: At the First Eastern Regional Conference held in Zone C in August 1968 it was announced that the MPLA was planning to establish a vanguard party and to expand its military activities from guerrilla to regular or mobile warfare. Perhaps you could comment on the progress made toward achieving these objectives.

CHIPENDA: We can divide our struggle so far into two stages. In the Third Region we are in the second stage; we are still in the first stage in the other regions. Until recently our big problem in the Third Region was getting material equipment sufficient to organize regular units. But now we have solved some of these problems and are able to put into practice the decision taken at the conference. The Third Region is the base for our struggle in the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Regions. If we can destroy the enemy posts and barracks in the Third Region, we will have a good base for organizing regular units and advancing the struggle to a higher stage in the other regions, where, meanwhile, guerrilla warfare must continue.

But this effort cannot be allowed to consume all our energies. We are sure we can't destroy the enemy merely by overrunning his posts and barracks in the Third Region. We believe it more important at this point to further generalize the struggle in Angola and force an increasing dispersal of Portuguese troops. After achieving this, it

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[2] The Sixth Region was opened in Huila district in early 1970. There are now several hundred guerrillas there under the command of Setta Likambuila.

will be easier to organize regular units and mobile warfare in those regions where conditions are favorable.[3] We will also be able to defend our base areas and prevent the Portuguese from reoccupying positions we have destroyed. Being dispersed, they will be unable to concentrate sufficient forces and will be hard-pressed to protect those areas where they have vital economic interests.

QUESTION: Comrade Monimambu said last year that because of the MPLA's shortage of certain kinds of weapons and ammunition, it was difficult to do more than engage in harassing actions against Portuguese posts and barracks. This problem of supply would seem to become greater as you generalize the struggle, since you will have to arm and equip an increasing number of detachments. Does the MPLA now feel a pressure to move toward mobile warfare, to concentrate larger forces in order to generate a greater internal supply of arms, ammunition and other military equipment?

CHIPENDA: Our primary intention is to become self-reliant, to take arms and other equipment which we need from the enemy. That is why the tactic of concentrating superior forces, of overrunning enemy positions, so as to increase or replenish our store of arms and ammunition is very important. But strategically, in order to carry out annihilation tactics successfully in many regions, it is necessary to generalize the struggle. It will then be difficult for the Portuguese to defend their outposts in the semiliberated regions or to launch large offensives against our base areas.

Angola is a very big country and we must take advantage of this. If we concentrate too many of our forces in a few areas, it is very dangerous. Last year [1968] we had such an experience and learned a great deal from it. The Portuguese launched a dry-season offensive in the Third Region, especially in Zones A and C. They knew many of our forces were there and concentrated their troops from the Third and First Regions to launch a very large offensive against our bases. Fortunately, their offensive failed. After the heavy enemy air attack on the Zone C base camp where Dr. Boavida was killed,

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[3] Toward the end of 1969 the MPLA began a reorganization of its military forces into mobile columns of 150 men so as to initiate annihilation tactics of rapid concentration and dispersal (i.e., the tactical pitting of superior to inferior forces). A column, headed by a column commander, is composed of five 30-man sections, broken down into detachments of ten guerrillas each.

we changed our tactics and deployment of forces and turned the Portuguese offensive into another defeat for them. At the same time, this experience taught us again the great need to generalize the struggle. After achieving this objective, it will be very easy for us to launch a strategic counteroffensive. At that point we will be stronger than the Portuguese. The whole people will rise with us and we will achieve a favorable balance of forces.

Regarding supplies, the problem is complex and depends on several factors. Outside supplies are most important for bases near the borders of friendly countries, where problems of transportation are not so great. But deep inside the country, outside supplies do not play such an important part. For example, we've sent only one group to the First Region with weapons and ammunition over the last two years. Yet these detachments are still fighting. Where are they getting their arms and ammunition? From the enemy, of course. This is the only way, because it is extremely difficult to bring equipment in from Congo (Kinshasa). As we push farther into Bié, into Sá da Bandeira, and so on, it will also be difficult to bring in supplies from Zambia. We will have to solve our problems of supply from the inside.

Although we are on the strategic defensive, we have succeeded in maintaining tactical initiative and in extending the sphere of our military and political operations. Before 1966 we were only operating in the First and Second Regions. In 1966 we opened the Third Region and by the end of 1967 this region was extended to the whole of Moxico and Cuando-Cubango districts. Last year we opened two new regions, the Fourth and Fifth, and maybe tomorrow we will open the Sixth Region in Huila or Moçamedes. In this sense, we are on the offensive.

QUESTION: The peoples of the Third Region, a very backward and oppressed area, exported considerable labor to the mines of South and Southwest Africa. From what I have been able to learn, they were quite ready to support the revolutionary movement in 1966. Have you found the more densely populated Ovimbundu in Bié and the Lunda in the Fourth Region as ready to join the struggle?

CHIPENDA: Experience has taught us that as the struggle develops, we learn more and more about the ways to carry on and advance the struggle. For example, in Cabinda, when we started in 1964, we

began fighting along the border and then moved inside. But here in the Third Region? No! We learned from experience, from our difficulties in Cabinda, and went immediately inside the country. Again, in the beginning we often put more emphasis on the military than on the political side of the struggle. We had to learn that political work, political education is very important in mobilizing the people to join and support the armed struggle.

Now to your question. We have to analyze each region separately and, where there are differences, we have to employ special methods and tactics to bring the people into the struggle. The social structure and style of life of the Lunda and Chokwe people of the Fourth Region, for example, are very different from what we found among the Mbunda, Luchazi, Luena, etc., in the Third Region. The people in the Fourth Region have a generally better attitude toward work; they like to work, while traditionally the people of the Third Region didn't like to work very hard. So we have been able to organize and mobilize the peoples of the Fourth Region on a much higher level than so far we have been able to achieve in the Third Region.

QUESTION: The Fifth Region is strategically very important, since it contains a quarter of Angola's total population. Have you found the Ovimbundu people ready to join the struggle?

CHIPENDA: I myself am Umbundu, and I know how the Ovimbundu have struggled in the past, and right up to now. We had several chiefs, such as Kandimba and Mutuya-Kevela in 1902, who became famous by leading the people against the Portuguese. But some of our Angolan people are confused; they think the Ovimbundu have been favored by the Portuguese, are more trusted by the Portuguese, and so on. I don't think this is correct. The oppression has always been very great in Benguela, Bié, Huambo and the other Umbundu areas. Hundreds of thousands have been sent to forced labor; more than any other people in Angola. Most of the "contract labor" on the farms, even in the north, are Ovimbundu people. The Portuguese try to convince the Ovimbundu that they are better off than other Angolan peoples, that life isn't so bad, etc., but I think this has failed. The Ovimbundu know they must now fight.

QUESTION: Wasn't there a good deal of repression carried out by the Portuguese in the Umbundu region after the armed struggle began in 1961?

CHIPENDA: Absolutely. That is one reason I believe these people

will join us in the struggle. Many of them, of course, are already fighting and several hold responsible positions. Last year the Portuguese started to transfer some settlers in Huambo and Bié from their farms to the towns. They are afraid; this is a heavily populated area and the people are identified with the struggle. It will be difficult for the Portuguese, because our people are living in the same areas as the settlers. If they try to burn and bomb as they have in the Third Region, they will endanger their own people as well as ours. The only thing they can do is remove the settlers from the area; but this is also a very big problem for them.

QUESTION: As the armed struggle penetrates deeper into Umbundu and Kimbundu areas, do you think the Portuguese will pull back their forces to try to protect the highly settled European areas and important economic interests, making it easier for MPLA units to destroy enemy outposts in the other regions?

CHIPENDA: That is the usual tactic in counterguerrilla warfare. The enemy tries clearly to separate the areas it controls from those controlled by the guerrilla forces; then to put their advanced posts in the guerrilla zones in order to pacify the population, counterattack the guerrilla forces, and so on. That is what the French did against the FLN in Algeria, and what the United States is trying to do in Vietnam. So we think this is what the Portuguese will attempt to do in Angola.

QUESTION: The MPLA has initiated several programs for the civilian population in Angola. Perhaps you could comment on recent developments in the fields of medicine, education, economics and political organization.

CHIPENDA: I think we have made progress in all these areas. This year we have more doctors and schools. Dr. Boavida, who was our only doctor, was killed in action last year, but now we have four young doctors working in the semiliberated regions. Regarding our Centers for Revolutionary Instruction, last year we had only two—one in Zone A of the Eastern Region and another, started after the August conference, in Zone C. Now we have a CIR also in the Fourth Region and Comrade de Lolua is preparing to open another in the Fifth Region very soon.

We have progressed in other fields as well. In agriculture, for example, we have established a trade union which is responsible for

organizing the population, helping the people choose proper seeds, land, and so on, and introducing new forms of collective agriculture to replace the old traditional forms.

Last year we had militias, but they were poorly armed, with spears, bows and arrows and axes. Now we have militias armed with rifles and other modern weapons, and they are also much better organized. This is one of our most important achievements, because now our people can defend themselves against the enemy; the militias can protect the villagers when they go to work in their fields and fish in the rivers.

We have also made progress in the political organization of our people, with the establishment of organs of popular power. The action committee at the group and sector levels have taken firm root among the people and are working well. All decisions at the local level are made by these committees and MPLA political organizers only coordinate and provide general orientation.

QUESTION: Perhaps you could now comment on last year's decision by the MPLA to create a vanguard party in addition to, or in place of, the MPLA.

CHIPENDA: We made this decision so we could organize our people better. We don't think only MPLA militants are obliged to fight against Portuguese colonialism; *all* the people should be fighting, even those who are not MPLA members. That is what we hope to accomplish by organizing a party. The cadres of the MPLA must demonstrate a new kind of discipline and comportment, different from that of ordinary MPLA members or supporters of the revolution. This is necessary if we are to organize a vanguard which can gain acceptance among the people as the genuine revolutionary leadership.

We also think it is very important for our party to have a correct and clear ideology, in order to provide the general orientation for our struggle. That is why the CIRs are preparing our young militants with theoretical and ideological training—so that we will have the basis for building a vanguard party.

We are a liberation movement and have to organize, to mobilize all of the Angolan people against the Portuguese tyranny. As the MPLA, our duty is to mobilize *all* the people, even those who may not at this time be interested in following the orientation of the

MPLA. The only thing they must accept is the basic correctness of the armed struggle for the liberation of Angola. But at the same time, we aren't forgetting our decision of last year to build a vanguard party.

QUESTION: Are you saying that within the MPLA, as a mass movement, there is a *de facto* party forming, made up of the more militant members? An embryo vanguard within the MPLA which, at the appropriate time, will formally constitute itself as a party?

CHIPENDA: That is the general idea, but let me explain further. When the MPLA was formed, we thought about creating a vanguard party within a united front of all progressive Angolan movements and forces. We tried to put this into practice, and the *MPLA Manifesto* of 1956 reflects this kind of thinking. But problems arose, such as the splits which occurred in Congo (Kinshasa), and the intervention of imperialist forces in some of the Angolan liberation movements. So it was difficult to form a common front with the other liberation movements in which the MPLA would be the vanguard. If we now look at the history of the struggle we will find that development toward such a front has been in a very different direction. The MPLA today, because it is the only movement struggling within the country, the only genuine representative of the popular struggle in Angola against colonialism and imperialism, is itself becoming a "united front" of all progressive forces and elements. The great majority of the people are now in the MPLA or are supporters of the MPLA, because they know that the MPLA is the only movement which is successfully fighting against the Portuguese.

Many of these new MPLA members and supporters, however, don't understand the MPLA's programs or ideology. That is why it is very important for us to create the cadres for a vanguard party which will provide the direction and general orientation for our people. This is the reason we are trying to provide all our members with the possibility of studying and learning, of developing ideologically and politically. Those who reach a high level of political understanding and, more important, demonstrate a revolutionary character of discipline, good comportment and spirit of self-sacrifice will be selected to form such a vanguard party within the MPLA.

QUESTION: Some people in North America, and perhaps in Europe also, are confused about the different ideological positions

held by the MPLA, UNITA and Roberto's GRAE. They hold the somewhat simplistic view that UNITA is a Chinese-oriented movement, that the GRAE is a puppet movement of the United States, and that the MPLA is a Russian-oriented movement. Perhaps you could clarify your position on the issues involved here.

CHIPENDA: I think many people *are* confused now, and this confusion arises from the very great division we are all facing today between China and Russia. We are sorry about these developments, because for us, and for the other genuine liberation movements, there is no benefit at all from this kind of situation. The more important problem, however, is that it benefits imperialism. It allows the imperialists to sow the kind of confusion you mention, to intervene in the struggle so as to divide and weaken the liberation forces.

When people say the ideology of the MPLA is Moscow-oriented and the ideology of UNITA is Peking-oriented, they not only help the imperialists confuse things, they are simply wrong. The divisions which have emerged within the Angolan liberation struggle have not come about because of the split between China and Russia. These divisions started in 1960, and in 1961 the MPLA was supported by both China and Russia. The Chinese continued to support the MPLA in 1962, even after our first conference in Congo (Kinshasa) when we expelled our general secretary, Viriato da Cruz, from the Steering Committee of the MPLA. It was this man who went to China and spread his poison that the MPLA was pro-Russia, anti-Chinese, and so on. This is when our difficulties with the Chinese began.

But we want to make one point clear. The MPLA does not blindly follow any socialist country, either the Soviet Union or China. It is the MPLA, the Angolan people within the MPLA, who decide on and organize everything: we organize our military struggle, we create our structure, we organize our political and civilian programs; and everything we do in our country we do according to our analysis of the real conditions of our struggle, our country, and our people.

The main thing which distinguishes the MPLA from puppet groups such as the GRAE and UNITA is that the MPLA is concerned with Angolan *national* liberation, while these other groups are fighting to advance the cause of tribalism, regionalism and

racialism. We don't see any significant differences between UNITA and Roberto's group, because their methods and their basic goals are the same. Within the MPLA there is no division on this point: we all agree on the objective of unifying *all* of our people in order to struggle against Portuguese colonialism. This is our position.

We have never attacked our comrades in China. They have a right to their own position. But we know that they will come to understand our position and will change their own; we know that China will never forget its responsibility to the struggle of the people. We are struggling in our country; we are struggling against colonialism, against neocolonialism and against imperialism. So we believe it is the duty of the Chinese people to support and to help us in our struggle, and we are sure they will do so. We never say we don't want the help or support of China. No! we need the support of the Chinese, and we want them to start immediately to support our struggle, to help us in all fields—just as we want and need the support of all socialist countries and of all progressive forces, even within the imperialist countries.

QUESTION: How do you view the MPLA's role in the worldwide struggle against colonialism, neocolonialism and imperialism?

CHIPENDA: We think that our revolution is part of the overall struggle against those who oppress the people. In Angola we are struggling against those who oppress the Angolan people. We think that by fighting against Portuguese colonialism and giving our people the consciousness that we must fight against all those who oppress the people, we are also participating in the struggle against neocolonialism and imperialism. We don't isolate these forms of oppression. We believe that we must fight for complete independence, and to achieve this we must fight against colonialism, neocolonialism and imperialism.

QUESTION: There seems to be increasing cooperation and coordination of efforts between the reactionary regimes of Portugal, South Africa and Rhodesia. Has this fostered a greater cooperation among the various liberation movements in Southern Africa?

CHIPENDA: We know about this cooperation among Portugal, South Africa and Rhodesia, and we are ready to cooperate with our brothers fighting against the Smith and Vorster regimes. But our cooperation with the liberation movements in these areas is not the same as our cooperation with FRELIMO and PAIGC. We are

fighting against *Portuguese colonialism* and we think that the cooperation among the MPLA, FRELIMO and PAIGC must be different from that among ourselves and the other comrades fighting in Rhodesia, South Africa and Southwest Africa. Our immediate enemy is the same in Angola, Mozambique and Guiné, and Portugal employs the same strategy and tactics against our three movements. Even the material support given by South Africa and Rhodesia to the Portuguese is fitted into this common strategy.

We are prepared to cooperate with those comrades in southern Africa who are really struggling to liberate their countries, but we must be clear about the fields in which we are to cooperate. Though we face a common enemy in southern Africa, strategically our aim is to make the enemy disperse his forces. We have not declared war against the regimes of Smith and Vorster; we have declared war against Portuguese colonialism. We support and cooperate with those movements in southern Africa which are fighting against the regimes which help Portugal. To the extent that they succeed, our common enemy will be divided and the strength of Portugal, in particular, reduced.

QUESTION: Portugal's NATO allies, particularly West Germany, France and the United States, have acquired a much greater economic interest in Angola over the past few years. Given these increasingly rich mineral and fuel developments by foreign corporations, do you think Angola will become a great enough loss for the imperialist powers for them to create "another Vietnam" in your country?

CHIPENDA: We can never forget that such a possibility exists. We don't say Angola *will* become another Vietnam. We just say that whatever happens we are ready to continue fighting until we have fully liberated our country. We will never back down in our struggle and we are prepared to fight for as long as it is necessary. Right now we are fighting against Portugal and we are sure that we will win. The United States must know this. And even if they intervene with armed forces, we are still sure of our victory. Perhaps it will not be Chipenda or my comrades who will win; we may not win in our time. But the people of Angola will surely win. Sometimes I think the imperialists take a very short view. All intelligent people know the Portuguese have no chance of holding on to their colonies in Africa. So if the imperialist corporations keep investing their capital

in Angola and Mozambique, they must have some other objective in mind. But if they think we are prepared to become neocolonies of the United States, West Germany, etc., they are very mistaken. The MPLA and the people of Angola will continue fighting until we have achieved complete independence, political *and* economic.

QUESTION: Recently in Dakar, Senegal, meetings were held between the MPLA, FRELIMO and PAIGC leaders. Have any changes, as a result of these talks, been made in the role of CONCP[4] in the struggle against Portuguese colonialism? To what extent are the MPLA, FRELIMO and PAIGC more closely coordinating their activities against the Portuguese in the present stage of the struggle?

CHIPENDA: The meetings you mention were very important. At present the MPLA, FRELIMO and PAIGC are the only movements in Angola, Mozambique and Guiné recognized by the Liberation Committee of the OAU. This is important since it confirms that these movements are the only ones really fighting in our countries.

At the Dakar meetings we reviewed our whole structure in order to create a new one better able to coordinate our struggles. Before, we had a CONCP secretariat which worked in Algiers. Now the secretariat will be located wherever the presidents of the three movements are. For example, the secretariat is now headed by the FRELIMO president, so it is located in Dar es Salaam. MPLA people will work with the FRELIMO president, but it is his responsibility to deal with the problems of coordinating the three movements within CONCP. Every six months the leaders of the MPLA, FRELIMO and PAIGC will meet and the secretariat of CONCP will rotate between the presidents of the three movements. Next, it will be the president of the MPLA, Dr. Neto, then Comrade Cabral of PAIGC. Our office in Algiers will serve as the CONCP Bureau of Information, headed by our representative there.

Thus we have built a stronger and more unified structure and will coordinate our activities in all fields of struggle: in the military field, in education, economics, information, and so on. For example, MPLA will send cadres to Mozambique and Guiné to

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[4] CONCP: Conferéncia das Organizações Nacionalistas das Colónias Portuguésas.

study how they organize their schools, and they will come to Angola to see how we do these things. In the military field, some MPLA commanders can go to Mozambique and Guiné, and they will come to Angola. We will then be able to coordinate our strategy and plan coordinated attacks against the Portuguese forces.

We also plan to launch an international campaign to gain recognition for our movements as the only legitimate representatives of our peoples. We know that at some point the Portuguese will maneuver to deal with puppet organizations in Angola. But if international opinion is strong in regarding the MPLA, FRELIMO and PAIGC as the real representatives of our peoples in Angola, Mozambique and Guiné, then it will be extremely difficult for the Portuguese to negotiate with puppet groups such as the GRAE. We believe international opinion is very important in any struggle and have decided within CONCP to do everything we can to make our struggles known to the peoples of the world—to show them we are united and strong. From now on we will be putting out more joint statements, appearing together at conferences, and trying to get groups which support the MPLA, for example, to support FRELIMO and PAIGC as well.

We also decided at the Dakar meetings to coordinate our activities more closely with other liberation movements in southern Africa. In South Africa we agreed to cooperate only with the ANC, in Zimbabwe with the ZAPU and in Namibia, at present, with nobody.

QUESTION: It seems that the anticolonial struggles in Angola, Mozambique and Guiné have now reached similar stages. Do you think that these changes in material conditions have fostered a greater unity between the MPLA, FRELIMO and PAIGC?

CHIPENDA: Yes, we think so. Though there are some differences, we are all in the stage of generalizing the struggle throughout our countries. There have also been recent changes in FRELIMO which have brought us closer together. At the last meeting of the FRELIMO Central Committee they clearly decided to follow the orientation of class struggle and to combat tribalism and regionalism. Within CONCP there is now a single ideological orientation, not only for today, but also for tomorrow in Africa. We are sure of this. That is why we think it is very important to unify and strengthen our three organizations within CONCP.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Agostinho Neto, President of the MPLA: Message to the Militants of the MPLA[1]

THE YEAR 1970 begins a new decade; it also presents very favorable prospects for our national liberation struggle, and especially for our Movimento Populár de Libertação de Angola. Conditions created by events in 1969 permit us to set our sights in this new year on a period of progress and decisive steps—so long, that is, as we promise to take upon ourselves, seriously and resolutely, work in all sectors of our struggle.

In the past year, fundamental objectives for both our organization and our people were realized. New fronts were opened in the northeast and central parts of the country which, by extending the sphere of military activities beyond previous limits, represented a defeat for the colonialist forces. The cities saw a new period of agitation and organization, forcing the colonialists to reinforce their defensive and control systems. The European population in Angola now better understands the objectives of our revolution and our just antiracist position.

In the external sphere, the fascist government of Portugal has suffered major defeats and has been unable to maintain even the

[1] Major portions of a speech by Dr. Neto broadcast through the External Services of Radio Tanzania, Dar es Salaam, on 1 January 1970. (Translated from the Portuguese by D. Barnett and A. Ciria.)

apparent unity which has existed in NATO regarding Portugal's colonial "problem." This year the fascists will suffer even greater defeats.

In 1970 the mobilization of international public opinion will be facilitated by the existing predisposition against the obstinate Portuguese colonial policy and against the demagogic tactics of the new Portuguese fascist dictator, Marcelo Caetano.

This year, on 4 February, we will celebrate not only the thirteenth anniversary of the founding of the MPLA, on 10 December 1956, but also the ninth anniversary of the beginning of the armed struggle and the tenth anniversary of the adoption by the United Nations, in 1960, of the Declaration on the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples.

Alongside the significance of these dates, we are facing immediate and gigantic tasks which have to be implemented immediately. Our principal action must take place in the interior of the country. Those who are obliged to remain abroad in order to carry out tasks necessary for our movement must consider their stay outside the country as temporary, thus eliminating the opportunistic idea of expecting to live comfortably and without risks until our motherland becomes free through the efforts of other militants.

To those who tell us to spare our cadres—who say that we should not expose them to physical combat against our enemy, that we should not risk their health, or their lives, or their freedom, because they are necessary in an independent Angola of tomorrow, or because the movement cannot live without them—we respond by saying that it is not possible to carry out a war of national liberation without cadres.

Each trained cadre, regardless of his field of specialization, must be able to function inside the country in order to help resolve the various problems of the war and of national reconstruction. This is the only just and revolutionary attitude.

With cadres capable of correctly employing the tactics of guerrilla warfare and of faithfully applying the political principles of our movement, we will save lives and forces not only in the present but in the future as well. The protection of cadres must take place where the action is, and not where there exists an illusory security or where

degradation and corruption of the patriotic conscience is produced.

Our action is directed toward the conquest of the future. And for the future toward which we are struggling, we must fight to resolve the present contradictions between our desire, our right, to self-determination and the arrogant colonialist imposition, by force of arms, of its domination over the Angolan territory.

Our patriotism, at this moment, can only be expressed through participation in the struggle. And by struggle I mean participation in both the military and political actions taking place inside the country.

We do not scorn, nor are we against, those who through political weakness or moral frailty, or simply through cowardice, are unable or do not want to participate in this momentous and glorious enterprise which is the struggle for national liberation.

We *are* against those who betray us!

In relation to the former, we will content ourselves simply by placing them in their proper position, accepting their sympathies, understanding their limitations and giving them tasks to do according to their situation. Thus, under present circumstances, our principles will not be betrayed.

This is a war of the whole people, united by the same ideal.

But in the vanguard are those who are able to go to the front lines of struggle, with their eyes on the future, confident of victory, serving the people faithfully and humbly. The political struggle is no less important. Quite the contrary. We must organize ourselves for an independent life, consolidate our political organization at the national level, link the leadership to the base, leaders with ordinary militants—we must effectively link together all of our activities. In the zones under our control we must effectively organize education, work and administration; and we must create in our young people a revolutionary spirit. We must adopt in the movement proper methods of administration among the civilian population; and we must make impossible the utilization of antidemocratic methods in the activities of the organization.

But we need more initiative. Initiative is our most powerful weapon, capable of aiding us in resolving the numerous problems faced by our large organization. We need more initiative in combat:

we must constantly seek contact with the enemy in order to harass and to liquidate his living force, in order to realize the objectives of guerrilla warfare. We need more initiative in the countryside and cities: we must maintain the initiative in all sectors in order to intensify the generalized struggle, in order that all of our people become engaged in actions linked to the MPLA.

Many times, and particularly in zones to the rear of the combat fronts, our militants remain for months and months awaiting instructions and directives from the Central Committee—even when occasions present themselves which are favorable for action. This is an erroneous attitude. Passivity was never a quality for the combatant, nor a rule for the militant. We must organize more actions, seize the initiative as on 4 February in Luanda, as in Moxico in May 1966.

One of the major principles which we must rigorously follow is to utilize our own forces in resolving the problems of the revolution. This is not to depreciate in any sense the importance of international solidarity or sympathetic movements which are now emerging in all the capitalist countries of Europe and America, including the United States itself. Nor, of course, do we depreciate in any way the political and material support given by socialist and African countries—support which has greatly facilitated our struggle. But we must recognize that all of this is secondary. What is primary and essential is our action within the country, for it is through this action that we will achieve real independence.

To utilize our own forces in military activity means to arm our guerrillas with the weapons of the enemy; it means to regain the food, clothing, medicine, money and other means necessary for the guerrilla's existence. And we have the right to do this, not only the necessity. Because everything the colonialists possess in our land, the arms, the food, the clothes, the medicines, the money and other material goods, all of this is the product of the labor of our people. It is the result of the exploitation of our people. It all belongs to our people and must be used in the legitimate interest of our people.

In the zones under our control, to utilize our own forces means to produce, to organize industries, organize trade, organize schools, etc., without having to wait for outside assistance coming to resolve all of our material problems. What is essential in the solution of

these problems must come from us, from our labor, from our initiative, from our creative abilities.

In this phase of generalized struggle, and for this year 1970, we thus need:

FIRST: increasingly to utilize our own forces in the coming struggle, so that our standard of living will be the result of our own labor, of the work of each one of us;

SECOND: to consolidate our politico-military organization, decisively eliminating opportunism, antidemocratic methods of work and indiscipline;

THIRD: to take the initiative in all sectors of activity, especially in that most noble of activities, direct action against foreign occupation.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Interview with Commander Setta Likambuila[1]

COMMANDER LIKAMBUILA was one of the MPLA guerrillas who helped open the Eastern Front in mid-1966. He has risen over the past four years from a zone chief of operations and reconnaissance to his present position as commander of the newly opened Sixth Region in the Huila district of Angola. This interview was designed to probe some of the problems faced by the MPLA in implementing its various military and civilian programs within Angola. While the overall progress of MPLA is not to be doubted, it is also the case that every advance in the revolutionary struggle gives rise to its own peculiar set of problems or contradictions, and that it is in the resolution of these problems in day-to-day practice that further progress becomes possible. MPLA is to be commended for its unceasing efforts to expose, clarify and resolve the unfolding contradictions within the Angolan revolutionary process and, by sharing its experience with other comrades, for contributing to the acceleration of the revolutionary process on other fronts in the worldwide anti-imperialist struggle.

QUESTION: Perhaps, Commander Likambuila, you could begin by discussing the way in which people are recruited into the armed

[1] When I returned to the Angola-Zambia border in July 1970, Setta Likambuila was preparing to take up his new duties as Sixth Regional commander. This interview was taped with permission of the CCPM of MPLA and we wish to extend our appreciation for the efforts extended by MPLA and Comrade Likambuila.—D.B.

struggle in Angola and some of the problems faced by MPLA in this important work.

LIKAMBUILA: We always recruit our guerrillas from among the villagers, and in some cases from the towns and cities. Since our struggle is for the whole people, we must also recruit those who are to fight from among the people. Our political commissars and activists go to the villages to teach the people about the politics of our struggle. When they reach a village they call the people together and talk to them about MPLA and the armed struggle we are waging against Portuguese colonialism. The people know they are exploited and oppressed by the Portuguese; we don't need to tell them much about that. They only want to know how they can fight against the Portuguese and win. Those who are capable and willing offer to join the guerrillas . . . usually the younger people. We never recruit by force; all of our militants are volunteers.

We always have some problems, however, because very few of the villagers are educated, and it is often hard to get them to understand the difficulties of the struggle; why we are fighting and how it will be a long struggle. Most understand and join, but some who haven't understood remain in the villages and only join later.

The main difficulty we have in recruiting comes from our not having adequate supplies and material. The villagers see that our guerrillas move without clothing and that they lack blankets, medicines and other things. They see that there is much suffering, and this makes some hesitate to join the struggle. Others, after joining and working for a time, begin to understand the difficulties of having no blankets, uniforms and so on; they ask permission to go and work in Zambia and other bordering countries in order to get the things they need. We often give them permission to go, and after they have gotten what they are after they return—but this situation gives us a bit of a headache.

QUESTION: How do you deal with such requests from guerrillas to go and work in Zambia? How do you determine whether a man should receive such a leave of absence?

LIKAMBUILA: The guerrillas ask us, putting their problems to the detachment chief or zone commander. Usually they say, "Comrade Commander, I have no blanket and no uniform and I am suffering. It would be good if you could allow me leave for about a month so

that I can go and search for these things." The commander then has to study the problem; to see if he can get a uniform or blanket for the comrade who has requested leave. If he is able to get these things he will tell the guerrilla: "I have got a blanket [or a uniform] which I am going to give you, so you don't need to go work in Zambia." If he isn't able to get the needed things he says that he will study the problem. Then he meets with other commanders of the zone and they discuss the problem. If they have no way of helping that comrade, they will usually agree to give him a few weeks or a month to go seek them elsewhere. Some of the guerrillas who get leave go to see their parents or other relatives in Zambia who try to help them get the things they need to stay in the bush. Many guerrillas in the Eastern Region have relatives who earlier fled to Zambia to escape Portuguese oppression.

QUESTION: How do detachment leaders or zone commanders deal with the problems of discipline among the guerrillas?

LIKAMBUILA: Actually, discipline is a major question in our organization. Since all of our guerrillas decide for themselves to fight for their country, they generally have good discipline. But discipline in the armed struggle also has to be taught and learned if it is to be maintained. Commanders and other leaders teach the guerrillas about the politics of our struggle: how they should stay and fight for the people; about the cooperation between the guerrillas and the villagers; about MPLA's programs in education, medicine, culture and so on. They also must be taught discipline in handling weapons and ammunition; how to maintain their weapons, never lose them; and how to use them under all sorts of conditions or difficulties. But again politics, political education, is the principal means by which we maintain discipline. Political understanding of the struggle and its objectives is the surest, the only, way to maintain discipline—to ensure that the guerrillas practice self-discipline.

QUESTION: When MPLA forces penetrate a region controlled by the Portuguese and enter a village, what do they tell the new recruits from the village regarding the struggle and the relation of the guerrillas to the people?

LIKAMBUILA: The political commissar of the zone, or the *activisto politico* or group leader, will begin by explaining to the new recruits why we are fighting with guns—because there are many ways of

fighting in the struggle for independence. They teach them something about the history of Angola; how the Portuguese colonizers came to this country, seized slaves and land and fought those who resisted; how the Angolans have suffered for centuries from forced labor, taxes, miserable wages, brutal treatment, forced collection of rubber, low prices for their crops, animal skins, etc., and how we have learned that the only way to drive out the Portuguese colonialists is by fighting in a disciplined way with guns.

Then they are told about the relationship between MPLA guerrillas and the people, the villagers: "Guerrillas of MPLA are the sons and daughters of the villagers, of the people, so you should never mistreat your own fathers, mothers and children. As a guerrilla you come from the people and fight for the people. When you abuse or mistreat the people you cease to be a guerrilla." They are also told how we organize our work in relation to the people. In the detachments, guerrillas should plant their own fields in order to supply their own food, but the villagers should help the guerrillas with alimentation because they are the parents of the guerrillas who are fighting to free them from Portuguese oppression. So the fathers and mothers must cultivate; everyone, not just those with guns, must contribute to the struggle by working in some way. Some of the old men cannot handle guns, but they help the guerrillas through cultivation, or by hunting or making things of use such as skin pouches, water containers, etc.

Nevertheless, the detachments always face problems getting enough food—especially in the Eastern Region (Moxico and Cuando-Cubango) where the people have been driven by the Portuguese into the forests and grow only cassava and millet. We need other food crops like maize, ground nuts and vegetables and are trying to cultivate these crops now with the help of UNTA, the National Trade Union of Angola, which is responsible for organizing agricultural labor and getting implements we need, such as hoes and axes, from the outside.

To the young people of the village we explain about our Centers for Revolutionary Instruction (CIR) and SAM (Medical Assistance Services) training schools, where many young guerrillas receive education in reading and writing, economics, politics, history, etc., or training as medical aides, as well as military training. We have three CIR's now and are planning to create many more.

We also help the villagers form a local militia and explain how they will have to provide protection for those who are working in the fields or sleeping in the village at night. We give some training to those chosen for the militia and are now able to provide them with a few rifles. Earlier they used only spears and bows and arrows.

QUESTION: What kind of problems do the local cadres face in organizing and carrying out the tasks of distribution and exchange of goods? What are the typical problems, for example, that they report to the zone commanders or political commissars?

LIKAMBUILA: Well, it is the political commissars who are responsible for seeing that these tasks are carried out among the people. They work through the village action committees, which are instructed on how to set up people's stores.

They organize groups to go to the border to get things that they used to get from the Portuguese merchants. These things, supplied by the MPLA, are then carried to the people's stores. The regional and zone leaders of logistics and supplies decide what is to go where. Once in the people's stores, these goods are exchanged for the villagers' crops, skins and other products. The people don't have money, so these goods are exchanged at fixed prices—so many units of cassava, say, for a shirt or a pound of sugar. In this way we achieve a distribution of goods from inside and outside, between militants and civilians.

As to the problems faced in this area—well, first, there is the difficulty of just not having enough clothing, soap, salt, etc. Then there are problems with transport equipment—difficulties in getting enough containers for their crops, especially sacks or bags, and also canoes—because in some places the people use river transport. They are also short of materials for keeping accounts. The action committees are responsible for keeping records of what they sell and receive, so they need books and ballpoint pens or pencils.

QUESTION: How does the MPLA deal with the problem of recruiting and training middle cadres? Cadres, for example, trained in medicine, engineering, agriculture or specialized military spheres such as demolition or the use of mortars?

LIKAMBUILA: Our organization needs many such cadres to perform revolutionary duties in the areas of medicine, engineering, agriculture, radio, electronics, education, etc. We also need people who are capable of teaching these skills to others, and of replacing those

who are wounded or killed in the struggle—such as happened with Dr. Boavida in 1968. Many cadres are trained inside Angola, at the CIR's, SAM's, command posts and other places. Still, because we lack training matrials and equipment, some of our militants are sent outside to study.

As for recruiting, our zone commanders or squadron leaders select those they believe to be capable and disciplined to go outside for study, men and women who have demonstrated that they have the discipline and capacity for learning military or technical subjects. About sixty of these militants are sent out to study each year. When they finish their studies they return to work in Angola.

QUESTION: MPLA is now a large movement with responsibilities in many military and civilian spheres. How does the MPLA organize itself to carry out these various responsibilities?

LIKAMBUILA: Our movement is organized into various levels and groups so that it can carry out its work smoothly and efficiently. At the top level we have the Political-Military Co-ordinating Committee (CCPM) composed of five men including the President, Dr. Neto. These leaders are chosen at the national level, at the National Congress of MPLA representatives. Each member of the CCPM is responsible for a different area of work and together they co-ordinate all aspects of MPLA political and military activity. All have an equal voice on the CCPM, and no one member, not even the President, is above the others. The President acts as coordinator or chairman, but if he is absent another will take his place. All decisions made at the CCPM level are collective decisions.

At the next level there is the Steering Committee, which meets once or twice a year and decides on all matters at the national level. All regional commanders and political commissars, chosen by the CCPM, are on the Steering Committee. There are approximately thirteen members, but the number is not fixed; new regions such as the sixth are being opened as the struggle advances, and in one case two sub-regions have been created in the vast third region. At present there are six regions, or five regions plus two sub-regions.

Members of the Steering Committee, the regional commanders and political commissars, are always inside the country, doing their various jobs in each region. They receive instructions from the CCPM and pass them down to the zone commanders.

Together, the regional commander, political commissar, chief of

operations and reconnaissance, and the chief of finance and logistics make up the Regional Command. They decide on all matters concerning their region and each has his special job to do. The senior leader is the regional commander, followed by the political commissar. But apart from this and their particular tasks, they all take part in regional-level military operations and are responsible for teaching guerrilla tactics to the militants. They are also responsible for dealing with and resolving region-wide matters and problems—problems that cannot be handled by the zone commanders, such as how to deal with enemy prisoners or the settling of murder cases.

Below the regional level is the Zone Command made up of the zone commander, political organizer, chief of reconnaissance and operations and chief of logistics and finance. Zone leaders are also chosen by the CCPM. The Zone Command, with the help of the regional commanders, are responsible for carrying out political education among the people and guerrillas of their zone. They also plan and lead military operations involving guerrillas of their zone. They cannot just wait for operations from the regional commanders, who are constantly moving from place to place within the region; zone commanders must exercise tactical flexibility in planning and carrying out zone level combats and other operations, such as political work in the Portuguese concentration-camp hamlets around the posts and barracks and in the towns.

We have also formed, and are still in the process of forming, squads or columns which will be larger and more mobile than our guerrilla detachments. Each column of 150 men is led by a column commander under the control of the zone commander. There will be about five such columns in a zone. The zone chief of operations is responsible for planning large-scale ambushes, attacks on posts, sabotage operations, etc. Then he discusses his plans with the other members of the Zone Command. When they are agreed, the plans are passed on to the column commanders. The chief of operations must calculate how many men are needed for a particular mission, what types of weapons and ammunition they will need, and in the case of an attack on a small enemy post, whether or not they will try to advance and occupy the position. When a mission is decided upon, the zone leaders don't just sit back while others carry out their plans; they must also participate in the combat.

Each column is divided into five sections of 30 men under a

section leader. These sections contain three smaller groups of ten men each. When a heavy attack on the enemy is planned, the whole column will go; but if it is a smaller mission only one or two sections may take part, or if it is a very small mission it might be carried out by a single group. The chief of a group is responsible for commanding that group, resolving minor problems among his men and doing some of the preliminary work in recruitment. He might recruit some villagers, who are then sent to the section chief who will divide them among his groups or send them to the column commander to divide among the sections. The group leader is also responsible for organizing cultivation by his group; determining what kind of crops are needed and what materials they will use. He also generally takes part in all actions against the enemy.

QUESTION: In the past MPLA forces were organized in smaller detachments. What are the reasons for this new formation? For bringing these detachments together into larger mobile columns?

LIKAMBUILA: Actually, at first—in the Eastern Region in 1966—we were organized in larger units, but later we broke up into smaller detachments in order to engage the enemy in many attacks at different places and to organize the villagers. We destroyed roads and bridges and carried out hundreds of ambushes and limited attacks on the Portuguese posts and barracks. But the enemy has now changed his tactics and moves into the liberated areas in large numbers during their dry-season offensives. We then had also to change our tactics to suit the new battle situation. Now when the enemy comes we can employ a whole column, which can do the work because it is equal to or stronger than the enemy force.

Also, as I said, at first our attacks were very limited. Now, with mobile columns that can move in large numbers with heavy weapons, we can carry out much larger attacks. We are better able to annihilate whole enemy units and attack and occupy Portuguese positions. In this way we can gain more enemy weapons and ammunition, which is very important as we move deeper and deeper into Angola and farther away from friendly borders.

QUESTION: When was this decision to form mobile columns made and how much progress have you made in implementing it?

LIKAMBUILA: It was decided in late 1969 but only began to be put into practice in 1970, especially in the Third Region. By now

we also have columns in the Fourth and Fifth Regions, and it is our intention to generalize this formation in all six regions.

QUESTION: Have there been any instances so far of successful MPLA use of these mobile columns in combat?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes. We used 60 men in our recent attack on Karipande barracks; only two sections, but they were able to inflict heavy casualties on the enemy—killing over 100 Portuguese soldiers. We didn't occupy Karipande, but if two sections can accomplish this much, you can imagine what a whole column could do. Also, in the Fourth Region, in Bié, we have carried out several column attacks, and in one instance the Portuguese didn't even have a chance to call for reinforcements.

QUESTION: In his New Year's speech this year President Neto indicated that some of the detachments were too passive, were not engaging in enough combats or seeking combat. Has the shift to mobile columns been intended, at least in part, to deal with the problem of passivity?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes. The formation of columns is also important because after a while our small groups came to spend most of their time with the villagers; they concentrated on safeguarding the villagers and became less active in planning and carrying out attacks on the enemy. At first, when the Portuguese were active and moving in the area, the detachments engaged in many ambushes and other combats, but then when the enemy stopped moving, the detachments became like militias. They protected the villagers but became less mobile and aggressive against the enemy. Now, with the formation of large mobile columns, the work of protecting the villages is left mainly with the local militias, and the number of guerrilla combats against the enemy is increasing.

QUESTION: Have there also been problems of passivity among the group leaders? How do you deal with the case of a leader who doesn't engage in combat or who seeks to avoid combat?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes, we have had such problems with group leaders and even with commanders. With a *chefe do grupo* we would first call a meeting with zone leaders and ask him why he has been avoiding combats, spending so much time with the villagers, etc. Then we would call a meeting with the guerrillas in his group and the villagers found around his detachment. We try to raise his con-

sciousness and combativity and often find that some particular problem has caused him not to be active. In this case he is criticized and advised and given a month or several months to improve his practice. But if the guerrillas and the people say that he is not capable, that he has been criticized before and has not improved or that he purposely does wrong, then he will be demoted from *chefe do grupo* to a regular guerrilla. If he is a zone commander, he will be demoted to a section or column commander or transferred to some other job which better suits his capacities.

QUESTION: Have you found that marital relations among the guerrillas and leaders have had an effect on their morale or combativeness? Does the fact that a militant is married and has children cause him to be somewhat passive? How has the MPLA dealt with this and related problems?

LIKAMBUILA: At first we found that many of our guerrillas and leaders had their wives and children absent from them and often far away. When they didn't see them for a long time, some of them started to become inactive in their work, and in the case of commanders their leadership sometimes became passive. The movement studied this problem and decided that it could perhaps be resolved if we moved the wives and families of the militants closer to them. Because, if they are apart for a long time, a man will begin to worry whether his wife or children are suffering, whether they have been killed or wounded by the Portuguese and so on. But if they are near, he can go and have a look and then return to his work. Some of the wives of the comrades are also guerrillas, and this is no problem; but those who are not we move into the zone or region where their husband's column operates.

QUESTION: How does MPLA deal with sexual relations between the guerrillas and villagers and between guerrilla men and women? What are the MPLA rules in this area and what are some of the problems that come up in enforcing them?

LIKAMBUILA: It is prohibited for a guerrilla to have sex-play or intercourse with any guerrilla woman, unless they are engaged—and even then they cannot have sexual intercourse until they are married. It is also prohibited for guerrillas to play with village women. If a guerrilla does, and she is married, he will be punished

or demoted, and if he has intercourse with an unmarried girl he will be forced to marry her if she becomes pregnant.

As for enforcing these rules, we have had problems in the past, but they are becoming less frequent. Many of our guerrillas are now married, and more and more of the unmarried ones are sent to the CIR's or SAM's where there is strict discipline maintained by the political commissar and other leaders. Also, the action committees and political organizers have seen to it that those who have violated these rules are punished or demoted and the others are learning from this lesson.

QUESTION: I realize that you can force the guerrillas by punishment or the threat of punishment to obey these rules, but what do the political organizers and other leaders tell them about the problem? How are they educated to see the positive value or need for self-discipline in the matter of sexual relationships?

LIKAMBUILA: First, they are always told not to engage in sex-play with the guerrilla girls who are still learning or who are married because it creates problems in the struggle and brings conflicts among the guerrillas, especially if two guerrillas become entangled with one girl. "If you wish to play," we tell them, "you should propose marriage to the girl and not start a casual relationship. Because if she becomes pregnant and moves to a different place, she will not be your wife and it will not be possible for you to take care of the child. So it is better to keep good discipline, and to marry if you wish instead of just playing about."

QUESTION: How do guerrilla men and women go about getting married in the course of the struggle? Does the movement have to approve such marriages?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes; the man reports their intentions to the column commander, who reports to the zone commander. The Zone Command then prepares a request to the Steering Committee asking that the couple be allowed to marry. Sometimes the girl is still schooling or is stationed in a different place, so the Steering Committee decides when they are to meet and get married.

QUESTION: Have you had any problems concerning leaders at various levels seeking certain privileges, seeking to live at a higher level than the guerrillas under their command?

LIKAMBUILA: Actually, yes, because for a time we had two kitchens in the command posts of the zones, one for the guerrillas and one for the leaders. Sometimes the leaders got more to eat than the guerrillas; the same food, just more of it. The guerrillas, in some cases through misunderstanding, came to think that the leaders were getting more and better food than they were. There was some suspicion and complaining about this. The problem was then studied by the Steering Committee and it was decided in 1969 that the system of two kitchens be abandoned. Now we have only one kitchen in all our camps and everyone eats from the same pots. In this way we managed to solve the problem.

QUESTION: What about the distribution of special goods from the outside, such as sugar or cigarettes? Are these things shared equally among all the militants, both leaders and regular guerrillas?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes, especially in the case of things like sugar. When they are sent inside to be distributed among the detachments it is the responsibility of the chiefs of finance to see that the things are equally divided. Of course, with cigarettes we get very few of them, and they are divided among those who smoke.

QUESTION: In the past many of the men in your detachments were unarmed. Have you reached a level of combat now where you are able to arm all members of your detachments and columns?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes, all of the men in our detachments are now armed. Even the militia and members of the action committees, who in the past were armed only with traditional weapons, are now provided with rifles. We are now able to get more weapons and ammunition from the enemy, to capture guns such as the German G3 and the American FN. This has helped us to arm both the detachments and the militias.

QUESTION: How are the village action committees formed and organized?

LIKAMBUILA: The action committee members are chosen by the villagers, both men and women. Our political organizers go round to the villages in a newly liberated area and explain our struggle, carry out political education. The villagers are then asked to organize themselves, to form action committees, so that they can take part in the struggle and resolve some of their own problems; because

even when the country becomes independent the self-governing of the villagers will depend on the action committees. So the political organizers ask the people to choose those who are capable of leadership for the action committees. Then they vote for the various officers of the action committees, the president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and political activist, who acts as the adviser or councilor in political matters. A woman is also elected to represent OMA (the Organization of Angolan Women) on the action committee, and women can also be elected to any of the other offices.

QUESTION: Are the action committees elected for an indefinite time, or are new elections held at fixed times, say at the end of one or two years?

LIKAMBUILA: Some remain for a year or two, but others may remain right up to the day of independence. If any action committee is found to be weak by the people, they will report to the political organizer about it and he will discuss the matter with the political commissar of the zone. The political commissar will then issue an order that the villagers should sit and elect new officers to the action committee. This may be done at any time, even after only six months from the last election.

The action committee has the responsibility to form a militia, and it can punish militiamen if they disobey orders. For example, one day President Inýaniboji of Zone D in the Third Region sent three of his militiamen to take and guard the women in their fields. When they reached the fields, the militiamen left the women unguarded and went off hunting. The women complained about this when they returned to the village, and the three men were removed from the militia for three weeks and made to work in the collective fields for this period. The punishment given depends on the mistake committed by the wrongdoer.

The action committee is also responsible for keeping accounts and preparing reports about the people's store and the people's plantation. At the end of each year these reports are sent to UNTA, which is responsible for organizing the work of Angolan peasants and workers.

QUESTION: Traditionally, Angolan peasants—at least in the Eastern Region—cultivated family fields, and it is only since the revolu-

tion came to this area in 1966 that they have started working on collective plots. Has it been difficult for MPLA to convince them of the necessity or value of collective agricultural work?

LIKAMBUILA: Actually, it has been; especially in Moxico, where each family had its own fields and they weren't accustomed to working collectively. When the struggle started in this region we began teaching them about collective farms, but at first they didn't understand and didn't want to follow our advice. Later they came to understand better and began working on the collective farms, but even now they still continue to cultivate family plots in addition to the collective ones controlled by the action committees. They are coming to learn, though, that collective farms are better, or at least necessary. The militia, for example, must patrol and guard those working in the fields, but they couldn't do this if they weren't given a share of the harvest. Then, before the revolution, when they had only private family plots, some faced problems of hunger and were forced to exchange what few things they had for some cassava or millet or maize. In the past they couldn't just take things from another's fields, but now they all have a share in the harvest of the collective plots and are more secure against hungry periods. And it is also easier to help the guerrillas with food from the collective fields; people don't worry and say that they don't have enough for the guerrillas. In some cases, the villagers have decided to cultivate all their land collectively. They have found that they can produce more and in better ways on the collective plots, so they have done away with family fields altogether. Most villages, however, have not yet come this far.

QUESTION: Is the food grown in the collective plots turned over to the people's stores for distribution, or is it given directly to the guerrillas?

LIKAMBUILA: It is given to the people's stores, controlled by the action committees. People's stores have now been organized in every zone. Before the struggle began the people lived in their villages by the rivers and sold some of their products to the Portuguese merchants. With the few escudos they received they bought some salt, matches, soap and other things. Once the struggle started, people in the liberated areas could no longer go to the Portuguese shops, so our movement started organizing people's stores. At first

these were run by the guerrillas under zone commanders; but later, when the action committees were formed, the people's stores were put under their control. The people now have no money, but they take their crops, skins, beeswax, honey and other products to the stores and exchange them for cloth, clothing, cooking fat, salt or other things they need. The prices of all the goods are established by the Steering Committee and are the same throughout the liberated areas. So if a man brings in some fish they are weighed and their price determined; he can then purchase an equal value in cloth, soap, etc. But sometimes, since not all the stores are well-stocked and the supplies are usually low, a person will not get all the things he wants when he brings in his goods. He will be credited for the amount he doesn't receive in other goods and will come back later.

QUESTION: How many villages and about how many people are served by each people's store?

LIKAMBUILA: Zones are divided into sectors of five or six villages each, and there is at least one people's store in a sector. The number of people in a village can be anywhere from 20 up to 100, so on the average I would say a people's store serves between 80 and 125 villagers. At present in Zone C of the Eastern Region there are 6 sectors and 21 people's stores, 11 of these being major stores.

QUESTION: You mentioned earlier the MPLA trade union organization, UNTA. What kind of responsibilities do UNTA members have in organizing production workers and, in particular, the peasantry?

LIKAMBUILA: At the present stage of the struggle, UNTA is concerned mainly with organizing the peasantry in agricultural production. They are responsible for studying and solving problems of crop rotation, determining what type of crops will grow in particular areas and experimenting with new crops that are needed. They are also responsible for supplying agricultural tools such as hoes, axes, knives, machetes, etc., to the people's stores for distribution to the villagers, and are in charge of seeing that the people's stores and collective farms are managed properly. Inside Angola, UNTA members are usually attached to the Regional or Zone Commands and are responsible to them.

QUESTION: What is the people's general attitude to these new self-managed stores? Have any particular problems arisen in the

areas of management and the keeping of accounts, or in regard to transportation and supply?

LIKAMBUILA: Since we started organizing the stores our people have been very pleased about being able to get the things they need much easier, or to get them at all. Before, many were without clothing, needles, salt, sugar, soap, matches, cooking oil, blankets and other things. But since 1968 our movement has been able to supply larger amounts of these things to the villagers through the people's stores. Of course, even now what we have is very little, and the number of Angolans living in the liberated areas is growing and now must be over half a million.

Some problems have also come up in transportation. Groups of volunteers from the villages are organized as carriers and sometimes walk a month or six weeks to the border for military supplies or goods for the people's stores. These carriers would often have to leave their work in the family fields, their hunting, etc., for as long as three months at a time. Then, when they returned, many found that they didn't have any surplus crops or other things to exchange for what they needed from the people's store; things they perhaps just helped to carry long distances. So there arose problems—some people complained that they didn't like to go to the border and collect things for the people's stores, as these things didn't belong to them; others thought they should be paid so they could buy some of the things they carried for the people's stores. Some would say, "If we transport war material that is good, because weapons and ammunition serve all the people. But we don't want to carry clothes and other things which only serve some of the people who have got goods to exchange."

You see, our movement helps those carriers who come to the border without clothes, salt, soap, food, etc. Many people come wearing just rags, so if we have clothing in the depot we give them some; and the same for other things like soap, salt, etc. But this help wasn't clear to them and some started talking about it as pay for their work. So before long people began flocking to the border to carry things; even if there was nothing to carry they came thinking they would be paid for their work. Our political commissars and organizers had to explain matters to these people, because many times we had nothing in the depots to give them. Goods often came to the

depots from very far away, and as they were badly needed by our people and the guerrillas, they were immediately sent inside. So, those who came and received help were pleased; but those who came and got nothing were unhappy, thinking that their friends had been paid while they got nothing. Our political organizers had to explain to them that our movement adopted this system only to help those people who came wearing rags or animal skins, or were without salt or soap, etc.; that the movement, seeing how much some of the comrades were suffering without these things, decided to help them, realizing that many would not have goods to exchange for what they needed at the people's stores, or had suffered from lack of salt or sugar during their long journey. We have to make them understand that what they are given is not payment, but help from the movement due to their suffering; that in transporting supplies for the movement they are making an important contribution to the liberation struggle, just as are the guerrillas and other comrades working in different ways.

QUESTION: Does MPLA have officials for each region who are responsible for supplies and for analyzing the needs of the different zones and sectors in order to determine what kinds of things should be sent where?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes, in both regions and zones we have chiefs of logistics and finance, and there is also one member of the CCPM who is responsible for these things. The CCPM decides on and is responsible for general matters of supply and finance, but reports are received and studied from the zone and region chiefs. There are usually different needs in the different regions and zones. In one place they may need rifles instead of submachineguns; in another place they may ask for bazookas, saying they have adequate rifles, and so on. And this applies also to civilian needs. The action committees discuss their problems and decide on their needs for the people's stores. They then meet and explain their needs to the political organizer, who reports this to the Zone Command. The Zone Command studies these reports from various sectors and sends its own report to the Regional Command, which decides how the available supplies are to be distributed and what additional supplies are to be requested from the CCPM.

QUESTION: The material conditions of the people in Zone C were

quite bad when I was there in 1968, especially as regards clothing. Has this situation improved much over the past two years, with the development of people's stores and the reorganization of logistics and supplies?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes, things have become a good deal better since 1968. At that time we still had little outside support, but now we are receiving material support from a number of organizations such as Liberation Support Movement, and many people are clothed and have other things they previously lacked. Of course we don't yet have nearly enough to meet the people's needs, and the number of people living in the semiliberated areas keeps increasing. Many still suffer from a lack of basic necessities such as clothing, salt, soap, blankets, medicines, school supplies and cooking oil.

QUESTION: Do any difficulties arise in implementing MPLA programs due to conflicts with traditional practices in the areas of law, religion, politics and so on?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes. Many Angolans have adopted Christianity and become Protestants, Catholics or members of the Watchtower movement or other small sects. When the armed struggle started in eastern Angola we found it very hard to win the cooperation of these people, because they said: "If you spill the blood of others you will be burned by God." They also tended to believe the Portuguese propaganda about guerrillas being foreign terrorists who only came into the country to steal people's things and leave them in poverty. So these and other things made it difficult at first to win these Christians over to the side of the revolution, to get them to undersand and support our revolutionary struggle.

Another difficulty arose because at first many of our cadres didn't speak the local languages found in the Eastern Region. The people would become suspicious and tend to believe the Portuguese lies about our being foreigners. It took time to convince them that we were their sons and daughters and to win their cooperation. Even now in some places the people need to see and speak to cadres who talk the local language. As you know, there are over 100 languages in Angola, and some are spoken by only a few thousand people, so this can be a difficulty.

As to traditional beliefs in magic and witchcraft, we have been trying to educate our people about these things and have abolished

certain practices. At first certain foolish witchdoctors tried to witch our guerrillas or use their magic against the Portuguese, saying that those who fight always use war magic. But their magic didn't work, and we have managed to convince most of the people that it is only through fighting with weapons that we can defeat the Portuguese. Some religious leaders also tried to prophesy military events, saying they had dreamed that such and such a detachment would be attacked by the Portuguese and that many guerrillas would be killed. This year I attended one of the Watchtower services and they said it was no use fighting, as God would be returning to earth very soon to settle things. But these prophecies don't come true, and we explain to people that believing these things can be very dangerous to the liberation struggle.

At the CIR's and in our political education we explain that those witchdoctors who use charms for treating sores or wounds or who can cure diseases are allowed to carry on their work, but those who use charms or other magic for punishing or killing others have been ordered to burn their medicines. You see, some of the medicines used in witchcraft, like poisons and some of the charms, are actually effective in bringing about bad sickness or death. For example, a witchdoctor uses a charm against a man and lets him know that if he meets with a certain girl he will go mad. Well, an accident may happen and that man meets the girl on a path. If he believes in the power of the charm, he may in fact go mad. Sometimes this is done by old villagers against guerrillas who want to marry their daughters. Many of our militants want to marry, but since this is a war of liberation and they are not paid, they have no money for *lobola* (bride insurance); and even though we have asked the villagers not to demand *lobola* during the struggle, many have resisted this idea and a few will even use magic to stop their daughters from marrying guerrillas without *lobola* money. So we have prohibited medicines that are used to punish or cause harm to others. We have made much progress in this area, especially with the young people, but it is very difficult to change the beliefs of old people.

QUESTION: Traditionally the people of the Eastern Region have undergone long training periods in the circumcision camps. Has the revolutionary situation forced any changes in this practice?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes. In the past, children remained in the circum-

cision camps for as long as a year, from May of one year to May of the next. But now even the old men are trying to shorten the length of the training period. Many of their children have come to understand the importance of education in the schools and don't want to spend a whole year in the circumcision camps. Some get circumcised in the clinics or hospitals and then remain at home while they recover. Also the pressure of the revolution makes it difficult to have long circumcision camps, and young people want to join the guerrillas or the militia or go to the CIR's. Some of the old men still send their children to the camps in the bush where they get circumcised and are trained, learning the rules of the camp and of adult society. But the camps are shorter and some of the young people don't go at all.

One interesting situation occurred recently in the village of Mwetuta along the Zambian border. According to custom, no uncircumcised men are allowed to enter a circumcision camp. Well, one of our militants who was uncircumcised went to Mwetuta circumcision camp with our medical aide who performed the operation on a number of Angolan children. The militant was 35 years old and knew better, but he broke discipline and was drunk with *cachipembe* when he entered the camp. The owners of the circumcision camp found out and came to see us, saying, "According to our customs no uncircumcised person is allowed to enter our camp, since he will see many things which are not supposed to be seen or known by women or uncircumcised men. So this man who came to our camp must be circumcised. If he is not, we will find ways of dealing with him." Knowing that the old men would try to punish the man, perhaps through witching, we discussed the problem among the cadres and decided that he had to be circumcised. Our medical aide performed the operation here in the base and the villagers were satisfied.

QUESTION: Are there any problems that emerge as a result of traditional leaders being replaced by younger, more politically conscious men or women on the village action committee?

LIKAMBUILA: In the past when village headmen or chiefs became old they would choose or nominate those who were to succeed them. Once the chief had died, his chosen successor would be selected as the new chief—even though the old chief had chosen a son or daughter because he was faithful and loyal to him; and even if the

villagers didn't like the person selected, they were bound to honor the request of the dead chief. Now, in the liberated areas, things have changed. Action committee presidents and other members are chosen or elected by the people, and old presidents don't select their successors. A village headman or chief may be elected president if he is respected in political matters and is a strong supporter of the revolution. Usually, however, it is a younger person who is elected; a man or a woman who is wise and capable in political affairs. The old chiefs and headmen who are not elected to the action committees usually continue to be respected and control certain customary practices in the villages; but it is the action committees that are in charge of all political and economic matters.

QUESTION: In 1961, before the armed struggle started in the Eastern Region, the Portuguese began paying the chiefs a salary and demanding greater demonstrations of loyalty. Have you found that some of these paid chiefs sided with the Portuguese after 1966 and betrayed the revolution?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes. The Portuguese used to demand that these paid chiefs become traitors to their own people. They were paid in order to punish the villagers, to collect taxes and to collect people for forced labor at the Portuguese posts or plantations and mines. They were ordered to immediately report any strangers or newcomers to their area to the *chefe do posto*. The money they received, even though it was a very small amount, tempted many of these chiefs to remain with the Portuguese and betray the revolution. Even today, some of the chiefs are still working for the Portuguese.

QUESTION: In eastern Angola the descent rules are matrilineal and it has been the custom for young children to be reared by the mother's relatives and to move back and forth between the village of their father and the village of their mother's brother. Now, with the considerable shifting about of villages and the danger of travel due to the armed struggle, have any problems or changes arisen in this practice?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes; in the Eastern Front especially, the children inherited their names from their uncles, from their mothers' brothers rather than from their fathers. They believe that children are part of the mother, not the father. In Luvale they have a proverb that means: "A cock just plays about and causes children, but these

chicks will belong to the hen." So, when a woman gets married and has a child it will belong to the mother's family, take the name of her brother and father and succeed the uncle if he should die as a village headman or chief. Such a child is then reared by the uncle and spends most of his early life in the village of his or her mother's brother and father. Now this custom is beginning to change. Villages have been scattered around and the people shifted from one area to another; it is also difficult for young children to travel about freely. So, with children staying more with their father and his family, some are beginning to take the father's name, and there is no longer any possibility of nephews succeeding their uncles as chiefs or headmen. They still go when they can to visit their mother's family, but things are changing.

QUESTION: In the past many men took more than one wife. Does MPLA have any rules regarding the number of wives its guerrillas or cadres may have?

LIKAMBUILA: At first the people had two or three wives, and the chiefs had even more—ten or fifteen, according to the custom of the tribe. We used to ask them why they had so many women. They told us that if you had many women you wouldn't suffer. If one was sick, you could go to the house of another, or if one goes on a mission or for a visit, the others who remain can take care of you; and if visitors come, plenty of food can be prepared. When the struggle began we started teaching people that it was wrong to have more than one wife. We explained that when a man had many women only one was really his wife; that the others were treated just like servants. We also said it was very difficult for a man to provide clothes and other things to more than one wife. After a time, the movement passed a rule that guerrillas could marry only one wife. Some of the villagers follow this, but some still marry several women.

QUESTION: Did the Angolan Women's Organization (OMA) have any particularly strong feelings about changing from polygamy to monogamy?

LIKAMBUILA: Oh, this pleased OMA very much, because they saw that polygamy caused many women to suffer. They say a woman is happier if she is the only wife in the house. Also, OMA is concerned with teaching the young girls and organizing the women to play a full part in the revolution. Some of the young girls have

become guerrillas, and others who are not capable of this perform other duties for the struggle—work such as needling, cultivating and nursing. We have learned that women are extremely good at intelligence and reconnaissance work; they are able to remain unnoticed among the enemy for several weeks or months. At first many guerrillas thought the women were useless, but this was because the women were so badly oppressed by the men. Now we have come to understand that the women are very important to the revolution. There are many women and girls in the guerrilla units and in the militias; they are learning at the CIR's and SAM's, and some have been sent to other countries for advanced training in many fields.

There are many cases of courage and heroism by the women. For example, one girl was married to a Portuguese commander at Lovwa post in Zone B. After staying at Lovwa for six months, she led the Portuguese soldiers to a cultivated area where the guerrillas often set up ambushes. One day she made contact with some villagers from a nearby detachment who came to get cassava roots. She told them to ask the guerrillas if they could prepare an ambush at a certain place, saying that she would lead the Portuguese soldiers there. On the agreed day our D'esta Vez detachment carried out a very successful ambush against the Portuguese. The girl's Portuguese husband was killed in that combat and she returned with and joined the detachment as a guerrilla.

In another case, one of our women guerrillas was captured by the Portuguese, and after two months of interrogation and torture they persuaded her to lead them to the Command Post of Zone D. As they were approaching the base she asked if she could go relieve herself in the forest, as she was suffering from severe stomach pains. They allowed her to go and she managed to escape, running to inform the guerrillas that the Portuguese were near. The commander prepared an immediate attack on the Portuguese column and managed to ambush them before they reached the base. In the meantime, the other comrades had a chance to prepare their things and move off to a different place.

These and many other cases have proved to us that women are very important in our fight against Portuguese colonialism.

QUESTION: Do the women have programs setting forth their goals as women in the revolution?

LIKAMBUILA: Yes, OMA has its programs and its goals for Angolan women. They teach the women that they must struggle to learn and become capable in many areas of work in the revolution, so that when Angola achieves its independence there will be equality between men and women; that they must struggle so as not to be oppressed again, as they were before the revolution, when the men, particularly the old men, thought that women were only useful in the house or village, making *funji* for meals and doing other things for the men. They are taught that this is wrong; that women must become as capable as the men and participate in politics and all other kinds of work.

QUESTION: Are there now any women who hold leadership or other responsible positions within the MPLA?

LIKAMBUILA: Of course; it is women who provide the leadership for OMA. Comrade Luisa is now President of OMA; then there is Maria Carlos, Maria dos Santos and others who play an important leadership role in OMA. There are also women who work as technicians, as radio operators, doctors, and so forth; and a few are training as mechanics. In the political field, women are active as organizers, and some are training to become political commissars. As yet, however, there are no women serving as zone or regional commanders and there are no women on the CCPM. We are moving in this direction, though, and I think it will not be too long before some women are chosen to serve in high leadership positions.

QUESTION: Does MPLA practice criticism and self-criticism? And if so, to what extent is there criticism by the guerrillas of their own leadership at various levels? And how, if at all, does this function to improve the behavior of MPLA cadres?

LIKAMBUILA: In our movement we do practice criticism and self-criticism. When someone does wrong or makes a mistake, whether a guerrilla, a cadre or a high-level leader, he is criticized and asked to discuss the problem. Even the villagers are called upon and have the right to criticize the guerrillas or the commanders directing the struggle in their area. For example, if one of the guerrillas is behaving very badly he will be called to discuss the matter with the political organizer and other leaders. They chat and try to find out what is wrong. Usually the guerrilla comes to agree that he has done a wrong thing and says he will try to change and not do it

again. Then a meeting is called with the people and other guerrillas and the matter is discussed. If his wrongdoing has been against the people, they decide the case. If they say he will continue his wrongdoing even if they tell him to stop and he agrees, then he is transferred. This can also happen with zone and regional commanders if they are behaving badly or are weak in leadership.

QUESTION: Do you carry on criticism and self-criticism at regular times, or are problems dealt with as they happen to arise?

LIKAMBUILA: Well, the leaders meet once a month and discuss their work and any problems they are facing. But when problems come up that require criticism, we try to tackle them right away, because if we delay, matters might get worse. Especially if it is a case of a *chefe do grupo* or zone commander being weak in leadership. The people will complain and in some cases won't give food to guerrilla units that are weak or whose leader practices bad behavior. The people like guerrillas who are active in combat, who don't just sit around dormantly. So we have to bring such matters up immediately and settle them.

QUESTION: Perhaps you could give us an example or two of cases where leadership was criticized and the result was their transfer and demotion.

LIKAMBUILA: In one case, a sub-regional director of CIR felt very strongly about our need for antiaircraft guns and heavy weapons. Some other people also felt this way but they didn't understand the problems facing us. So this CIR director started telling people it was useless to carry rifles and light weapons; that we had enough of these and needed other things. So eventually the people there started refusing to carry rifles, saying, "We don't want to take these light weapons; we want to bring in antiaircraft guns and other heavy weapons." Well, mobilizing the people in this way was very bad; rifles and all other weapons are useful in the struggle and we need to train cadres to use heavy weapons. As yet only a small number of guerrillas have been taught how to use antiaircraft weapons, long-range mortars, and so on. These, like all weapons, can be very dangerous to use if they are not understood. When other leaders learned of this bad conduct a public meeting was called and the CIR director was criticized among a gathering of villagers, guerrillas, cadres and regional commanders. He recognized that he was

wrong, but since demoralizing people as he did is a very bad thing, he was demoted to subdirector of CIR in a zone and removed from the Regional Command.

Another case happened with the chief of a detachment, before we formed columns. This *chefe do grupo* was found not to go for combats. The action committee reported this to the sector chief, and the group leader was called to a meeting. We invited representatives from all groups in the zone—three guerrillas from his detachment, four members of the action committee, five villagers, three members of OMA and three young pioneers. The zone commander was also there. Before we criticized him we asked him to tell us how he was conducting his group and what was his method of making combats. He told us about his work and then we began questioning him. Some of the villagers asked him why he was made *chefe do grupo* and what the duties of a group leader were. He replied that a *chefe do grupo* was there to lead others, to see to it that discipline was maintained and to direct his detachment in combats and set a good example for his guerrillas. He was then asked, "If you know these things, how is it that you lead your detachment badly? The people say you do not lead your guerrillas in combat; that you just remain in the village with your wife and when you are asked to go and give leadership you just send your *subchefe* and again remain behind."

After a time of questioning like this, the group leader came to realize his mistakes. He said he would try to do better. We then asked the guerrillas and people if he should be allowed to remain as leader of the detachment, but they said no, that he had been warned too many times already. We at first tried to transfer him to another detachment as *chefe,* but the guerrillas refused to accept him as leader. Finally, he was demoted to chief of a small control post, because he was just not capable of leading a detachment.

Another example took place in the Third Region when the people and guerrillas were aroused to criticism because of the inactivity of some of the regional commanders. They complained that these leaders sat in one place too long, without controlling the zones or talking to the people and guerrillas to find out about their needs and problems. They claimed that the regional commander and political commissar were passive and not taking their jobs seriously enough.

In a case like this, even though the Steering Committee appoints

regional commanders, it is only the people and guerrillas in the area who can check on and judge the ways they are working. So, a big meeting was called, attended by three members of the CCPM, members of the Zone Commands, and representatives from all groups and places in the region—about 200 people altogether from all levels. Then the problems were put forward and the regional commanders were asked how they had been working. They told what they had been doing and recognized many of their wrongs; they also criticized one another and explained that some of the things said about them were not correct. After much questioning, discussion and criticism, the members of the CCPM who were present posed the problem of allowing them another chance or transferring them to other posts. The people were strongly against their remaining as regional commanders. So the CCPM transferred the regional commander and political commissar to other positions outside the region.

Not all cases, of course, are handled in this way. Most of the problems and criticisms are smaller and not so serious. These are discussed as they arise at the daily *formaturas* within the detachments or columns and at the CIR's, SAM's and bases.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

MPLA—4 February: Tenth Year of Armed Struggle[1]

WITH 4 February 1970 begins the tenth year of the armed struggle that the Angolan people, led by the MPLA, are conducting against Portuguese colonialism.

After long years of intense clandestine activity—always repressed with the most brutal and ferocious political apparatus, which never hesitated to use cold-blooded assassination without scruple and which, to this very day, keeps hundreds of Angolans in prison—4 February has come to symbolize the longings of the martyred peoples of Angola.

In 1953 there emerged the first clandestine political parties. The Peoples' Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), created on 10 December 1956, emanated from these groups as much as from the Party of Armed Struggle of Angola (PLUA) and the Movement for the Independence of Angola (MIA). Later, in 1958, another organization, called the Movement for the National Independence of Angola (MINA), was also integrated into the Peoples' Movement for the Liberation of Angola. MPLA evolved an intensive program of activities for the clandestine organization of the popular masses in the cities and villages.

In the meantime, in 1957 the fascist police, PIDE, reinforced

[1] A bulletin under this title, major portions of which are here presented, was issued by the MPLA's Department of Information and Propaganda on 4 February 1970.

their organization in Angola. On 29 March 1959 they effected a sweeping police raid, throwing into prison some dozens of influential nationalists and a multitude of suspects.

One month later, on 26 April, the Portuguese Air Force was installed in Angola with an extensive apparatus. And to salute the occasion the governor general gave one of his most threatening speeches: "The country will not be defended if it does not possess a military structure." At the same time, it was necessary, for the first time, to recognize that "Angola does not live in peace and harmony," adding, "as the era of waiting for political pamphlets has appeared in Angola."

In July 1959 there was a new wave of imprisonments, in particular some of the leaders of the MPLA, including Ilidio Marchado.

On 8 June 1960, into prison in Luanda went Dr. Agostinho Neto, in that period the honorary president of the MPLA. The people of Icolo e Bengo protested against this imprisonment. The prompt reply of the Portuguese was the massacre at Icolo e Bengo: 30 dead and 120 wounded.

On 25 June of the same year, the Reverend Pinto de Andrade, Doctor of Theology, current honorary president of the MPLA, at that time chancellor of the archbishopric of Luanda and member of the Executive Committee of the Society of African Culture, was similarly imprisoned.

The activities of PIDE were allied to those of the Portuguese troops, and constant roundups, persecutions, burning of houses, tortures and assassinations became daily spectacles.

On 29 December 1960, 20 nationalists who were mainly composed of people originating from Cabinda were shot in the courtyard of a prison in Luanda.

The police terror managed to destroy a great part of the network of the MPLA and to decapitate, on a large scale, the internal organization of the movement. Very naturally, this fact was invested with tragic consequences with the unleashing of the armed struggle one year later, when the lack of cadres in the interior was sorely felt.

There are two conclusions: First, the Angolan nationalist movement, which dates from the beginning of this century, is one of the oldest in Africa. If the major part of the continent has overtaken Angola in accession to political independence, this ought to be a

clear indication of the difficulties inherent in underground struggle and the drawn-out nature of the actual liberation struggle. Secondly, the Angolan political struggle during the period before the war was conducted clandestinely under conditions of incomparable repression, such that it became particularly difficult in this period to take account of the inexperience of the Angolan people and of the nationalist movement. Also, countries that conducted or conduct extremely hard wars of liberation, such as that recently in Algeria or today in South Africa, experienced the existence of legal parties in the earlier historical phase.

An analysis of some aspects of the historical and political significance of 4 February reveals the enormous importance of the strategic victory which it represents: the call acted as a catalyst throughout the whole country, setting on fire the hearts of all Angolans who rose up in arms to attack the colonialists over the whole national territory, unleashing an insurrection that in traditional zones of resistance, such as Nambuangongo, came to the seizure of political power.

The enemy reacted brutally, launching a massive and extensive counteroffensive based on gigantic repression consisting of a mixture of crime, torture, barbarisms and genocide on a scale surpassing all that it is possible to conceive.

And, in the same way, 4 February has come to be registered in the history of the struggle for national liberation of Angola, also, with the greatest example of sacrifice by a people determined to live in freedom: on 4, 5 and 6 Febraury in Luanda 3,000 innocent Angolans fell before the savage and bloody fury of bands of armed settlers and this later expanded into a new massacre of 5,000 persons in Lower Kassange. The signal of combat was given to all our people.

The odyssey which then began to be written gives the Angolan people the right to be placed in the highest circles of peoples who have offered the lives of their best sons for the achievement of a finer humanity. This aspect of our struggle is registered not only in the field of direct opposition to an archaic and equally retrogressive and hideous Portuguese colonialism. The extensive presence of huge foreign economic interests rooted in Angola, and, more immediately, the voluminous and constant support that imperialism provides and

continues to give to fascist Portuguese colonialism, has equally placed our people in the front line of the struggle against imperialism.

All the events in this situation now, in fact, include the most divergent forms of foreign intervention in our struggle—which is to say, their massive support in arms and other logistic material, and political help to the enemy which aims to introduce into the war groups of open and secret counterrevolutionaries.

The fact that, during the period 1961–1963, the MPLA did not manage to gain secure positions in the interior of the country (on account of the obstruction of imperialist puppets) gave the counterrevolutionaries an opportunity to gain some international credit. This international credit reached its peak in 1963, when they managed to set up a "provisional government" recognized by some countries. This could have become an immense danger to the aspirations of our people, were it not for their own natural organizational weaknesses and the immediate response of the MPLA.

With the opening of the war front in Cabinda and the great victories gained by the MPLA, the counterrevolutionaries became anxious, accentuating the contradictions in their midst. Their internal situation became ever more explosive until, in 1965, they broke apart with the desertion of Savimbi and Taty. From that date on they began to disintegrate and could no longer present themselves as the only united front. Now, in every region where the MPLA is in combat, it comes into contact with the systematic obstruction of little bands of counterrevolutionaries along the frontiers: in the First Region with UPA, in the Second Region with Taty and in the Third Region with UNITA.

The year of 1966 dealt a big shock to the counterrevolutionaries with the great strategic victory of the MPLA—the opening up of the Eastern Front. It constituted a death blow for the counterrevolutionaries by eliminating for them the possibility of gaining some internal credit. The MPLA vigorously reaffirmed its truly national perspective. The counterrevolutionaries were, year by year, being discredited and breaking up. The MPLA then achieved the scale of unity among the Angolan people for which it had always battled, revolutionary unity on the inalienable principles of total independence.

Our president, Dr. Neto, speaking on the radio program *Angolan Cambatente* on 12 October 1966, stated that

> the Portuguese colonialists are fostering the creation of groups on the Cabinda frontier into which they infiltrate PIDE agents who will tomorrow use the label of "nationalists" or "revolutionaries" in order to approach the MPLA with the question of "unity." In the meantime, the bullets that are eliminating the Portuguese soldiers in Cabinda, as in Moxico or Cuanza Norte, are being fired by MPLA militants—the only existing force on all fronts of the politico-military struggle. The problem of "unity" does not worry us. We have nothing in common with puppets who journey outside cheaply selling the politics of imperialism. There can *never* be unity with puppets. The question of unity is justly put only when it is between patriotic forces of differing tendencies, not when it is between patriots and traitors.

At the beginning of 1967 the MPLA launched the motto: "GENERALIZATION OF THE ARMED STRUGGLE OVER THE WHOLE NATIONAL TERRITORY." In January 1968 Comrade Neto summed up the situation as follows:

> We feel proud today to confirm that, during the past year, the struggle of our people recorded successes of such significance that they permit us to foresee, in the near future, a general insurrection of the population which will lead to final victory over colonialism. The fronts of combat are widening; the number of men, women and children participating in the armed action is constantly growing. Both the political and military mobility of the enemy are so stifled and paralyzed that conditions for the development of general armed action are being created. Today it is possible to rain ever harder blows upon the enemy, as much in the towns as in the countryside.

In the meantime, in Portugal Marcelo Caetano took over on the political death of Salazar. The continued physical presence of Salazar prevented his successor for some time from giving clear evidence as to what he aimed at, thus creating amongst some the illusion that there might be some changes in the reactionary course of the regime that for 40 years has so ill-treated Portugal and the

colonies under its fascist rule. The MPLA, however, vigilantly and calmly denounced such illusions, placing the false demagogy of Caetano in its real context: Salazarism slightly less archaic; sweeter Salazarism; Salazarism capable of changing the name of PIDE to call it DGS; Salazarism without any other possibilities. The position that we took has been confirmed with the passage of time. We predicted a continuity in the regime of Portugal, only with an effort to put into practice a new strategy of colonial war adapted to the new exigencies imposed by our victories and our determination.

The year of 1969 is past and it brought the Portuguese no fruits at all from their increased war expenditure, their closer relations with the South African and Rhodesian racists, or Caetano's journeys to the United States and Brazil, or his fearful and rapid passage through the colonial capitals. The year 1969 saw major successes in our struggle: the development of the struggle in the regions opened in the previous year, in Lunda and Bié, the political mobilization of the masses of the Sixth Region, and the decisive spreading of the struggle to the urban centers in a spectacular manner . . . such as the sabotage of the petroleum wells of Quengele Norte near Luanda.

The year of 1969 also reconfirmed our progress in raising the level of the war and its military effectiveness. The plane brought down 18 August by our guerrillas, the T-6 G, the wreckage of which was presented at a press conference in Lusaka, proved the collusion of the United States in the direct intervention of imperialism against our struggle. On 29 October a helicopter, Cherokee 180D, piloted by Rafael Silva and transporting Lieutenant Sebastao Mourao, adjutant of the Civil Defense; Manual Corte, administrator of Kangamba; and Ernesto Pimentel, agent of PIDE, was brought down by our guerrillas about three kilometers from Alto Cuito. These actions constitute another step forward toward the generalization of the armed struggle and have destroyed the enemy's arrogant claims that he holds absolute security in the air. . . .

The year 1969 was, therefore, a year of opening wider perspectives. The confusion of the enemy appears constantly through their own declarations—either through their weekly war communiqués, which invariably announce our actions across almost the whole of our country; through the deceitful laws which are promulgated and the claims of unprecedented possibilities for better employment and

improved wages for Africans; through the dilemma in which the fascists find themselves of having to plead with the people on the eve of elections—something without precedent—that they should give a vote of confidence to the regime's colonial policies; through the arbitrary decrees calling students into the war if they fail in any aspect of their studies; through the calling up of officials, doctors, nurses and other civilian cadres for indeterminate periods of service in the theaters of war (and they can be recalled even after completing their compulsory military service); through the slanderous propaganda against the MPLA and its leaders which is part of their so-called psychosocial campaign; through the complete failure of their recourse to professional assassins who try to infiltrate our ranks with the objective of liquidating leaders and militants; through the defeated plan of Sa Viana Rebelo, Minister of Portuguese "National Defense," ex-governor and assassin of Angola, who in December 1968 predicted an end to the war in 1969, saying they would chase the "terrorists" across the frontiers into bordering countries.

These defeats for colonialism in 1969 reveal the MPLA's increasing popular base, since these victories would not have been possible without the total and unconditional support of our people for our liberation struggle.

In the year that celebrates ten years since the date of the United Nations declaration on the subject of colonial peoples, notwithstanding the growing worldwide support for the liberation struggles of peoples under foreign domination, there nevertheless does *not* appear to be imminent fulfillment of the decisions of the U.N.O. on the part of all member states: a fact which risks not only the colonial peoples' loss of confidence in the United Nations, but also the U.N.'s very existence.

The resolution of 1960 states that the subjection of peoples to domination, foreign rule and exploitation, infringing as it does upon fundamental human rights, contradicts the U.N. Charter and has obstructed the development of cooperation and the establishment of world peace. The General Assembly of the United Nations proclaimed in the light of those conclusions "the necessity to bring an end, without delay and without reserve, to colonialism in all its forms and manifestations."

In the years that followed, diverse resolutions confirmed, com-

plemented and gave more force to that historical decision condemning colonialism as a crime against humanity. In the meantime, Portugal, a recognized criminal against humanity, persists in its crimes and totally ignores such resolutions. Having confirmed the impotence of the United Nations in expelling her from its circles, Portugal herself ironically threatens to abandon the U.N.

The Angolan people, although not receiving the concrete support from the U.N. which its Charter dictates, associates itself with the general manifestation of sympathy by the peoples of the world for the principles that the U.N. Charter represents. The Angolan people, led by the MPLA, know how to contribute with their blood and lives so that the declaration of 1960 should be mirrored in the effective liberation of all peoples. If only the U.N. could equally fulfill its duty.

APPENDIX I

Dr. Américo Boavida[1]

THE Executive Committee of the MPLA, expressing the feelings of all its militants, pays a high tribute, full of emotion, to Dr. Américo Boavida, who died in combat in Angola as a result of a bombing raid in one of the combat areas where he worked as director of the Medical Assistance Services.

Américo Boavida came from Luanda, where he was born on 20 November 1923. Overcoming all difficulties imposed by the racially oppressive colonialist regime, he successfully completed his primary and secondary schooling and was one of the first Angolan graduates of the Liceu de Luanda, where Agostinho Neto was also a student. He represented the local athletics club as an athlete and made an effective contribution to the sporting successes carried off by that group.

In 1952 he obtained a degree in medicine from the University Medical Faculty in Porto and Lisbon, followed by degrees in tropical medicine and hygiene. In both 1954 and 1958 he worked in the clinical hospital of the medical faculty of the University of Barcelona, and in 1965 he specialized in gynecology and obstetrics at the Institute for Post-Graduate Medical Studies in Prague.

He practiced his profession in Angola, in the town of Luanda, where he lived from 1955 to 1960, becoming well known for his

[1] This article, along with the poem "We Shall Not Mourn the Dead" beginning on page 306, appeared in *Angola in Arms*, February 1969.

qualities, both professional and nationalist. He earned enormous prestige and the esteem of his compatriots.

His nationalist feeling led him to give up his professional activities and to devote himself entirely to the struggle for the national independence and freedom of his people.

In August 1960 he joined the MPLA, where he worked as a member of the Department of Foreign Relations, as president of the Angolan Volunteer Corps for Assistance to the Refugees (CVAAR) in Kinshasa and as a member of the National Committee. He was one of the first Angolan doctors to respond to our movement's call to go and fight inside our country.

Throughout his life as a doctor and fighter he had the affection and friendly counsel of his wife, a teacher of Portuguese nationality. The just nature of our struggle made her support and accompany him with courage in all his activities. His widow has made an active contribution to the development of our struggle and devoted herself with all possible enthusiasm and effort to the liberation of both the Angolan people and the oppressed Portuguese people.

Deeply concerned about the evolution of the social and political problems of the Third World, Dr. Boavida made a profound analysis of the Portuguese colonial system, strongly condemning it in various articles published in the international press and in his outstanding book, *Angola: Cinco seculos de exploraçâo portuguesa (Angola: Five Centuries of Portuguese Exploitation),* published in Brazil by Editora Civilizaçâo Brasileira S. A., Rio de Janeiro.[2]

The Executive Committee of the MPLA considers that Dr. Américo Boavida gave services of inestimable value on the Eastern Front, making himself especially noted for the setting up of a number of dispensaries there, for the way in which he ensured the medical care of the local population and also for the scientific analysis he made toward a solution of the health problems in Angola.

A well-known figure internationally, Dr. Boavida stands immortal at the side of all the heroes who have died for the liberation of Angola from Portuguese colonial domination. His example will not

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[2] This book is currently being translated by the authors and will soon be available in English.—D.B.

have been in vain. Paying with his life for his feelings as a nationalist and revolutionary, Dr. Américo Boavida will remain a symbol to all Angolan patriots who are wholly dedicated to the task of transforming Angola into an independent, democratic and free country.

FROM HIS BLOOD WHICH HAS BEEN SHED WILL SPRING FLOWERS FOR INDEPENDENT ANGOLA.

WE SHALL NOT MOURN THE DEAD

I shall not speak of those who necessarily
fall in the struggle

On the earth that covers you
Comrade
We shall not drop tears
or flowers

The liberation of the Motherland requires blood

On the earth that covers you
Comrade
We shall let the children play
with their wooden rifles
with their wooden rifles

The liberation of the Motherland requires blood
The blood of her best sons and daughters

We shall let the children play.
We shall let feet hardened
by rough walking
without end
pass over the earth that covers you
Comrade
and follow the path
of the fields
where corn grows
and cassava swells.

We shall let feet hardened
by rough walking
without end
pass over the earth that covers you
Comrade

The liberation of the Motherland requires blood
The blood of her best sons and daughters

We shall let the wind blow.
We shall let the grass grow
high
to the height of the savanna.

We shall let the rains fall.
We shall let the rains fall
and may the earth that covers you
Comrade
give out that smell good
and warm
that free smell
which is the smell of damp earth
which is the smell of fertile earth.

The liberation of the Motherland requires blood
The blood of her best sons and daughters

On the earth that covers you
Comrade
We shall let the children play.
We shall let feet hardened
by rough walking
without end
pass over the earth that covers you
Comrade.

We shall let the wind blow.

We shall let the grass grow
high
to the height of the savanna.
We shall let the rains fall
On the earth that covers you
Comrade
We shall not drop tears
or flowers
On the earth that covers you
Comrade

We shall follow the example
of your heroism,
of your valor,
in order to advance
as much as possible
as quickly as possible
and,
thus,
make your heroism
useful to our people

On the earth that covers you
Comrade

I shall not speak
of those who necessarily fall
in the struggle

I shall not speak
Comrade!
But on the earth that covers you
Comrade
great,
with the immense greatness
of the liberation of Angola

every hour

every instant
I shall utter the cry
the cry
which was your last cry
and which resounded
in the hearts
of the comrades
who were attacking
beside you
the last enemy barracks
you destroyed,
the cry
which was your last cry
and which resounded
in the terror
of those
who thought
they had killed you,

the cry
which was your last cry
and which resounded
in the immensity of the earth
and raised thousands
of other cries
like yours.

Every hour
every instant
I shall utter the cry
the cry
which was your last cry

MPLA ADVAAAAAANCE . . .

The Western Countries Are Providing Portugal with Arms to Fight the Angolan Patriots

AIRCRAFT are among the most important weapons used by the Portuguese colonialists in their bloody repression of the Angolan people and the people in the other colonies. They make it possible to massacre the people, to transport troops and to supply bases in the controlled areas.

Portugal does not manufacture aircraft but it has an assembly industry which, between 1962 and 1967, put about 150 small planes of the AUSTER D 5/160 type in the air, the parts being supplied by Great Britain.

According to the publication *PORTUGAL AND NATO,* the Portuguese Air Force possesses the following airplanes:

1. 50 *Republic F-84 Thunderjet* hunters supplied under the American Military Assistance Program, the first in 1952.
2. 50 *North American F-86 F Sabre* hunters, also supplied under the American Military Assistance Program, in 1960. This type of aircraft was intended to replace the Thunderjets.
3. 40 *Fiat G-91* hunters of the NATO R4 type, supplied by the Federal Republic of Germany in 1966. These airplanes are built in the Federal Republic of Germany under Italian li-

cense and are used by the German Luftwaffe. The United States previously ordered these planes to supply Greece and Turkey under the NATO plan.

4. 30 *Cessna T-37 C* planes supplied by the United States in 1963 and 1964.
5. A few hundred aircraft of the North American Harvard T-3 and T-6 type, supplied by Great Britain as from 1956.
6. 18 *Lockheed PV-2 Harpoon* bombers supplied under the American Assistance Program in 1954.
7. 12 *Lockheed P-2V Neptune* bombers supplied under the American Assistance Program in 1960–61.
8. About 110 *Dorniers DO-27's* supplied by West Germany, the last in 1969.
9. 20 *Douglas B-26* bombers supplied by the American CIA in 1965–66.
10. 20 *Nord 2502 Noratlas* transport planes supplied both by the French firm Nord Aviation and by West Germany.
11. In addition to these types of aircraft, the Portuguese Air Force also has the *C-47 Dakota,* the *C-54 Skymaster* and the *Beech C-45 Expeditor.* The last was supplied by Canada in 1952; the others by the United States of America.
12. In 1960–61 Portugal bought 4 *Holste Broussard* transport planes and a few *JUNKER JU-52's* from France.
13. The Federal Republic of Germany is to supply *Fouga-Magister* and *F-86K Sabre* aircraft. The Fouga-Magister was used by Israel in the June 1967 war against the U.A.R. and it proved itself to be an extremely dangerous weapon. The F-86K Sabre is made in Canada.
14. The helicopters used by Portugal are of French manufacture, of the *Alouette* and *Saro skeeter* type supplied by the Federal Republic of Germany.

According to the English aeronautical journal *Flying Review International* (11 November 1969, p. 12), the fascist Portuguese government has been negotiating a contract with Sud Aviation for the acquisition of a certain number of *SA 30 puma* helicopters for the Portuguese Air Force.

The Portuguese Air Force, the same journal goes on to say, has

considerably increased the number of its helicopters in the past three years, having received a total of 54 *Alouette III's* from France, after acquiring seven *Alouette II's.*

Also in 1968, there were negotiations between Portugal and the Italian firm Agusta for the acquisition of *AB 205 Iroquois* helicopters.

The *Bell UH—Iroquois* or *Iroquois AB 205* originates in the U.S.A., where it is used by the armed forces.

The Italian firm Agusta is licensed to sell to the armed forces of Austria, Italy, Finland and Sweden, and now also to Portugal.

The AB 205 can carry 12 men, has a cruising speed of 552 kilometers at an altitude of 1,200 meters, and an interchangeable mounting for various arms.

Once again the MPLA appeals to the governments of France, Italy and the other NATO countries not to collaborate in the genocidal war the Portuguese colonialists are waging against the peoples in their colonies, who only want to live in peace, independence and freedom.

Supplying such weapons to the fascist Portuguese government is a crime and we are convinced that the French and Italian peoples do not want to dirty their hands with the blood the Portuguese colonialists are shedding in their colonies.

It is necessary to bring an immediate halt to the supply of these and other types of arms to Portugal and to take a firm stand at the side of the Angolan people fighting for their independence.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE MPLA
January 1970

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